North Hastings Review.

JOHN B. DOE, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 345. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, December 6, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

E. Casement & Co. Watts from, Stoves AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

E.B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me space enough in your valuable paper to insert a letter of explanation?

It has just come to my knowledge that it is the general impression in Madoc that I intend to leave the village. Such is not the case. I came here to earn a respectable support for myself and children, and I intend to remain and accomplish that design; and I have no doubt by the time I have been in Madoc another year I shall also have won the respect and confidence of the public, as I have done in other places, which my many references will prove.

With regard to my qualification as a Teacher of Music, I may say that I should not be afraid to teach with any Professor in the Province. My musical education was acquired in England, and my teachers were Members of the Royal Academy of Music, in London, Eng., from whom I received lessons for nine years. At the expiration of that time I commenced teaching and for over twenty years I have been very successful, and my efforts duly acknowledged as a teacher.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. J. STEPHENS.

Nov. 27th.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—There was an impression in the townships of Wollaston and Faradaythat the preliminary survey lately made for a line to extend the North Hastings railway as far north as Bancroft would have passed through those townships so as to touch as nearly as possible the Chambers and Jenkins and also the Nugent iron mines.

That a favorable line can be found by this route there can be no doubt. There are a number of parties prepared to lead a survey through, and will vouch for the conditions being favorable. I don't know what obstacles may be found in getting round Eagle lake, as I am not acquainted with that part of Wollaston, but I can speak of the route from the Nugent mine to Bancroft, and I have not the least hesitation in saying that between those two points the conditions are very favorable, there being no cuttings or curves of much account.

This route also possesses the advantage of passing through a good farming country, and would pass close to upper end of L'Amable lake and intersect the Hastings Road about two miles north of L'Amable. I hope the executive committee will have this route examined before any final steps are taken respecting the location of a road.

Yours truly,
G. ORR.

Faraday, Nov. 29.

THE ORANGE BILL.

ANOTHER APPLICATION FOR INCORPORATION TO BE MADE TO THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Last week's *Orange Sentinel*, published at Toronto, contained the following announcement:—

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that public notice is given of the intention of the Loyal Orange Association of British America to apply to the parliament of Canada at its next session for an act of incorporation. At an adjourned meeting of the special committee appointed by the grand lodge, held in the town of Brockville, on Friday last, this decision was arrived at, and the grand secretary was instructed to give the required notice in the several provinces, in the Canada Gazette. We hope our brethern in every constituency in the dominion will take immediate steps to ascertain the views of their representatives, and, if possible, secure their support for the bill. The orangemen of Canada ask no special favor or privilege from parliament. They merely ask permission to hold their lodge property legally, and to dispose of it when no longer required for their purposes. This simple right has been denied them in several of the provincial legislatures, and they have determined to appeal once more to the parliament of Canada, in the hope that many of the people's representatives who last year voted against the measure may now see that by their action they did a great injustice to a numerous, influenthal and loyal association, and may see their way clear to support the bill when it is next presented to the house.

While a marriage ceremony was being performed in a house in Bryan, Texas, thieves stole the wedding feast from the dining room.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recomending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by all Druggests.

The Queen's Health.

The news has come over the cable repeatedly, and we have been assured from Rideau hall, that the queen is out of danger and her health restored. But health is not restored, neither is she out of danger; and it is all but too certain that one of the best sovereigns the throne of England has ever known draws near the close of her reign. The personal attendants of the queen have been in possession of information for many years past which would have proved valuable food for gossips, but much that they had so delicately and properly withheld has become an open secret. It is now known that for many years past the queen has been the victim of idiosyncracies, of those mental phenomena which have appeared in many members of her family, in some taking the form of hopeless insanity. For many years her majesty has been a confiding spiritualist, and it has just passed into history that once a momentous public question during the Palmerston administration was pressing for the royal sanction, but the queen refused to give her consent till she had time to take "certain counsel on the matter." We can imagine the surprise with which Palmerston would hear his sovereign talk of other "counsel" than that of her constitutional advisers; but his mistress simply sought out John Brown who was her spiritual medium, and with him held counsel with her deceased consort. There are thousands of spiritualists who are sane and rational, but that can be scarcely called a *mens sana* that will rest upon the whispers which a fat servant catches from the vasty deeps. Be all that as it may, the health and mind of her majesty are now, it is an open secret, both, so impaired as to convince the medical attendants that the worst cannot be far off. Their royal patient has been subjected to two overwhelming shocks, the death of her servant, friend and medium, John Brown, and the personal accident. The one had plunged her into a pitiable mental condition, the latter has inflicted an irrecoverable physical shock. We should be prepared, therefore, for a contingency which would not be less one giving cause for national sorrow and regret because it seems inevitable.—*Hamilton Tribune.*

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, nd at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system "MRS. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world Price 25c a bottle

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 25	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	0 95	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 30	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 58
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 70	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 15	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 00
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Sheepskins	0 70	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Dec'r 3rd,
At 8 o'clock.
LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.
The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted
Steady employment, affixed salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant
Work the Year Round.
Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE OF

DISSOLUTION!

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of BOWEN & ELLIS, Grocers, etc., Madoc, has been dissolved, the business in future to be carried on by D. R. Bowen.

All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to the said D. R. Bowen, who also assumes all liabilities.

D. R. BOWEN.
E. ELLIS.

Madoc, Nov. 20, 1883.

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc. August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Just Received
RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—
THOS. ROBERTS'
BOOT and SHOE STORE.
Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332

FRESH OYSTERS
NOW ARRIVING.
Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as
FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.
We have a nice assortment of
CANNED GOODS
suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of
Crawford's Pure Package Teas,
which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.
Luncheons as usual.
S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 341

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 298

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REED,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c.
CENTERVILL, - ONTARIO.
WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.
Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.
THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

A BULL FIGHT.

Bulls Biting the Dust.—An Espada's Narrow Escape.

All the world, the sporting world of Havana, have been on the tiptoe of eager expectation for a week. For had not the famous *cuadrilla* (quartet) of fighters come over expressly from Spain to show the Habanaros how to fight the bulls? Bull fights they have here every year, but the native fighters are not of the elite of the arena. This particular fight should have taken place a week ago, but heaven interposed. The rains fell and converted the arena into a swamp. But Sunday last was bright and sunny, and in the afternoon a cool breeze came up to sift the heated atmosphere. The fight was to take place at four in the afternoon in the "Plaza de los Toros," at Regla, a small village to which you are ferried over from Havana in a boat resembling "a baby New York ferryboat. The boat was thronged with an excited crowd of men of all ages and kinds. The Southern blood is hot and there was a babel of tongues. There was the hoarse animal cry through it all, and the desire of witnessing from a vantage ground of safety the glory of gore, the wild delight of torture and the risk to human life and limb.

IN THE ARENA.

"A la plaza, caballeros!" was the cry. "Gentlemen, to the arena!" We entered, and all your readers have read or heard of bull fights in a general way, I know. But as not one in a thousand has seen one I purpose describing briefly what I saw. The Regla arena can seat about six thousand persons. The price of entrance was from $3 (Spanish) to $2, with $10 for the boxes on the upper tiers. The tiers were packed with civilians, military and sailors, smoking talking, and uttering wild cries. Happily there were no ladies present. A rather rusty band was jarring out a medley of sound. The tiers of human beings made an animated circle surrounding an open ring, around which ran wooden barricades, with here and there a recess for a fighter, if close pressed by the bull. The president of the games entered, and was greeted by a shout of applause from the impatient throng. The sports were about to begin. He took his seat. A bugle sounded and the march of the fighters into the arena followed. The arena was of earth, hard and spring to the feet.

MARCH OF THE TOREROS.

An uproar rose among the spectators as two by two the picturesque cavalcade entered. Two by two they marched—the capaldores (cape bearers, with scarlet capes) banderilleros (dartmen with darts), picadores (the prickers on horseback, with lances partially blunted), matadores or espadas (swordsmen, whose duty it is to slay the bull at the end), the puncti llero (with a dagger, his business being to give the finishing stroke if necessary), and the mulieteros (muleteers, who drag off the carcass of the slain animal). Brave they look in their trappings of silver and gold; their short, black velvet jackets, with gaudy decorations; their jaunty Andalusian caps, with knotted hair queues hanging from under; their black velvet knee breeches and parti-colored hose displaying to advantage their shapely calves. A lithe, active set of men they were, notable rather for their agile bearing than for strength or weight. A light hand and light heels as well as a cool head are needed in a bull fight. In they marched to the braying of the rusty band, each pair in turn saluting the president. Sorry steeds were those of the picadores, and they were blindfolded, not to see the bull. It was a gallant show as far as it went. The company of gallant men who were to fight—not man to man as the gladiators of Rome fought, but a poor beast—separated, divested themselves of their gaudy cloaks, seized their weapons and scarfs to be used in the fight and awaited the onset.

THE BULL.

A shrill bugle sounded. It was the signal for the entry of the bull. Five thousand throats yelled themselves hoarse in a fever of excitement. A moment's pause and a sleek, black-coated, powerful animal dashed and snorted into the very middle of the arena. A moment he stood there, as though dazed by the light, the crowd and the tumult of voices. Then, with lowered horns and angry eyes, he made a blind rush at the first bright object he saw. It was a red cloak trailed before him by one of the capidores, who leaped lightly aside. Another and another crossed him at every turn in bewildering succession. He makes a sudden side lunge and a capidor, nest of limb and trim of apparel, is down. The bull rushes at the prostrate man, but the capidor knows his business. He tosses a cloak to the animal, who paws it. In a moment the others draw near and draw the brute's attention off. Another swift turn and the bull gores the horse of a daring picador. Horse and man go over in a heap, and from the poor horse's flank runs a stream of blood. The capidores are swift to work with their cloaks and draw the animal off again.

The picador remounts and the blinded horse is driven in a canter around the arena to take his place again at another dangerous point. The bull and his tormetors are never at rest, and a succession of such events takes place faster than I can write them down. Another lunge and another horse and rider are overthrown, and the horns of the bull are bloody. The same tactics are resorted to to draw off the infuriated animal from the prostrate man and beast. The bull careers around the arena, the fighters leap over the barricades or hide themselves behind the

AN ESPADA'S DANGER.

The man who was first thrown was one of the espadas, whose office it is to kill the bull. He was young and handsome. I had seen him lounging in the cafes days before, the centre of an admiring crowd. He may have primed himself with drink, or he may have been over-ambitious and eager to distinguish himself. He felt the disgrace of his fall, for, under the circumstances, a disgrace it was. He approached the maddened animal as though it were a tame cast. In an instant the cat had tossed him. There was an awful still among the thousands there, for death was surely coming to a man. The more cautious fighters had scattered themselves over the arena, and the bull had the man at his mercy. Cloak and power of motion were gone. The beast lowered his head and dashed at the prostrate man and helped him on his horns. "He is dead," said my Spanish friend under his breath. I looked with all my eyes, as all present looked. The fellow turned a pale face to the animal and a pallid smile flickered faintly over his countenance. He expected the death he had invited, and the smile said this, "If I must die I will at least die game." The bull rushed, his horns were within three inches of the man whom none could succor, when, by God's grace only, the animal made a sudden turn and sought other foes. "Fuera, afuera!" "Get out! go away!" shouted the people to the espada. They had had enough of him. But the man felt his danger and dishonor. One who enters an arena to kill a bull should not let himself be tossed twice within about five minutes. He nerved himself and redeemed himself by doing daring things, touching the bull on the forehead in full course and stepping aside. Then came the banderilleros, with their gayly trimmed darts. Their business is to entice the bull toward them, meet him in full course and plant their darts in his brawny neck. This was well and safely accomplished. The barbs pierced, the animal shook his head and tossed his horns in pain and anger, and rushed madly at anything or anybody. Again and again were a horse and rider overturned. Sometimes a mounted picador actually succeeded in frightening the bull off with the shake of his lance. Sometimes he saved his horse himself by a skilful swerve, but more often the bull's horns found the horse's flanks, and the blinded animal quivered with agony and fright. It was cruel sport.

THE DEATH.

When the bull had been badgered enough the espada came out, sword in one hand and in the other a red scarf to wave the bull on, that he might deal him the mortal blow. With uplifted sword he saluted the President. A stalwart, swarthy fellow, square shouldered and firm of limb, he was evidently a veteran at the business, though his years cannot have numbered over thirty. The others with their cloaks drew the bull this way and that toward the espada, who with fixed face and steady eye, and sword now uplifted, now veiled under the scarf, awaited his opportunity for the mortal stroke. At last they came face to face, the man and the bull. They eyed each other a few seconds. The bull pawed the earth and glared at the object before him. He had a fair foe at last who shrank not and moved not. The man stood fixed as fate, the sword low down, hidden by the scarf, and in his eye death. Face, body, arm were rigid with resolution. The bull seemed positively to consider and take in the situation. Another pawing of the earth, as if to feel the ground sure under his hoofs. Then there was a wild dash and a black, horned mass hurled itself at the man, who stood still as a statue. Something flashed in the air. The espada leaped aside. The bull stood transfixed, quivering with astonishment, feeling something in him he had never felt before. Just behind that left shoulder was the handle of a sword and two inches of the blade quivering out. The rest was buried in the body of the animal.

A moment of surprise and suffering—who can tell what that moment meant?—and, with the sword buried nearly to the hilt in him, the brave animal dashed again at his foes with apparently undiminished strength and spirit. The espada approached, and, by a deft movement, drew out the blade. The neck and flanks of the bull were streaming with blood and the sweat of agony was on him. A few more passes of the scarfs and the mortal foes faced each other as before. The bull seemed to recognize his enemy and again paused before rushing. He rushed. There was another gleam of something in the air. It was a merciful cruelty. One swift lunge and the keen blade must this time have cleft the heart. The huge beast fell at the espada's feet in a swift and mortal agony. He fell on his back in a death quiver, one leg shivering in the air. In a moment all was over. It was a clean, sure stroke; no surgeon could have given a better. The arena, open to heaven rang with the tumultuous plaudits. The victor saluted the President. The muleteers entered, and the dead carcass of the beast that had given such "brave sport" to thousands of Christians was dragged out ignominiously. I was sick of it. I did not go there for sport. I went to see this people.

A SICKENING SPECTACLE.

My Spanish friend prevailed on me to wait and see another. The process was much the same as I have described; but I cannot go over the loathsome details. The espada on this occasion was the young man whom I have described as coming so near his death in the first fight. I suppose he was somewhat unnerved, and he had reason to be. He simply butchered the animal to death—but no, a butcher is surer and swifter. I saw two strokes dealt. At the second the beast vomited quantities of blood in the middle of the arena. I had seen more than enough, and left the place, my companion with me. Outside I heard a shout, whether of derision or applause I cannot say. The bull was slain at last, and that at least was a comfort. There remained two to be slain. I heard afterward that a horse was fairly disembowelled before the eyes of the populace and a man badly injured. I looked in vain for the familiar, rueful Don Quixote face and figure of our friend, Mr. Bergh, riding on his benevolent Rosinante to stop the cruel combat. Of course I wished to see no man injured, but I confess that my personal sympathies were first with the blinded horses and secondly with the bull. I have seen my first and last of so revolting a spectacle, and I am happy to add that many Spaniards and Cubans to whom I have since had occasion to speak about the matter are wholly of my way of thinking. It is a rude relic of barbarism and paganism that must either die out speedily or ought to be killed out.

He Wanted to Know.

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual.

"Ma," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "can whiskey talk?"

"Certainly not," said ma. "What put that absurd notion in your head?"

"Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The King and Queen of Denmark are to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle after a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

ODDS AND ENDS.

From a hygienic aspect nickle is as harmless as iron. German silver requires to be well silvered to make it harmless.

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who mistakes superficial polish for real knowledge.

To each of the families of eight of the Phœnix Park murderers there has just been paid the sum of £206, 3s. 9d., by an emissary of the *Irish World*.

A savant has discovered that man descended from the bear. Probably the bear was at the top of a hill; in that case the man showed a heap of good sense.

Last year England consumed, in addition to the eggs marketed by her own farmers and poultry-keepers, including the enormous supply from Ireland, no fewer than 810,868,080 foreign eggs or 2,250,000 per day.

One noticeable object in the hall at Crichel is the weighing-chair, and on the table beside it is a book in which the respective weights of all guests are recorded. The Prince of Wales is credited with nearly sixteen stone, and Lord Beaconsfield with twelve stone.

The immigrants that arrived at New York in 1882 were carried thither by 30 different navigation companies, which made in all 1,021 voyages, and carried, including cabin-passengers, 513 397 persons, making an average of about 500 passengers for each voyage.

General Withers, the Kentucky horse-breeder, says that the best stock follows the limestone rather than clay and sandstone formations. It forms a perpetual fertiliser for the land, and gives out a pasturage upon which is knit the bone and firm muscular tissue.

An old Dutch tavern-keeper, who had his third wife, thus expresses his views on matrimony—"Vell, you see, de first time I married for love, dat vas goot; then I married for beauty, dat vas goot, too, about as de first; dis time I married for money, and dis is petter as booth."

A French nobleman, on an official mission to China in 1859, wrote:—"I shall be believed when I say that the cowardice of the Chinese troops is one of those fables of which history is too often made up. The courage was equal on both sides; the Mongols had numbers, we had resources; we know how to conquer, they how to die."

In 1870, when the Post Office acquired the British telegraphic system, the daily number of local telegrams was between 400 and 500. The number now is nearly 6,000 per day. Including provincial as well as metropolitan, the numbers have increased from 12 000 per day, in 1870 to above 50,000 in the present year.

Third-class passenger receipts on the railways of the United Kingdom in 1882 rose from £15,000,000 to £16,000,000 sterling, an increase of more than 6 per cent. The third-class receipts are now more than double first and second put together, both first and second showing a decrease on the takings of 1881. This decrease was more marked in the first than in the second, being £51,000 in the first as against £21,000 in the second.

Farmers have long had a prejudice against the presence of barberry-bushes near growing corn-fields. They said the berries helped to bring about rust in the wheat. This prejudice was usually regarded by scientific men as a mere superstition. Now, however, it is known that the rust-fungus does actually live in one of its alternating generations in the leaves of the barberry. Its mother-cells exist in the form of little bright-colored bags, protruding from between the surface-cells of the barberry leaves.

The other day, on a certain railway, a man got into one of the carriages, and presently began talking to a fellow-passenger. After a time, he asked the gentleman whether he had heard the story about how a man travelled without a ticket. The gentleman said he had not; so the man asked him to lend him his ticket, that he might show him how it was done, and began fiddling about with it, but pretended that the story had suddenly slipped out of his head, but that he would be sure to remember it soon. After a time, the train got near London, and, as the man still could not remember the story, he returned the gentleman his ticket. This struck the gentleman as being very curious, and so he watched the man. When the man got to the barrier and was asked for his ticket, he said he had given it up; but the ticket-collector denied it, and, after a good deal of altercation, the man pulled some silver out of his pocket, and was about to pay for his fare, when he suddenly said—producing a small piece of ticket—that he could prove that he had given up his ticket, because he remembered playing with it in the train and tearing off a small piece, and that if the ticket-collector looked he would find a ticket with the piece torn off. On looking the ticket-collector found a ticket with a piece torn off, and, of course, immediately begged the man a thousand pardons.

The Hon. Bills Flint,

Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Belleville, Ontario, Canada, writes; "I tried St. Jacobs Oil for ague in my face and toothache. It acted like a charm. A few times rubbing with it took away all soreness and pain; far better than having them drawn at the age of seventy-seven."

Because a certain flower is sweet, it by no means follows that all flour is wheat.

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine recommended for Biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. Price 50 cents.

In the spring time look out for floods and to-rents.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

"Till moons shall whacks and weigh no more."

To be permanently esteemed any article must have virtues so marked as to be plainly apperent. The good name of the Triangle Dyes is evidence of merit. They prove themselves always reliable. 10c.

LOST!

The Terrible Fate of a Small Body of Men and the Future Hanging Over Many Others.

The keeper of the Eddystone lighthouse recently discovered a bottle containing the following pathetic sentences, the last expressions of a small band of shipwrecked men:

"We have been living on a raft for ten days and for more than half of the time without water. We have hoped against hope and now are ready and waiting for death. Anything is better than this agony. We cannot endure it more than a few hours longer. Yesterday we saw a vessel and thought we were safe but it passed on without seeing us. To-day we have abandoned hope. Such a death, away from friends and in such agony, is terrible. To look into the cannon's mouth requires bravery, but to face death coming slowly but surely needs only despair. There is no hope."

* * * * * *

The only difference between the experience of these men and thousands of others on land to-day is that the shipwrecked men realized their fate while the others do not. They are in just as certain danger but are wholly unconscious of it. They are aware that their heads pain them frequently; that their appetite is fickle; that they are losing flesh or possibly bloating; that their skin is often hot or feverish, alternating with distressing chills; that at times breathing is difficult; that the ambition is gone and despondency frequently occurs. People notice these things but think they are caused by some cold or indigestion, and hence give them no further thought. Anyone of the above symptoms recurring at intervals indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys which is certain to result in Bright's disease if permitted to go on unchecked. What the terrors of this terrible disease are can never be described, but it has carried off some of the finest men and most noble women America has ever produced. "About one-third its victims," says Dr. Roberts, the highest authority on the subject, "through neglect to take the disease promptly in hand on its first appearance, die of uremic poisoning (in convulsions or by diarrhœa). Many die from watery suffocation, from gangrenous erysipelas in the legs, thighs and genitals, pneumonia, heart-disease, apoplexy, intestinal ulcerations, paralysis, etc., all of which troubles are the result of Bright's disease."

Another high authority says: "Diabetes and Bright's disease of the kidneys always terminate in death if discovered too late, but yields readily to treatment if taken in time. Thousands of people who pass thick, yellow matter with brick dust sediment and complain of a slight backache, headache, dizziness, imperfect vision, cold back, hands and feet, general debility, etc., etc., are victims of this deadly disease (unknown to themselves) and when, at last, overcome by its exhausting influence they present themselves to their medical attendant he, nine times out of ten, will write out a prescription for malarial poison or, discovering their terrible condition inform them that they have come *too late*."

To permit the kidneys to rot away or to suffer limestone deposits to accumulate in the bladder is criminal carelessness, especially when it can be entirely avoided by care and the use of the proper means. For this purpose, however, there is but one known remedy and that is Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is true there are many preparations that claim to cure or relieve these troubles, but no remedy has ever been found that absolutely does this except the one above mentioned. It is, actually, the only proprietary medicine which has ever received the unqualfied endorsement of the medical profession. Among the number of physicians who have written at length regarding its wonderful properties, are the well-known Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Robert A. Gunn, president of the United States medical college of New York, and Dr. Frank Gallagher, of New Haven. These men are men of science and will not indorse anything they do not know to be valuable in the highest degree. But the thousands of men, women and children in every nook and corner of America, who have been kept from disease and saved from death by means of Warner's Safe Cure, speak more truly for its value than could all the endorsements of every physician in the land. They do not speak of its chemical ingredients, but of its healing power. They know the value of the remedy, for it has restored them to health. The above facts all show that it is an absolute duty you owe yourself and your friends to not only carefully observe and reflect upon these things, but to attend to them in time.

The cow boy was the original cow-catcher.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

If some people had an ear-rake, it would be a good thing for them.

A.P 153

St Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia,

Sciatica, Lumbago,

BACKACHE,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

SORE THROAT,

QUINSY, SWELLINGS,

SPRAINS,

Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,

FROSTBITES,

BURNS, SCALDS,

And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.

(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SAFE CURE

FOR THE

Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of imposters, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

The use of Pills, Salts, Castor Oil, &c. and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or causing nausea. All druggists sell it. 50 cents a bottle.

A bad neighbore—a mule in the next lot.

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says "I was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

The back-worm will be a tomb when he dies.

Testimonial from Wm. Leggett Esq., Collector of Customs at Niagara Falls, Ont.

Oct. 22nd, 1883.

MR. SUTHERLAND: *Dear Sir*,—My servant, Mary Bruce, who has been in my employ for several months, had been suffering for some time previous with Rheumatism, and was unfit to perform her duties when she came to my house. I advised her to use Rheumacine, which she consented to. I ordered one bottle, which did not make any apparent change, but after taking the second and third she commenced to improve. She continued to take the balance of six bottles, which has made a complete cure. She feels now as well as when she was only ten years of age. Not only has Rheumacine removed the Rheumatism, but otherwise improved her health. From what I know of her case, in addition to several others, I have great pleasure in recommending your Rheumatine to those afflicted in like manner.

Yours very truly,

WM. LEGGETT, Collector of Customs.

STOVE AND TIN BUSINESS FOR SALE AT REASONABLE; rare chance; must be sold. Address, J. O. HYETT, Renfrew, Ont.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNION

Furnishes indemnity against loss of time by sickness or accident at comparatively low rates. For particulars enclose stamp to the secretary, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANT. D. 83

$1400 WILL BUY A BRICK Blacksmith Shop and Foundry 90x35 with cupola; Frame 2 story Wareroom and Paint Rooms; Machine Shop with engine boiler, shafting and pulleys for iron and wood lathes; Circular and Upright Saws, Drills, &c.; Good Frame Dwelling House, 8 wells, good yard, splendidly situated, in one of the most thriving incorporated villages on popular line of railway, and best agricultural district in Western Ont. Address X. Y. Z., care S. Frank Wilson, Prop. Auxiliary Publishing Co., 33 & 35 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

A FAIR OFFER.

If you will send us with this slip 25c. or 2 three-cent stamps, we will mail you, post-paid, a sample package containing 100 useful articles, which are required in every house, with instructions by which you can make from $2 to $4 per day. Available for both sexes. This is no humbug, as the samples are well worth the money, and may be returned if not satisfactory. Show this to your friends.

JAMES LEE & CO., Montreal, P.Q.

ELM CITY HARNESS OIL.

BASED ON NEATS FOOT OIL.

Is the finest harness dressing made. It softens and preserves the leather, and gives it a fine finish. Ask your saddler for it.

F. F. DALLEY & CO.,

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Sole Agents for the Dominion

The Broadway Jewelry Packet

contains:—1 Lady's Imitation Coral Set. Pin and drops; 1 Miss's Imitation Coral Necklace; 1 Lady's Imitation Coral Shawl Pin; 1 pair Lady's Imitation Coral Cuff Pins; 1 Gents' Imitation Coral Scarf Pin; 1 pair Lady's Gold-Plated Cuff Buttons; 1 Lady's Shawl or Veil Pin; 1 Lady's Gold plated Stone Ring; 1 pair Amethyst Cuff Buttons; 1 pair Engraved Gilt Cuff Buttons; 1 pair Jasper Stone Buttons; 1 set Opera Ear Drops; 1 set Alaska Ear Drops; 1 Lady's Jet Set, Pin, and Drops, Gents' Watch Chain; 1 Lady's long Guard Chain; 1 set Alaska Diamond Studs; 1 Lake George Scarf Pin; 1 Gents' Gold-Plated Collar Buttons; 1 set Gents' Engraved Shirt Studs; 1 Gents' Cameo Stone Ring; 1 Lady's Ring mounted "Forget-me-not"; 1 Lady's Set Pin; 1 Lady's fancy Gilt Set; 1 Gents' Alaska Diamond Engine Pin; 1 Gents' Lantern Charm for Watch Chain; pair Rose Coral Ear Drops; 1 Gents' Scarf Ring. The entire lot, postpaid, for 25c. Sent postpaid by return mail, 25c.

J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Interesting Items from all Parts of the World.

CANADIAN.

Wm. Howe, a son of the late Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, died in the Protestant Hospital at Ottawa, a few days ago.

Archbishop Lynch of Toronto has occupied his present position for twenty-four years. The anniversary was celebrated a few days ago in Toronto.

The old Zion Congregational Church, on Adelaide street, Toronto, having been abandoned for a new church up-town, has recently been let for a variety theatre.

The Kingston Cotton Company have an order from Scotland for a quantity of plain cotton. The first shipment was made a few days ago. Are the tables turning?

Patrick Gardner, an old man of Smith's Falls, died as a pauper in the Kingston hospital, and in his clothes was found a deposit receipt for $1,280 besides $148 in cash.

The Ottawa Parliament buildings are to be lighted by electric light during the coming session. The United States Electric Lighting Company are now putting up the apparatus.

Sir Charles Tupper reports his health very much improved since he took up his residence in England. He will probably soon return to take part in the next session of the House of Commons.

The Emerald Phosphate mines near Buckingham, on the Ottawa river, has been sold to an American company for $125,000. Operations will, probably, be carried on on a large scale.

A prize fight took place at Manotic, near Ottawa, a few days ago between a man named Clarke of that village and Beaudry, a Chicago bully, for $50 a side. Clarke had his arm broken in the fight, and Beaudry made off for Chicago again.

The first annual Fat Stock Exhibition under the auspices of the Provincial Agricultural and Arts Association will be held in Toronto on the 14th and 15th of December. A large sum of money will be distributed in prizes, and a large attendance is expected.

An Act will probably be asked for of at the coming session of Parliament in Ottawa confirming the Union of the Methodist churches in Canada. This is deemed necessary in order to secure the validity to the title deeds of the various churches, colleges, and other property.

An Asylum for Orphan Children and Waifs has been in existence near Ottawa for some time, and of late it has been reported that over three-fourths of the inmates died during the year. A medical enquiry was ordered and the enquirers recommend that the establishment be closed up.

It has, at last, been decided that the trial in regard to the validity of the election of Mr. J. J. Hawkins as M.P. for Bothwell shall take place on Wednesday, January 23rd, before Judge Galt, at Chatham. The trial is to determine whether J. J. Hawkins or Hon. D. Mills is entitled to the seat in the House.

Charges have been made against Mr. Fergusson, Sheriff of Frontenac, Ont., for neglect of duty and over charges of fees. There was an investigation at Kingston, last week, and he was acquitted. There are also charges against Mr. Corbett, Gaoler of Kingston, but the investigation into them has been indefinitely postponed.

A fire at the Central Prison premises recently destroyed one of the large workshops. The loss was about $30,000, covered by insurance in several companies. The origin of the fire was not known but it is supposed to have been accidental. It occurred shortly after the 370 prisoners had been locked in their cells for the night.

At a meeting of temperance men held in Waterford, Norfolk County, it was decided to take steps to have the question of the adoption of the Scott Act submitted to the electors of that county at an early date. It will also soon be submitted in Oxford County, the necessary number of names having been signed to the petitions.

Hon. Adam Crooks, in consequence of long continued ill health, has been compelled to resign his position as Minister of Education in the Provincial Cabinet. Geo. W. Ross, Esq., late M.P. for West Middlesex has been appointed in his stead. Mr. Ross has practical knowledge of educational affairs, having been a school teacher and school inspector for many years.

The Buffalo *Herald* says that at Calgarry, N. W. T., the population is chiefly from the United States and the man from Ontario is in a minority, but as distance eastward is made he increases in numbers and influence until at Regina, and from that point eastward, he is all pervading, and the leading question between strangers is, "What part of Ontario did you come from?"

Lightning is said to have struck a train on the Grand Trunk Railway near Georgetown, Ont., during a recent storm. Two brakeman on the top of the cars were paralyzed and laid flat on their backs. The engineer and fireman thought, at the time, that the boiler had exploded, and their flesh ceased paralyzed to their bones. They all recovered in a few minutes, but have a vivid remembrance of their experience.

At the recent great Chicago Fat Stock Exhibition the manager of Bow Park farm, near Brantford had two animals from his herd on exhibition, which carried off the first prize in two year old short horn steers, as well as first prize in short horns of any age; also first prize on grade cow and first prize of the best female in the yard, competing against all heads. Bow Park farm was the property of the late Hon. Geo. Brown, who first established the herd there.

A deputation of representatives of the leading banks and money companies of Toronto waited on the Hon. O. Mowat a few days ago asking for the Government to take steps to encourage the immigration of tenant farmers from Great Britain to this Province. Hon. Mr. Allan stated that a company he represented had, during the past year or so, brought out 100 substantial settlers, whose aggregate wealth was supposed to be about $40,000. The Premier readily acknowledged the importance of the question and asked for suggestions about the proper way to proceed.

The cheese and butter business of Canada is assuming an important position among the industries of the country. Already this year nearly 900,000 boxes of cheese have been exported from Montreal, an increase of nearly 175 000 boxes over last year. It is estimated that about a million boxes will be exported altogether this year. This is the largest quantity ever known in Canada. Over 100,000 packages of butter have also been exported, being an increase of over 3 000 packages over last year. The total value of butter and cheese for exportation from Canada this year is estimated at $7,500,000.

Notwithstanding that the English Bible Christian Conference withheld their consent to the Canadian Bible Christian Conference entering the union of Canadian Methodism, it appears that the English body will not oppose the union. A portion of the Horton street congregation, London, decided to remain out of the Union, and to send to England for a minister. The English Conference have declined to send out a minister, and advised the London congregation to enter the Union.

It has been decided to have a centennial U. E. Loyalist celebration in Toronto next June, to commemorate the landing of the U. E. Loyalists in this Province in 1784. A meeting was held in Toronto a few days ago to make the necessary arrangements, and a number of the decendants of U. E. Loyalists were present, including Lieut-Governor Robinson, Dr. Ryerson, Rev. Mr. Withrow and others. Dr. Canniff was appointed permanent chairman, and arrangements for the demonstration will at once be made. The time selected will be during the week of Toronto's semi-centennial celebration.

UNITED STATES.

In Maine nearly five millions cans of corn were put up in the canniers during this year.

It is said that the butter production of Iowa has been worth two million dollars a month during the past season.

A new grand mausoleum for the Vanderbils family is now being built on Staten Island near New York, at a cost of over seventy thousand dollars.

Ex Governor Coburn, of Maine, recently sold $800,000 worth of western land in a single lot. This is said to have been the largest sale of farming land made by one person.

A law has just been enacted in Washington Territory extending the franchise to women equally with the men. A similar law has been some years in operation in Wyoming Territory.

It is reported that white ants, in large numbers, have appeared in the State House at Boston, and fears are entertained that they have attacked some of the important wood work of the building.

A very serious railway collision took place near Streator, Illinois, recently inst. A rear passenger car was demolished and a number of persons instantly killed, while several others were terribly wounded.

Colored women in parts of Georgia have been discovered leaving their newly-born infants in the woods to perish. Two which were found were being attacked by flocks of buzzards, and their cries led to their discovery.

The old Lincoln homestead at Springfield, Illinois, has been leased for a term of years, the lessee's intention being to preserve it in the same condition as when its former owner left it to assume the Presidency of the United States.

There has been so much trouble and complaint about the American "trade dollar" that it is now proposed to call in all the silver coin of that denomination, and order it recoined or melted into silver bars. The trade dollar is intrinsically worth less than one dollar, and it has never been popular.

The paper manufacturers of the United States are beginning to feel the effect of the business depression. Fifty different paper mills throughout the North-western States are reported as closed down for three months, and more than two thousand operatives are idle in consequence.

In consequence of the depressed state of the iron trade a large number of the large rolling and other iron mills, at Milwaukee, Pittsburg, and other great manufacturing centres are being closed. Tens of thousands of men are reported to be thrown out of employment in consequence, and the out look for the winter is a gloomy one in consequence.

There was a sensational wedding of two of the Salvation Army officers at Kingston in connection with the opening of the New Barracks in that city. Cap't. Addie, of St. Thomas, and Lieut. Miss McLaughlin, a Hallelujah Lass, were united. The wedded pair was drawn through the streets to the City Hall by a pair of white horses and there was a wedding feast.

The *Witness* says:—One of the most shocking fruits of inflammatory novels ever heard of is the attempted robbery and murder of a car driver in Milwaukee by two young cranks, made such by light reading. Mental poison that is known to have an enormous consumption must work untold harm in the minds of a rising generation in general when it proves its liability to break into such atrocities as that reported from Milwaukee.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A large number of the British soldiers are being withdrawn from Egypt. It is understood that the Government intend to reduce the troops in Egypt below 3,000.

It is estimated that the average number of houses now built per year in Great Britain is about 80,000. This is double the average number of forty years ago.

The celebrated Tichborne claimant will, it is reported, be released from imprisonment next year as a ticket-of-leave man, and his friends propose to set him up in a public house, and he will be pretty sure to "draw."

It is understood that the trial of O'Donnel, the murderer of the informer, will be postponed till next February, as the lawyers for the defence are asking for more time. Mr. Sullivan, his principal lawyer, is seriously ill.

The evangelistic meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London are reported as very successful. Great crowds attend, and there is much good being accomplished. The meetings are expected to be continued about six months.

The Duke of Edinburgh, like a sensible man, has announced his intention to give up fiddling and sea going, and turn his attention to agriculture in future. It would be a capital thing if a good many others, similarly situated would do the same thing.

An English paper says that only one forest in England belongs to a private owner—Savernake, Lord Ailesbury's, in Wilts, of four thousand acres. It is full of splendid old trees, and what is known as "Grand Avenue," four miles long, is lined with beeches, in some places eight or ten feet deep.

There seems a determination in England to have a second Suez Canal. A syndicate of London bankers offer to furnish the money if the Government will go on with the work. De Lesseps advocates constructing a second canal alongside of the original one, with a sufficient amount of space between. Vessels can pass in through one and out through the other.

Admiral Porter has just been reporting that the present United States Navy is totally inadequate to afford any important protection to any one exposed city, in case of a war with a naval nation. He recommended the building of a number of war ships at once, and that two or three of them should be on Lake Erie, so as to at once destroy the entrance to the Welland Canal in case of difficulty with Canada.

The carrying of fire arms and shooting appear to have become common practices in the South. A few days ago at Lynchburg a boy of 16 named Richard Spooler shot and killed another boy of 17, named Richard Newcomer. The latter asked for a chew of tobacco and Spooler coolly replied, "I'll shoot you for asking," and drawing his revolver fired a deadly shot.

Study the Bible.

Of all poor excuses for neglecting the study of the Bible there is none poorer than that of the man who thinks he knows so much of what is in the Bible that he has nothing more to learn through Bible study. Wherever you see a man who thinks that he has got beyond the Bible, you may be sure that he is one who knows little—very little—of the real facts or teachings of the Bible; and what he stands most in need of is a new and thorough course of Bible study. Many a man, otherwised well versed in science or literature, has, for a time, committed the mistake of supposing that the Bible is a book which, once learned, is all learned; but in after years, when other literature had palled upon his taste, he has come back to the Bible to find in it, with delighted surprise, all that is newest and truest and most worthy of all, in what any man may know. There is no other book which so well repays continued study as the Bible; there is no other book which is at once so old and so new; there is none other which contains the words of eternal life in God's own setting. And, it may be added, there is no man more likely to do a good life-work effectively than he who knows the Bible intimately.—*Selected.*

He Felt no Effects..

Uncle Abe was fond of 'possum. Having caught one, he got his wife, Dinah, to cook it for him, and requested that it should be placed in the cupboard until morning. The favor was granted, and Uncle Abe lay down before a log fire and went to sleep. His son, Mose, coming in late, got the 'possum and ate it, laid the bones down at Uncle Abe's head, smeared the old man's face and hands with the grease, and went to bed. The following morning Uncle Abe awoke and asked Dinah: "Whar's dat 'possum?"

"In de cupboard," which she explored and found it missing.

Returning, Dinah enquired: "Abe, when did you eat das 'possum? Dar's de bones at your head, yer face smells of 'possum, and yer han's are greasey."

"Maybe I did eat dat 'possum, but if I did it did me less good dan any 'possum I ever et."

In the Parlor.

"What does your sister say about me?" asked a young man of the small brother of the maiden he thought he loved.

"Oh, lots!" sententiously exclaimed the precocious boy.

"Well, tell me," said the youth, in a coaxing voice.

"She says you've got lots of money."

"Well, what else?"

"I don't like to tell."

"Oh, come; tell me and I'll give you some candy."

"Well, she says that if she ever married you she'd loan you to Farmer Cornstalk for a scarecrow."

A Noble Revenge.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in the concluding part of his "Silverado Squatters" in the December *Century*, describes an eccentric poor white and his story of a revenge: "A man, he told us, who bore a grudge against him had poisoned his dog. 'That was a low thing for a man do, now, wasn't it? It wasn't like a man that, nohow. But I got even with him—I poisoned *his* dog."

A young butcher was presented with a pair of twins. Wishing to inform his parents of the occurrence, he sent them this short, if not very lucid note:—"I have just become the father of twins. More next time. Form your son A—."

I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy; one was a cheerful fire; another, to remember all pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-place and a kettle simmering on the hob.—*Sidney Smith.*

People who in their normal state of health are free from consciousness of their nervous systems, sometimes learn sympathy with their fellow mortals who are less blessed, during the period of convalescence that succeeds a fever like the typhoid. A physician told me of himself, that months after recovery from this fever the noise which the clock makes before it strikes used to irritate him to such a degree that he would rush up to it, shake his fist menacingly and exclaim, "Do that again if you dare!" He was perfectly aware of the foolishness of his course, perfectly sensible of how it looked to other people, but the recurring noise was too much for him, and at last, in self-defence, he had to stop the clock.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

A Study of Husbands.

"We hear much about the art of winning a husband," says a female writer in *The Argonaut*. "Let us take a step further and make a study of keeping a husband. This is a wicked world, and man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he is, not as he ought to be. In the first place, he is very weak. The wife must spend the first two years in discovering these weaknesses, count them on her fingers, and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be too many. Then let her study up these weaknesses, with a mesh for every one, and the secret is here. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffee, light bread, and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Like he fond of flattering boss his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words, if her supply gives out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the encyclopædia to give variety to the depth of her admiration. Flattery is a good thing to study up, at all hazards, in all its delicate shades, but it must be skillfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly. Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub—let her be bright and tidy; that is half the victory. Next, let her bang her hair metaphorically and keep up with the times. A husband who sees his wife look like other people is not going to consider her 'broken down.' Though it is a common sneer that a woman has admitted that her sex considers more, in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matters? Listen to him with wide open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't so much care for a literary wife if she will only be literary enough to appreciate him. If she have literary inclinations keep them to herself.

"Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self reliant woman's none. Cultivate helplessness. Is he curious? Oh, then you have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret and keep it carefully. Is he jealous; Then, woman, this is not for you; cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you for its own, and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in temper and fault finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine skillfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness; treat him as one who is born with a physical defect, but put your wits to work—it is a bad case. It is well not to be too tame. Men do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barnyard fowl; they like the pleasure of pursuing wild game—quail and grouse and deer. A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and trim, with a pretty, swift way about, and just a little capricious. Never let yourself become an old story; be just a little uncertain. Another important fact is; don't be too good; it hurts his feelings and becomes monotonous. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that this very mortal man may have his conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than would a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies and looking after vexatious household cares and smiling when he comes home; but it seemes necessary. 'To be born a woman is to be born a martyr,' says a husband who for ten years had watched in amazement his wife treading the winepress of her existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if a wife does not make a study of these things the harpy will, to steal away the honor from his silver hairs when he is full of years, and the father of sons and daughters. At the same time, good wife, keep from trying any of these things on any mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved in order to 'keep a husband.' The poor, weak creature would rather be good than bad, and it is woman's duty to hold him by every means in her power."

Dress and the Sex.

A lady recently asks us, says a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, if it did not seem a sad, sinful matter for people to waste so much precious time and thought on dress and personal appearance. Taking herself the affirmative of the question, she gave an interesting review of her personal history, and confessed that to her the retrospect was a bitter and sorrowful picture, over which might well be written: "Vanities of vanities, all is vanity." Opportunities for mental improvement and moral and spiritual growth had been lost past all recall in her devotion to the culture of personal beauty, and the study of how best to adorn herself in attractive attire. No one who heard her was disposed to quarrel with our friend in the valley of life for complaining of the glittering sunshine and glory that dazzled her young vision on the nether side of the hill-top. But it might be suggested that if she sinned at all, it was in neglecting one good thing in her absorbing love for another. Every good gift, we are told, comes from above; and if a woman has beauty as a natural bestowment, the right, aye, the duty, go along with it to prize and cultivate it with all possible and rational means, just the same as she would her mental gifts, were they great or small. She is equally bound to regard their culture as an obligation not to be overlooked or neglected. Instead of railing against regard for beauty of person and personal adornment, it would be far better to study how we can best use each and all good things without abusing them, and estimate them at their true value, and to let the outer and inner graces be cultivated together. Self-reproach and bitter regret will never then be thorns to vex us at the end.

Feminine Pleasantries.

A young man began to read a paragraph about a mine to his sweetheart, commencing "Young mine," when she interrupted him with, "I don't care if I do, John."

"I am never missed any more when I go off on a visit," sighed a West Wayne street lady. "Why not?" asked her friend. "Because since I got married they all call me Mrs."

"That lady has very high color," said a man speaking of a customary who had just left the drugstore. "I don't call it high," was the druggist's reply; "I sell it to her at 25 cents a bottle. Surely that's cheap enough."

"I remember you very well," said the hotel-keeper, "but your wife has grown very thin." "Yes." "She was taller." "Yes." "And lighter complexion, was she not?" "Yes. Besides, you know, it is not the same one."

"I'm related to royalty," said the last victim of the Deleware whipping-post, as he pointed to the marks on his back. "Don't you recognize the prints of wales?"

To the stars through difficulties—Mrs. Doubledollar (in a whisper over her shoulder to Mr. D. as they pass into the dinning-room): "For goodness' sake, take your gloves off, and when the ladies leave the table don't you come too, as you did last time."

A Sacramento woman only 25 years of age had just been married for the fifth time. It is all right in a state where there ain't enough of them to go round, but how she would be hated—the mean thing—in Massachusetts, for instance, where women are as plentiful as blackberries in August or lies in the heat of a political campaign.

It is now the custom for young ladies to send around to various dry-goods stores for samples of silk and velvet, which they work up into what are called crazy-quilts. And there is nothing that makes a young lady much wilder than to receive from a shrewd merchant a lot of samples fastened to a piece of cardboard with rubber cement.

A Michigan girl told her young man that she would never marry him until he was worth $10,000. So he started out with a brave heart to make it. "How are you getting on, George?" she asked at the expiration of a couple of months. "Well," George said hopefully, "I have saved $22." The girl dropped her eyelashes and blushingly remarked: "I reckon that's near enough, George," Twenty-two dollars in cold cash looks like a good deal of money to a Michigan girl.

The Glossograph.

This is the name of an electrical instrument for recording speech automatically. It was first exhibited by M. Gentille at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition. A small apparatus is placed in the mouth of the speaker, in contact with the roof of his mouth, his tongue and lips; and on being connected with an electro magnetic registering apparatus, the sounds are committed to paper. It is constructed in such a manner as not to cause any inconvenience to the speaker; neither is it necessary that the voice should be raised, as it reproduces a whisper as exactly as a shout; the only condition is a correct and distinct articulation. According to the inventor's calculation, it will be possible to write four or five times as fast by means of the glossograph as has hitherto been possible even by the quickest writer. At first sight it appears as if this invention were but an improvement upon Edison's phonograph; it is, however, of a much older date. It rests, unlike the former, on an acoustic principle, and does not reproduce the sounds in a microscopical form. The chief obstacle to the introduction of the glossograph, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be the difficulty in deciphering the characters, but it is not impossible that with the help of a second automatic apparatus the characters produced by the glossograph may be translated into our common typewriting. The orthography would doubtless appear strange, but in these days of phonetic spelling this might not long be a hindrance.

A Scarcity of Newspapers.

The world, taken as a whole, is short of newspapers. A foreign paper has the following to say on the subject: It is astonishing to contemplate the enormous number of people in the world to whom a newspaper must be as rare as a diamond. Recently published statistics show that while the circulation of newspapers throughout the world aggregates the great number of 10,000,000,000, it only averages six and a half copies per year to each inhabitant of the globe. This is assuming that only one paper goes to each purchaser; but since it is no uncommon thing for one man to buy several, the proportion of those who never buy one is greatly increased. Europe publishes 19,537, while the wonderful section of the world classed as "North America" in the statistics follows with 12,400. The whole of Asia can only show 775, a contrast the more striking beside the benighted South America, which runs close upon the vast continent with 969. Africa lags behind with only 182, the modern settlements of Australia in its limited area owning 661. Dividing them into languages there are 16 500 printed in the English language, 7,360 in German, 3,850 in French, and 1,600 in Spanish. The annual aggregate circulation in the United States is 3 000,000,000, as compared with 2,260,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, giving the United States the position of being the most voracious devourers of newspaper literature in the world.

Sarcasm may appear even upon a tombstone. When one of the Earls of Colchester—who were, of course, members of the House of Lords—died, this simple inscription was placed above his resting place, "*Ultima Domus*" (the last house). Some one who had a genius for impromptu writing scribbled beneath it these lines:

Did he who thus inscribed this wall
Not read, or not believe, St. Paul—
Who says there is—where'er it stands—
Another house not made with hands;
Or are we left to gather from these words
That that last house is not a House of Lords?

One of the queerest curiosities on the globe is a man with a silver skull, who is now visiting in Louisville, Ky. During a fiercely contested battle in the late war this interesting individual was struck in the head with a piece of shell, which tore away the entire top of his skull, leaving the brain most horribly exposed. Strange to say, he survived the terrible wound, and a noted surgeon, who was one of the physicians in attendance upon the late lamented Garfield, succeeded in fitting a silver plate over the opening, which shielded the brain equally as well as the skull. The plate is about the size of a man's hand and works on hinges, and may be raised up and down at will. The re-skulled man does not experience the least pain, and as he wears a wig all evidence of a shattered skull is concealed.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, DECEMBER 6, 1883.

To Subscribers of the Review.

We heartily thank those of our subscribers who have so cheerfully paid up their subscriptions during the past few weeks—in all about fifteen. There are, however, over FIVE HUNDRED others who are from one to SEVEN *years behind. This has become a rather serious matter to us. We have paid for* EVERY ONE *of these papers up to date, and are now out nearly $2,000 for other people's reading. Not one of our subscribers would stand this injustice as long as we have, and when they see by this how we are placed we are sure those who wish the* REVIEW *well will not need to be again reminded.*

☞ *All subscriptions behind two years or over will* POSITIVELY *be charged $2.00 per annum,* IF NOT PAID BY THE 15TH OF DECEMBER NEXT.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The last session of the County Council for 1883 opened at the Shire Hall in Belleville on Tuesday, 27th ult., the following members being present :—

His Honor, E.D.O'Flynn, Esq., Warden, Messrs. Shea, Cunningham, Wilmit, Bleecker, Rose, Ashley, Hudson, Hurley, Hanley, West, Nash, Murphy, McGowan, Clare, Aylsworth, Tuttle, Robinson, Morton, Walker, Duncan, Pearce, Caskey, Thompson, McGregor, Gunter, Faulkner and Kavanagh.

The Warden addressed the Council at some length, expressing his satisfaction at meeting them all again, and congratulating them on the fact that while wars, epidemics, famines, tornadoes, and earthquakes had desolated other lands, our own country had escaped these scourges and was happy, peaceful and prosperous. He also referred to matters respecting the interior economy of the County, especially our roads and bridges, which annually called for a large outlay. Speaking of the latter he said : "With over two hundred bridges in this County to be kept in repair, and with the increasing cost of timber and lumber, and the average life of a wooden bridge about ten years, it may be expected that large estimates for this purpose will be called for from year to year. Probably the one remedy would be to construct more double bridges with stone abutments, and iron superstructures over the large streams, and at such a height as would insure safety against the spring freshets. I am aware that the subject of iron bridges has been under the consideration of this Council for some time, and doubtless ere long come into use in this as well as other Counties, as a matter of economy. The person who could introduce and bring into successful operation a plan of bridge that would be more durable and in the end saving of expense to the County, would deserve to to have his painting hung up in this Hall, occupying front rank as one who had really done something for the good of the County." He also referred to the separation of the town of Trenton from the the County for municipal purposes, and closed by passing a high eulogy upon the Reeve of Marmora, who having removed from that municipality would not again sit in the Council. The business of the session was then proceeded with, the following relating principally to the north riding :—

The County Solicitor, Mr. John Bell, in response to a resolution of the Council, sent in a communication, that the river was a highway, that lumbermen should use due diligence in driving their logs, and they would be responsible for any damage that might result from their negligence.

Wm. Davy and others asked for a grant of $100 to be expended on the road between Bancroft and Vankleek settlement.—Granted.

Wm. Jenkins, of Madoc, asked for damages for the breaking of his leg while travelling from Madoc to Murphy's Corner, in July last.

Mr. Kavanagh moved, seconded by Mr. Caskey, that the grant of $100 each to the six minor municipalities in the north be apportioned by Mr. Mackintosh.—Carried.

Mr. Gunter moved, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that County Surveyor examine the crossings of the County roads in Marmora, Madoc, and Tudor, over which the Central Ontario Railway passes.—Carried.

The County Surveyor's report was ready. It recited that the orders for repairs to bridges and other County property ordered at the June session had been performed, at a cost of $4,462.91, and recommended necessary repairs to a number of bridges in various parts of the County.

Dr. Faulkner moved that a refund of $400 be granted to Stirling, on account of the loss sustained by the fire on the 14th of June last. The taxes had to be remitted on the burned property, and in order to keep the machinery moving—the schools, particularly—the village rate had to be raised. The village had suffered a total loss of $83,905 and the insurance only lessened it to $59,000. He proposed to pay Stirling's indebtedness to the County, less $400. He thought the Council would do what was fair, especially as the larger portion of the village had been destroyed. The amount was reduced to $300 and granted.

Mr. Caskey said two flat bridges were required in his township between Madoc and Cameron's, and he moved that they be built of stone.

The Warden moved that a culvert be built near Harvey's in Madoc.

Both motions were passed.

The Committee on Gravel Roads reported that during the year $15,150.26 had been expended on the roads of the County.

They recommended improvements and repairs on various roads, and that bridges of less than twenty feet span be built under the direction of the County Superintendent of Roads.

The report was adopted.

Mr. Cockburn moved, seconded by Mr. Kavanagh, that $50 be granted to aid in the construction of a bridge north of Maynooth on the line between Wicklow and McLure.—Carried.

$100 was granted for a road in Faraday.

Municipalities that hereafter pay the amounts due before the time that they become due, Jan'y 1st, should be entitled to interest at five per cent. and those that do not pay at that date will be charged seven per cent.

A vote of thanks to the Warden was passed and responded to after which the minutes were confirmed and the Council adjourned *sine die*.

A BONFIRE OF BIBLES.

AN OUTRAGEOUS ATTACK ON PROTESTANTS AT WEXFORD, IRELAND.

WEXFORD, Ire., Dec. 3.—A mob attacked a theatre in which evangelical services were being held on Sunday evening. They tried to burn the building, took posession of the town and broke the windows of the protestant church and of the houses of protestant residents. Ladies' dresses were torn in the theatre and several people were injured by stones. Subsequently the mob paraded the streets singing "God save Ireland."

The evangalical services at the theatre last night, when attacked by a mob, were being conducted by Major White of Chicago. The mob made a bonfire of all the Bibles and hymn books that could be found. One protestant gentleman was attacked and carried down to the harbour, the intention of his assailants being to drown him. Some respectable catholics interfered. Another protestant was chased through the streets and finally sought refuge in the police barracks, where he was told the police was unable to protect him. He was seriously wounded. The police were confined to their barracks throughout the riot.

FIRE AT DESERONTO.

THE GAS WORKS DESTROYED.

Early on Thursday morning last the inhabitants of Deseronto were startled by the cry of "fire!" when it was discovered that the Gas works were being rapidly destroyed by fire, without a chance of saving them.

It is abou three years since the Messrs. Rathbun began the experiment of manufacturing gas from sawdust, by a patent process of their own. The experiment was only partially successful at first, as the illuminating power was not satisfactory; but after three years' experimenting and an outlay of a large sum of money, they had gradually increased the illuminating power until the gas works had proven a success. The night before the fire, the village had been lit very satisfactorily. The fire is supposed to have started near the boilers, and could not be subdued. The entire works, except the gasmeter, were destroyed, entailing a loss from $10,000 to $12,000; insured for $6,000. It is believed that the works will be at once rebuilt.

Inde-Grit-Toryian is the name of a society just started at Whitby.

Nova Scotia has made a demand upon the Dominion Government for an increase of its annual subsidy. Ontario is now the only province that has not such a claim before the Government.

Died of a Broken Heart.

CAMPBELLFORD, Ont., Nov. 30.—The daughter of Mr. Thomas Steen has died here under very sad circumstances. Under a promise of marriage a man named Truesdale betrayed the young lady, who five weeks ago gave birth to a child. Being approached on the matter, Truesdale promised to make all the reparation he could by marrying Miss Steen when she recovered from her illness. In proof of his sincerity he was a constant visitor at the house, and pretended to be very solicitous. On Thursday last he married another young lady at Belleville. On the following day Miss Steen was informed of the fact. A few minutes afterwards she was a corpse, having died of a broken heart.

The twelve-year-old son of Thomas Shea, of Trafalgar, while leading a horse to water recently, received a kick on the forehead which smashed in the frontal, exposing the brain so as to cause a small portion of it to ooze through the fracture. He retained consciousness for about a day, then for about two days lay unconscious, since which he has been gradually improving.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

—A full stock of Goat Robes at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Girl Wanted.

FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK. Apply to MRS. J. R. ORR.

Music Teacher.

MRS. J. STEPHENS, begs to intimate to the public generally that she is prepared to attend pupils at their own residences, to give instructions in music—Piano and Organ. Studies—Secular and Classical music, with Harmony and Thorough Bass. 345

Stray Heifer.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, w ½ lot 6, 9th concession of Madoc, on December 5th, a yearling Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

WM. A. PRINGLE.

December, 1883, 345-3

Estray.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 12, 3rd con. Madoc, in the month of July last, two Yearling Heifers, one red and the other spotted red and white. Any person giving such information as will lead to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

R. McKENZIE.

Madoc, Dec. 1st, 1883. 345-2w

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims against the Estate of the late B. Morgan, of Queensboro, are required to send the same to the undersigned with as little delay as possible ; and all persons owing the said Estate are required to settle their indebtedness at once.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors of the Estate.

Madoc, Dec. 5, 1883. 345-4w

THE LEADING MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ST. NICHOLAS

EDITED BY MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE.

The New York *Tribune* once said : "In the avalanche of immoral literature that threatens the children, some strong, vitally wholesome, and really attractive magazine is required for them, and ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for this service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The reference to the wide resources in art and letters commanded by ST. NICHOLAS was never more fully illustrated than by the extraordinary list of attractions which that magazine announces for 1884. The following will be some of the leading contributors :

Louisa M. Alcott, J. T. Trowbridge, Captain Mayne Reid, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Maurice Thompson, Frank R. Stockton, Charles Dudley Warner, Elizabeth S. Phelps, Joaquin Miller, Mrs. Whitney, Julian Hawthorne, C. Thaxter, Mary M. Dodge, Lieut. F. Schwatka, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, E. S. Brooks, G. W. Cable, Chas. G. Leland, Susan Fennimore Cooper, J. G. Whittier, "H. H." W. O. Stoddard, C. P. Cranch,

and Scores of other distinguished writers. The best artists and engravers illustrate the magazine. It has been truly said that the reading of "St. Nicholas" is

"A LIBERAL EDUCATION"

for the boys and girls who are fortunate enough to have it. In no other book or periodical is instruction so happily blended with recreation and amusement.

The price is $3.00 a year, or 25 cents a number. Book-sellers, news-dealers, and postmasters receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers, by money or express order, bank check, draft or in registered letter.

THE CENTURY CO'Y, New York, N. Y.

Christmas Presents

Wall Pockets,
Paper Holders,
Picture Frames,
&c., &c.

We have the best variety of these handsome goods ever brought into Madoc.

See our Stock before purchasing your Christmas Presents.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

W W W RRRR II GGG H H TTTTT "" 888
W WW W R R II G G H H T " 8 8
W W W W RRRR II G HHH T ' 88
WW WW R R II G GG H H T 8
W W R R II GGG H H T 8888

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES---PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L A D I E S' — — M A N T L E S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices :

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

Dissolution of Partnership!

GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE!

at M. McLEAN'S Dry Goods Store.

In order to reduce the stock before taking stock, I will offer for the next FOUR WEEKS, the entire stock, consisting of

Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Fancy Goods, Mantles, Furs, Hats and Caps; Groceries,

etc., at cost price. A call solicited. The stock must be sold. Terms strictly cash.

M. McLEAN.

Madoc, November 28th 1183. 329

Latest Local News.

Tea-meeting

The congregation at Hazard's Corners Methodist Church will hold a tea-meeting on Wednesday evening next, 12th inst., in aid of Sabbath School and Church funds. White's Agricultural Band will furnish music. Tickets, 40 cents; double, 75 cents.

Highly Honored.

Mr. John White, M. P., visited Winnipeg last week, and was accorded a grand reception by the Orangemen of that city, not only being dined and wined but serenaded by brass bands at his hotel. Mr. White is perhaps the most popular Orangeman in the Dominion of Canada.

Isn't it a Mistake?

The *Intelligencer* a few days ago contained a paragraph stating that "a force of men were loading rails on cars on the G. J. R. dock, comprising 50 carloads, intended for the Toronto and Ottawa Railway." It would be very gratifying news to many of our readers to know that this road was going to be worked.

Another Untruth.

The *Ontario* last week started a silly and untruthful rumor to the effect that Mrs. Wright of this village had entered an action against the Midland Railway Company for $15,000 for damages by the late accident. The lady has ordered a flat denial. The *Ontario* is fast monopolizing the reputation of being the most unscrupulous and untruthful journal in the province—if, indeed, it is not that now.

A Long Trip for Health.

On Monday night of this week a special car containing Hon. M. Bowell, Mrs. Bowell, Mr. C. J. Bowell, Miss Bowell and Miss Hickey left Belleville for the Pacific coast. Mr. Bowell will spend a short time with his family, returning before the opening of the House and leaving his family behind him for a winter's sojourn in Califfornia. The trip is made for the benefit of Mrs. Bowell's health, that lady being a sufferer from a disease of the lungs.

For the North.

Should the weather and roads be favorable next week the proprietor of the REVIEW will make a business trip to the northern parts of this County, at least as far as Maynooth, and will endeavor to call on as many of our subscribers as possible, especially those in arrears, by whom he expects to be generously received. Mr. M. W. Sine, Veterinary Surgeon, of this village, will accompany him and introduce himself to the citizens of the north. We may say that Mr. Sine is no quack, but is well qualified to treat the ills of domesticated animals, and those having diseased horses or animals of any description should take advantage of this opportunity to secure his services.

Village Council.

The last regular meeting of the present Council of the village of Madoc, was held in the Town Hall, on Monday evening last. There were present the Reeve and Councillors Dale, Kirk and Aylsworth.

In response to a request from the Fire Company, the Reeve was empowered to procure a stove and pipes for the Engine House.

N. M. Maybee sent in his resignation as one of the Assessors, which, on motion of Messrs. Aylsworth and Dale, was accepted.

The Report of Chief of Police Sills, from December 1882 to 1883, was received and ordered to be filed.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

R. Squires, attendance at Town Hall	$ 6.50
Street Surveyor	14.48
O'Flynn & O'Hara	39.47

A vote of thanks to the Reeve moved by Mr. Aylsworth, seconded by Mr. Dale, was unanimously passed, to which Mr. O'Flynn appropriately replied.

The Council then adjourned.

Everythings.

—December.

—Only nineteen days to Christmas.

—Hay is plentiful and cheap at Belleville.

Township Council meets on Saturday next, 8th inst.

—Diphtheria is prevalent in some parts of the township.

—Mr. M. McLean has new potatoes growing in his cellar.

—The sleighing of the past few days caused quite a revival in business.

—Counterfeit $5 bills of the Bank of British North America are in circulation.

—All the old township councillors will offer for re-election—and some new ones.

—The County Council have resolved to memorialize the Legislature in favor of woman suffrage.

—Mr. James Haggerty, of Huntingdon, will be a candidate for the Reeveship of that municipality fer next year.

—The County authorities have decided to prosecute all who may hereafter place obstructions on the County road.

—The new Government building in Belleville, to be used as Postoffice and Customs House, is to be occupied this week.

—The marriageable young lady is fully awake to the fact that 1884 is leap year—and so are the old bachelors—they begin to tremble already.

—Mr. J. A. De La Hooke, agent for Picturesque Canada is in town to-day delivering parts 23 and 24, of this popular work. It is a credit to the Art Publishing Company, Toronto.

—His Honor the Warden's opening address to the members of the County Council last week would do credit to the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. The *Intelligencer* gave it in full, occupying about a column and a quarter in that sheet.

—G. D. Rawe's advertisement of watches, clocks, jewelry and fancy goods, including a large variety of albums, having been presented too late for insertion in this week's issue, will appear next week, when his friends and patrons will be invited to inspect the largest and most varied stock in his line that has ever been shown in Madoc.

—The Toronto *Morning News* is the latest addition to our exchange list, and we hope it will be among the last to stop. It launches out on a fiery Democratic platform, advocating the election by the people direct of every public office-holder. It purposes making it exceedingly "warm" for the existing powers that be. Mr. E. E. Sheppard is editor and proprietor.

Birth.

BLOUNT.—In the village of Madoc, on Thursday, 29th ult., the wife of Mr. Josiah Blount, of a daughter.

Married.

GUNTER—KEMP.—On December 3rd, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., at the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, Abraham M. Gunter to Mary E. Kemp, both of township of Cashel.

CHAMBERS—MCININCH.—In Christ Church, Belleville, on November 20th, by the Rev. Mr. Burke, Mr. Joseph Chambers, of Madoc Village, to Miss Eliza McInnch, of Rawdon.

Four children, the eldest only eight years of age, were rescued at Montreal by the police in a starving condition, their mother spending the $5 per week sent for support by her husband, in drink.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills combine both sanitive and sanative powders in a high degree, by the former term is understood their ability to preserve health, by the latter their capability to restore health. With these remedies at hand, no invalid need be a fault to guide himself or herself safely throug the many trials to which every one is subjected during our long and ofttimes inclement winter. Coughs, colds, ulcerated throats, quinsey, whooping cough, can be successfully treated by well rubbing this Ointment upon the chest, and by taking the Pills. During damp, foggy weather asthmatical sufferers will experience the utmost possible relief from the inuncion of the Ointment, and all tender-chested persons will save endless misery by adopting this treatment.

Nearly Gored to Death.

TORONTO, Nov. 30.—Two young men named Williams, of the 6th concession, township of Vaughan, had rather an unpleasant time of it yesterday evening with a mad bull. They were leading the animal along a concession road near their home when the animal suddenly turned on one of them and knocking him down. His brother commenced to belabor the beast with a stick, when it turned on him and knocked him down also. Luckily its horns were widespread and of no great length, but it succeeded in drawing blood and tearing their clothes from them. The infuriated animal was drawn off by the attack of a large dog which came to their rescue. One of them was badly hurt and bruised, but it is expected he will recover.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes:" After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all Throats and Lungs Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size, $1.00.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 339

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Spring Hill Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, Dec. 8th, at 12 o'clock, sharp, for receiving tenders for making cheese for next year, selling milk routes, and transaction of general business.

D. McKENZIE,
President.

Madoc, Nov. 26, '83. 344-2w

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Alexandria Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Thursday, Dec. 6th, at 1 o'clock P. M., for receiving tenders for making cheese for next season, selling milk routes, and transaction of general business.

JOHN CASKEY,
President.

Madoc, Nov. 24, '83. 344-2w

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS will be received up to the 15th day of December for Forty (40) Cords of Good Hard Body Wood, delivered in the basement of the Model School in Madoc village, wood to be delivered by the 1st of March. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Address tenders to

JOHN ROBERTSON,
Sec'y School Board.

Madoc, Nov. 28, 1883. 344-3w

Private School.

MRS. BAYLIS (lately from England) gives lessons in music and singing at her residence, in Elgin street. She also takes a limited number of pupils, to instruct with her own children, in all the usual branches of an English education. Rudimental French and Drawing. Terms on application. 343

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, s w ¼ of lot 6, 4th con. Madoc, a stray Ram. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away.

JOSEPH BAILEY.

Madoc, Nov. 17th. 343-3w

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:oxo:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock,
Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

BUFFALO ROBES!

BUFFALO ROBES!

A large stock just to hand at

BOTTOM PRICES. EXAMINE THEM.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, Oct. 16, 1883.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

"He will turn back," she whispered to herself. "Surely—surely!—for I couldn't bear to lose him." But Mr. Watkyn went straight on to the gate.

"Thomas!" she called out. "Thomas!" He turned them. "What is it?"

Perhaps she had it in her mind to humble herself to him—who knows? She did nothing of the kind. A moment's pause, possibly of indecision, and then she produced a note from the folds of her frock.

"May I ask you to do me a little favor, Thomas—for the last time?"

"What is it?" he repeated.

"If you would not very much mind going home by the hill, and would leave this note at Miss Ford's. I particularly wish her to have it this evening."

He paused for an instant, not replying. She went on hurriedly.

"I see that it is disagreeable to you. I have offended you too much."

"Not that," he answered, holding out his hand for the note, "but I can hardly spare the time for the long way this evening, as I have to call at Killick's for my father. However"——He said no more but took the note.

"Good-by, Thomas."

"Good-by for aye. God be with you!"

"What a solemn mood he is in, the stupid fellow!" she commented. "But I am glad he took the note! I shall be safe now."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever young lady. The direct and near way to Mr. Watkyn's home would lead him past the willow walk. She had devised this impromptu note to her dressmaker in the afternoon to prevent his taking that usual route. Had he seen young Vavasour cooling his heels within the precincts of the willow walk he would inevitably suspect he was waiting to keep a lover's tryst.

Alison leaned over the gate, and watched him as he walked away, watched him take the lane that led to the route she had wished, and disappear. She stood there until the gold in the clouds had changed to crimson, the crimson to purple, that spread itself like a royal mantle over the western hills. White mists began to settle on the brooks that but a moment ago had reflected the gorgeous rays of the setting sun. Somehow it seemed to make her shiver, and she crept up to her own room with a strange sense of loss at her heart.

Mrs. Reece had gone out after tea to sit with a sick neighbor, and Alison devoutly hoped that she would not be coming home yet, or there might be difficulty in getting away to keep her appointment. It was nearly time to be starting; at least, she might as well go at once, and then she should be safe from her mother. Putting on her hat she ran down stairs and opened the kitchen door.

"Patty, if mamma comes in and asks for me tell her I am only strolling about this lovely evening. I shall be in directly."

But the loveliness of the evening had gone. Somewhat to Alison's surprise the white mist had increased so greatly as to obscure everything but itself.

"How quickly it has come on!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Vavasour was waiting for her, and they paced for a few minutes the willow walk together. But for a very few; the young man said he was pressed for time; he had "heaps" of packing to do, not having touched it yet, and he was going away in the morning.

"Going away!" exclaimed Alison.

"Yes, and be shot to it!" said he. "I got a letter this morning recalling me home. My mother's ill, is ordered to Nice, and she wants me to accompany her. Fate is cruel to us, dear Miss Reece."

"But—you will be coming back here!" cried the startled Alison.

"I'm sure I don't know whether I shall be coming back here ever, or whether I may find myself banished to the remotest regions of Siberia," drawled the dandy twirling one end of his mustache. "Nothing seems certain in this sublunary world except uncertain changes. Old Tarbey was quite knocked down with the news. I wrote to ask you to be good enough to meet me here, knowing I should not have a minute all day to get down to your place—to tell you of it, and to say good-by."

There was a matter of-course carelessness in his voice and manner that grated terribly on Alison; her pride rose to the surface.

"Well, I suppose you will be glad to go, Mr. Vavasour!"

"Glad! Ah, I don't know about that. Glad to escape Tarbey and his grinding; immensely sorry to leave you. Wish you were going with me."

"You are too kind. I will not hinder you any longer; and I must be going home, too. Good night, and good-by."

Mr. Vavasour took her hand and held it. "Good-by, my dear Miss Reece," he said. "I shall often think of you and of our pleasant meetings. You will let me take a farewell kiss?"

He bent his face to hers. "How dare you sir!" she exclaimed, starting back from him. "Kiss me, indeed, and here! Until this night I had taken you for a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," he said laughingly; "I meant no harm. Hollos, what a mist it is!" he broke off, as they came to the end of the walk and the open field beyond it. "One can hardly see ten yards before one. I must see you home."

"No, no, no!" cried Alison, vehemently. "I know my way perfectly—better than you do—I shall go alone. You will have enough to do to get back to the parsonage; take care you don't miss the path. Good-by, sir."

She flew from him across the field and was lost in the mist. He took the opposite path.

"And so that's the last of Reginald Vavasour," thought Alison. "It serves me right. What a simpleton I have been!—as Thomas called me. How I hope mamma has not got home."

The mist seemed to grow more dense every minute, and Alison really found her own gate with some difficulty. Her bonnet had not been put away above a minute when Mrs. Reece came in.

"Such a dreadful mist," she observed to Alison; "I don't think I ever saw such a one. It came on suddenly after the most lovely sunset. Quite a remarkable sunset. I hope you noticed it, child."

"Thomas Watkyn took care I should do that, mamma. He called it divine."

"Indeed, it looked nothing less," replied Mrs. Reece. "I am glad you have had Thomas here."

Alison complained of a headache, and went up to bed; she was afraid of being questioned. If the evening could come over again she would treat Thomas Watkyn differently. She felt a little ashamed of herself; she felt a little uneasy.

"But I will make it up with him," she sighed, as she laid her head upon the pillow. "He will be sure to let me; he is so good and he loves me so truly."

Alison awoke betime, and to a vague sense of uneasiness. It was a fine morning, the mist all cleared away. As she stood at the window, the rising sun, lifting himself majestically in the east, tinted her cheeks in a rose-red flush, and threw down on the green meadows floods of golden light, while the songs of thrushes and larks broke out from every hedge and coppice.

"We must make the damson jam to-day," observed Mrs. Reece to her as they rose from breakfast. "And if you would only wash up these breakfast things, Alison, while Patty goes about her other work. I should soon have the kitchen table clear and might begin it."

"Oh, very well," answered the girl cheerfully, for she had been taking herself to task for her past behavior, and meant to turn over a new leaf. "You shall have the table cleared directly, mother."

She was busy in the kitchen when she heard her mother open the front door and some one come in. "It is that chattering Mrs. Bennett," thought she, as she dried the teaspoons.

"Alison! come here" called her mother, in a quick voice.

She went to the parlor just as she was—her sleeves turned back at the wrists, a large brown holland apron on. Very pretty she looked with it all. But it was not Mrs. Bennett who sat with her mother; it was a venerable, white haired old gentleman—Mr. Watkyn the elder.

"I am come to ask about Thomas," he said, "I believe he came here last night, Miss Alison; at what time did he leave you?"

A prevision struck her, with a sort of terror, that something was wrong. "He left quite early," she faltered.

"Well, he has never come home."

"Not come home!" she said with a whitening face.

"I sat up till 1 o'clock, and then I thought the mist must have kept him, that he had staid at some friend's house, I knew not what to think, and that he would be home the first thing this morning. But we have not seen, and I can not hear of him."

Mrs. Reece impressed with the frightened, guilty look that Alison could not keep out of her countenance, and began to feel uneasy. "Can not you not tell what time it was when he left you!" she demanded sternly.

"It was before dusk; it was just after sunset, before the mist came on. It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pursued Mrs. Reece. And very reluctantly Alison answered, for she saw it would bring on further questioning.

"The long way—round by the hill."

"Round by the hill!" echoed Mr. Watkyn, in alarmed surprise. "Why did he take that way?"

Alison flushed and paled alternatively; her lips were trembling. The fear creeping upon her was that he and young Vavasour had met and quarreled. Perhaps fought—and injured one another fatally. In these dread moments of suspense the mind is apt to conjure up far-fetched and unlikely thoughts.

"I asked him to go round that way," she replied, in a timid tone: "I wanted him to leave a note for me at the dressmaker's."

Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair, putting up his hands before his troubled face. "I see it all!" he breathed faintly; "he must have fallen down the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror.

"Deceived by the mist he must have walked too near its edge," continued the old man, "Heaven grant that it may not be so! but—I fear it. Was he mad?—to attempt to cross the plateau on such a night!"

Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grasped her daughter's hands. They were icy-cold.

"Alison, what passed between you and Thomas last night?"

"Don't ask me, mother! Let me follow Mr. Watkyn; I cannot rest indoors. Oh, it can not, can not be as he fears!"

"Not one step till you tell me what passed," said the mother, firmly. "There's more in this than meets the eye."

"He asked me to give up talking to Mr. Vavasour."

"And you refused. Well?"

"He told me I must choose between them," continued Alison bursting into tears. "Oh, mother, it was all folly, all my temper; he could not see that, and when he went away he said he went for good."

Mrs. Reece drew in her thin lips sternly. She stood thinking.

"And what does it mean about you giving him a note for the dressmaker? I do not understand. You had nothing to write about."

The girl got her hands free and flung them before her face to deaden the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was a resolute mother at times, and she extorted the confession. Alison had improvised the note, and sent Thomas around the long way to deliver it, and so keep him from passing by the willow walk.

"Oh, child, child!" moaned the dismayed woman. "If he has indeed fallen over the Scar it is you who will have given him his death."

And it proved to be so. In taking the two miles round between the cottage and the farm a high and perpendicular precipice called the Scar, had to be passed. The table-land or plateau, on the top was wide and a perfectly safe road by daylight, since a traveller could keep as far from the unprotected edge as he pleased. But on a dark night or in a thick fog it was most dangerous. Deceived by the mist of the previous night, Thomas Watkyn must have drawn near the edge unwittingly and fallen over. There he lay, on the sharp rocks, when the poor father and others went to look for him, his death-like face upturned to the blue sky.

"Speak to me, Thomas! speak to me!" wailed Alison, quite beside herself with remorse and grief, as she knelt by him, wringing her hands. "Oh, Thomas, speak to me! I loved you all the while."

But Thomas neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had nothing but tender words for her was silenced now; the heart she had so grieved might never beat in joy or sorrow again.

No person had seen or spoken with him after quitting her on the previous night, save the dressmaker, little, industrious Miss Ford. She had answered his knock herself, and he put the note into her hand, saying Miss Reece had asked him to leave it in passing. "What a thick mist it is that has come on," he said to her in his pleasant, chatty way. "Ay, it is indeed, sir," she answered, and shut her door as he walked away.

For many weeks Alison Reece lay ill with brain fever, hovering between life and death. Some people said it was the shock that made her ill and took her senses away; others thought she must have loved the poor young man to distraction; no one, save her mother, knew it was the memory of her last interview with him, and the scheming to send him on the route that led to the accident, that had well-nigh killed her. But the young are strong in their tenacity of life, and she grew better by slow degrees.

One warm April afternoon, when the winter months had given place to spring, Alison, leaning on the arm of her mother, went to sit in the porch. She was very feeble yet. It was the first time she had sat there since that memorable evening with her ill fated lover. There she remained, thinking and dreaming. They could not persuade her to come in, so wrapped her in a warm shawl.

Sunset came on, and was almost as beautiful, curious, perhaps, that it should be so, as the one he and she had watched together more than six months before. The brilliant beams shone like molten gold in the glowing west, the blue sky around was flecked with pink and amethyst. Alison's eyes were fixed on the lovely scene with an enraptured gaze, her lips slightly parting with emotion.

"Alison, what are you thinking of?"

"Of him, mother. Of his happiness. He is living in all that glorious beauty. I think there must have been an unconscious prevision in his mind, by what he said that evening as we watched it, that he should soon be there. Oh, mother, I wish I was going to him! I wish I could be with him to-morrow."

The mother paused; she felt inclined say something, but feared the agitation it might cause.

"Well, well, child, you are getting better," she presently answered.

"Yes, I do get better," sighed the girl. "I supposed it pleased God that I should."

"Time soothes all thing. Alison. In time you will be strong again and able to fulfil life's various duties with a zest. Trials are good—Oh, so good!—for the soul. But for meeting with them we might never learn the way to heaven."

Alison did not answer. Her feeble hands were clasped in silent prayer, her face was lifted to the glories of the evening sky.

It was at the same sunset hour, an evening or two later, that Alison, who was picking up strength daily, strolled away to the church-yard. She wanted to look for a new-made grave in that corner where so many of the Watkyns lay buried.

She could not see it; the same gravestones that were there before were there now; there was no fresh one.

"Perhaps they opened the old vault for him," thought Alison, as she sat down on the bench just inside the gate, for she was too weak to walk back again without a rest.

The sun was going down to-night without any loveliness; just a crimson ball, which seemed to give a red light to the atmosphere, and to light up redly the face of a pale tottering man, who was coming up to the gate by help of a stick. He halted when he reached it. Alison turned sick and faint with all manner of emotions as she gazed at him, fright being uppermost.

"Alison!"

"Thomas!"

He held out his hand; he came inside; his pale sad face wore for her its old sweet expression.

"Oh, Thomas, I thought you were dead," she burst forth in a storm of sobs. "I came here to look for your grave. I thought I had killed you."

"They thought I was dead at first; they thought for a long while that I should die," he answered, as he sat down by her, keeping her hand in his. "But the skillful medical men have raised me up, under God. I hope in time to be strong and well again."

"Can you ever forgive me?" she wailed, bitter, painful tears falling down her cheeks like rain. "I shall never forgive myself."

"No? Then you must atone to me, Alison, instead. Be all the more loving to me during our future lives. We must pass them together, my dear."

"Do you mean it—still?" she gasped. "O Thomas! how good and true you are! If I can only be a little bit worthy of you!"

They walked home slowly, arm in arm. Neither could walk fast yet. Mrs. Reece came to the porch to meet them. God is full of mercy, she thought.

"I did not tell her, Thomas," she said, "she was so dreadfully low when she came out of the fever. I meant to tell her to-night."

"I have told her myself; it was best so," answered Thomas Watkyn.—*The Argosy.*

Very Proper.

An old maid from the country was visiting a city friend in whose house was a telephone. Early one morning there was a call for her and the servant went to her room.

"Miss Jane," she said, "there's a call for you at the telephone."

"I'll be there in a minute."

"Come now."

"I'm not dressed."

"You can't wait; it's a gentleman and he's in a hurry."

"A gentleman? Good heavens, then I won't move a step till I get on my clothes. Do you think I'd go down to that telephone and talk to a man without a dress on? I don't know what your city styles may be, but I do know what is proper in the country, and that man can wait till I'm ready or not see me, that all."

Clothing for Cold Weather.

The usual dress is sufficient in quantity, and often good in quality, but it is very badly distributed. There is too much about the trunk, and too little about the lower extremities. If one-quarter of the heavy woollen overcoat or shawl were taken from the trunk, and wrapped about the legs, it would prove a great gain. When we men ride in the cars, or in a sleigh, where do we suffer? About the legs and feet! When women suffer from the cold, where is it? It is about the legs and feet!

The legs and feet are down near the floor, where the cold currents of air move. The air is so cold near the floor that all prudent mothers say, "Don't lie there, Peter; get up, Jerusha Ann; play on the sofa; you will take your death of cold lying there on the floor." And they are quite right. If the room be well ventilated, the air down near the floor is very much colder than it is up above our heads. And it is in that cold stratum of air that our feet and legs are constantly. A few Yankees put them on the mantel-shelf, but the majority keep their feet on the floor.

Besides this, the feet and legs, on account of their being so far away, and on account of their size, with the air all about them, are disposed to be too cold, even without being in a colder atmosphere.

Under all these circumstances, men wear one thickness of wool and cotton and one thickness of black cloth about their legs, and three or four times as much about their chests; and now they often add an immense pad called a "Chest Protector." And women indulge in a still greater contrast.

During the damp and cold season the legs should be encased in *very thick* knit woollen drawers, the feet in thick woollen stockings (which must be changed every day), and the shoe-soles must be as broad as the feet when fully spread, so that the blood shall have free passage. If the feet are squeezed in the least, the circulation is checked, and coldness is inevitable. This free circulation cannot be secured by a loose upper with a narrow sole. If when the foot stands naked on a sheet of paper it measures three and a half inches, the sole must measure three and a half.

I will suppose you have done all this faithfully, and yet your feet and legs are cold. Now add more woollen, or, if you are to travel much in the cars or in a sleigh, wear a pair of sheep-skin drawers.

I have known a number of ladies afflicted with hot and aching head, and other evidence of congestion about the upper parts, who were completely relieved by a pair of sheep-skin drawers and broad-soled shoes. Three ladies in every four suffer from some congestion in the upper part of the body. It is felt in a fulness of the head, in sore throat, in palpitation of the heart, torpid liver, and in many other ways. It is well known that a hot foot-bath will relieve for the time being any and all of these difficulties. This bath draws the blood into the legs and feet, relieving the congestion above. What the hot foot-bath does for an hour, the broad-soled shoes with thick woollen stockings, and a pair of flannel drawers, with a pair of wash-leather drawers added, will do permanently. Of course I am speaking of cold weather. No one hesitates to multiply the clothing about the trunk. Why hesitate to increase the clothing about the legs? As a preventive of many common affections about the chest, throat, and head, including nasal catarrh, I know nothing so effective as abundant dress about the lower extremities.

The bath is a good thing, exercise is a good thing, friction is a good thing; but our main dependance in this climate must ever be *warm clothing*. Already we overdo this about our trunks, but not one person in ten wears too much clothing about the legs.—*Dio Lewis's Monthly.*

The Fool.

From Tourgenoff's "Poetry in Prose."

There lived a fool in the world. For a long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumors reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot.

Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor, darkened brain, and without delay he began to execute it.

He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten. You do not know that? I did not expect to find you so naif. You are behind the time!"

His acquaintance blushed, and hurriedly agreed with the fool.

"What a beautiful book I read to-day!" another acquaintance said to him.

"Beg pardon, are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago abandoned it."

And this acquaintance also made haste to quickly agree with the fool.

"What a marvelous man is my friend, N. N.!" said a third acquaintance to the fool.

"Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed his relatives. Who does not know that? I pity you!"

The third acquaintance did as the others, and forgot his friend. Whosoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain, "And you believe yet in authorities?"

"Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, "but what a head!" "And what a tongue!" said others. "Ah, he is a man of talent!"

It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper; and he began to beguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations.

And now he who inveighed so much against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards.—*The Century.*

Matrimonial Mention.

"James, I hear that our mutual friend, Habberton, has married the Widow Mayham."

"It's a fact, and she's worth $50,000."

"He surely couldn't have been attracted by her face."

"Oh, dear, no; it was her figure."—*The Hoosier.*

HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.

Piecing Together the Delicate Shades of Indestructible Pictures.

One of the very few industries of Rome is the manufacture of mosaics, the largest establishment being under the control of the Church, and employed almost entirely in the adornment of churches and religious establishments. The process of making a picture in mosaic is very slow, and requires the highest order of skill. To begin with, mosaic is made of glass, and its value consists in its being indestructible. The workmen in great pictures have to have something over 27,000 shades of colored glass to produce the tints requisite, as in a mosaic every color is necessary the same as in an oil painting. To make a picture the process is this:—A plate of metal of required size is surrounded by a raised margin an inch in height. A mastic cement of powdered stone, lime, and linseed oil is spread over the bottom of the plate and that covered with plaster paris to the level of the rim. Upon this the picture to be made is carefully drawn, and the mechanic's work commences. He takes a piece of glass of the exact tint necessary and fits it to its place, grinding to get the shape. Then he goes on, one piece at a time, till the picture is finished, then the face ground down to a smoothness, and the picture is set in its place.

Some of the greatest pictures of ancient and modern times are in mosaic, the tints, with all the delicate shades, being as carefully reproduced as in oil, and the effect being even greater. The ceilings of many of the great churches are entirely of mosaic, as well as many of the great altar pieces and other decorations. As they are utterly indestructible and never lose their colors, they are very much prized. A picture in mosaic costs, but then it is eternal, barring fire and earthquakes.

All over Rome are small shops devoted to the manufacture of mosaic table tops, box covers, etc., the workman toiling all his life on one subject. The man who commences on St. Peter's, on table tops, or the Coliseum, never does another subject, and he becomes so skillful in this one subject that he is enabled to make them not only well but very cheaply. He has only the tints to manage that enter into the one picture, and he places them mechanically and very rapidly.—*P. V. Nasby in Toledo Blade.*

HOME DECORATIONS.

A pretty mat, intended for the top of a table, is made of drab felt. The edge is cut in sharp points; between these points are placed soft little tassels made of high-colored crewell. The border of the mat is made by working with gay embroidery silks any pattern which suits the fancy of the maker. The old-fashioned cross-stitch, or some modification of the feather-stitch, is pretty.

A pretty chair-back is made of an antique lace stripe put over silk. Have the lace in the center and on the silk stripes of the same width at each side; embroider a pretty vine. This is lovely, made of the lace and blue silk, with sprays of small pink buds, or of cardinal satin with daisies and buttercups on it. The top is turned down and hemmed, and the bottom may be finished with lace, or be made in points with a tassel on each point.

A handsome panel for the wall is made of a strip of black satin 15 inches long 7 inches wide. On this is embroidered in silk a bunch of pinks. The top and bottom of the panel are finished with bands of scarlet plush, about two inches wide. A brass wire is fastened to the top, and a silk cord to hang it by. On the bottom are fine silk balls of various shades of red. The panel should be lined with some material of sufficient body to keep it smooth. Another elegant panel is made of pale blue satin or plush, with a bird and nest painted on it in water colors.

TABLE COVER.—Take sixteen blocks of cretonne one quarter square. Arrange them so there will be a landscape on each of the four corners. In putting the blocks together lay one edge over the other and sew. Line with Turkey-red cotton. Put black dress braid down each seam and across, also around the side of border next to blocks. Sew firm on each side of braid, feather-stitch braid with shaded yellow, red and green embroidery silk. Finish the lower edge of border with narrow ball fringe. This makes a lovely cover for most anything, and can be made smaller if desired.

How Palmer's Friends Got a Drink.

When track drivers get together they will have their fun. Doc Palmer, as all know, progresses through the world with an artifical leg. Some months ago Doc and a number of the boys found themselves in a Connecticut town. Hotel accommodations were decidedly precarious, and it was just Doc's luck to be quartered in a room meant to contain two, but affording shelter for half a dozen. Early in the morning the greater part of the party woke up with "coppers hot," and a diligent search failed to produce enough Federal money to pay for the necessary refreshment. In canvassing the situation Doc Palmer's artificial leg came in the range of vision of the greatest wag of the party. Catching up the leg, the conspirators filed down stairs, leaving the owner snoring in blissful ignorance of the theft. Ranged along the bar, each man was quickly served with his favorite beverage.

"How much do we owe you?" inquired the custodian of Doc Palmer's limb.

"Two dollars and forty cents," was the reply.

"All right. We'll leave this with you, and a man will come along soon and pay you the money." So saying, he handed the astonished barkeeper the leg.

"Very well," said that worthy, when he had recovered his breath, "I guess that's good security."

By and by a stumping sound was heard on the stairs, and presently Doc Palmer made his appearance. He went straight to the bar and inquired for his missing property. The sequal was, Doc settled, but the boys gave him a wide berth until they considered it safe to approach him.

During a gale recently a part of the wall of the Dominion Bridge Company's works at Lachine, near Montreal, was blown down, causing a tremendous crash. Six of the workmen were caught in the ruins and badly injured, but none were killed.

MIMICS AMONG ANIMALS.

Birds, Fishes and Insects that are Able to Change Color.

"Look out!" said a naturalist as the reporter was about to sit down in an olive-green plush chair. An investigation of the seat brought to light a green snake of the exact hue of the plush, coiled up and fast asleep.

"Pull up another chair," said the snake owner with a laugh.

The reporter picked his way across the room, stepping on a horned toad that was huddled close to some Turkish figures on a rug, only to find the back of another chair occupied by a bright green lizard from South Carolina. A third trial, however was successful.

"No," said the naturalist, who was busy with a microscope, "they have not moved the Zoological Garden up here, but I have quite as good a display, though on a smaller scale. The difficulty you had in seeing the snake and anolis, and the fact of your stepping on the toad, are illustrations of the success of my experiments.

"If you have ever thought particularly on the matter," he continued, pouring a little carmine into a sea of radiolarians, "you must have noticed that in all nature there is a strong tendency to adaptation to locality. This is especially so in regard to color, and often true as to form. The little snake that you came near sitting on is a perfect mimic of the rich green grass in which it is found, and you would never suspect its presence if you did not see it move. I am confident that it can adapt itself to darker or lighter shades. This morning I had it on a light-green cushion, and in a few minutes it adapted itself to it so that it was almost invisible, and now you see it has assumed an entirely different hue."

"Is the change a physiological secret?"

"Not at all. We have well-defined ideas concerning it. In the first place, we know many animals change their color at a moment's notice, especially fishes and reptiles. Among the former the stickleback, perch, serranus, and dolphin are the most remarkable. In many this change is evidently made at the option of the fish. This is also true of the reptiles, and now for the explanation. Here is a microscopical section of a frog's skin. You see it consists of two distinct portions, the epidermis and the cutis. The former is made up of cells, while the latter contains nerves, fibres, and cavities for cell elements. These cells are filled with pigment or coloring matter, and are known as chromatophores, and to their contraction and expansion is due the coloring of various animals, for all, from man down, have them, differing in color in different individuals and in various parts of the body. Different colors or degrees of intensity seem to cause a contraction or expansion of the cells. Thus, in the Goblus, the pigment cells, that are yellow when distended, assume an orange-colored hue when contracted, and the orange or red cells when shrunk become brown or black, as the case may be. Now, when a fish that habitually lives on a white bottom passes on to a black one the change is conveyed by the eye to the brain, and telegraphed, so to speak, to the pigment cells by way of what are called the sympathetic nerves, and the change is produced.

"How do we know this? By watching a blind fish pass from one colored ground to another. In such a case there is no change at all. The eye is the medium, yet there is probably no intelligent appreciation on the part of the animal that the change has been made. The experiments with the sympathetic nerves are very remarkable. By cutting one a fish has been shown spotted on one side and stripped on the other, and, in fact, the coloring is at the will of the skilled anatomist. The anolis, our common Southern lizard, that seems to take the place of the chameleon, is the most wonderful in its power of changing color, adapting itself to a variety of hues.

"But probably the most striking mimics are those that imitate other objects and animals in form. Here," he continued, taking out a large steel engraving, "is a fish allied to our Lophius that was captured by the Challenger on her famous trip. You see, it is all covered with barbels of flesh that exactly resemble seaweed, both in shape and color, and when clinging to the bottom it is perfectly invisible so to speak. A number of our fishes are equally protected. Here is a sea horse that has recently been discovered in Australian waters. It has a prehensile tail, and clings like a ring-tailed monkey to the seaweed, and from its back and tail at intervals these long, pinkish streamers float, exact in their imitation of the surrounding weed. Other sea horses have more delicate ornaments that look like fine lace or streamers, and so escape detection.

"Among insects there are even more striking examples. Here is a caterpillar that I received from China. The finder informs me that when aroused it imitates a small shrew, so that birds that are following it suddenly draw off, when the inoffensive creature stops and raises its head, which appears to lengthen out and widen, assuming a ferocious aspect. Many insects resemble leaves and sticks, and one so resembles a pink orchid that it is with great difficulty distinguished from the flower. This is a defence from large enemies, but small fry taking it for a flower come near and are caught, so that its mimicry serves two ends—as a decoy and a protection.

"Among moths the cases of mimicry are often perfect, and I have seen them alight directly in front of me and been unable to perceive them for a few moments. The little moths of the genus *Aleciis* are remarkable for their imitation of the down of thistles and various plants. Their wings are beautifully frayed and silvered, and they come tumbling and rolling toward you, occasionally gently alighting on the bushes, and you would almost always take them for the innocent down of some plant. A still more wonderful insect mimic is the orange-tipped butterfly. When outspread and during flight it is very conspicuous, but when in the bushes it frequents, with its wings folded, it finds perfect protection in its resemblance to the flowers. In fact, persons who have been pursuing it have been astonished at its disappearance right under their fingers. In India there are butterflies that are exact in their imitation of flowers and leaves. Not only is the color imitated, but the spots of mildew that are common on leaves at certain times.

"Here is a lizard," the naturalist continued, taking down a specimen that was preserved in alcohol, "and is one of the most remarkable known. It is one of the Geckos, and its tail is a perfect mimic of the palm leaves upon which the animal feeds. You see the ridges and frayed ends are just the same; in fact they seem made for each other. Here is another, called the Leaf tailed Gecko; its tail resembling a leaf so exactly that even experts are deceived. The animal when observed creeps upon the under surface of the limb and holds up its tail, that exactly resembles a leaf growing on the limb. When hard pushed the animal has another expedient. Finding itself cornered by a bird or larger animal of any kind, it gives a jerk to its tail and throws it off to a distance of several inches and there it leaps and tosses about, attracting the attention of the pursuer until the lizard has escaped."

"But this would only serve for one attack," suggested the reporter.

"That is the strangest part of it," was the reply. "The tail grows again, and not only that, but two tails often appear, giving the creature a most strange appearance. Another Gecko is luminous at night, a protection that frightens off its foes and attracts its food—insects. Birds are also protected; their eggs invariably match the ground, and are spotted with different colors to make them in general inconspicuous. Many of the northern animals are white, as the young and defenceless seals, the bear, and arctic fox; and a great many birds and animals change to dark in summer, to match the vegetation, and when the ground is covered with snow assume a pure white hue. The ermine and ptarmigan are familiar examples. In fact, this mimicry is nature's endowment to her defenceless dependents."

A More Dangerous Position than Baseball Umpire.

"Bill, what was the orfu lest situation yer ever was in in yer life?"

"Well, yer see it is too harreriu' to a man's feelin's to think on."

"That bad?"

"Yes. I was down to Economy Flats, in Kansas, nigh onto ten year ago. There was a Haughty cultural show gotten up—a kind of a butter, cheese, and fruit circus, with flowers and temperance orators. But what took the bakery of the whole programme was a prize for little kids under one year of age."

"Goats?"

"No, babies!"

"Must a been a pretty sight?"

"You're right. There was seventy-six fond parrints as brought their cherubins and terrapins into the course, and each mother short she was sure to get the bulge on the rest."

"They couldn't all win."

"Stands ter reason, no. Well, would yer believe it? Ef they didn't go an' pint me one of the jedges."

"Quite an honor."

"So I suppose. Well, we sampled out a chirpy little fellow an' put the ticket on him. Then the trouble began. Ef yer could jest mix up a earthquake, storm at sea, a lynchin' bee in Colorado, a dog fight an' a Fourth ward caucus yer'd only get a mild form of the shakin' up us committeemen got into. One man's cheeks was so scratched up they had to put a wax mask onto his face. There wasn't more hair on the heads of them baby jedges than ud make whiskers for a six weeks' old mouse. Say, mister, let's take drink an' drown the recollections of such an orful incidence."

They drowned them.

Woman's Work in Germany.

With all their excellence in many departments, Germans have little to boast of in the actual comforts of life or the treatment of women.

To American ideas the relations of the sexes seem to be utterly incongruous, and the German woman seems to occupy the position of an Indian squaw. While the men may be seen in the beer-shops you may drive past fields where you will see women digging up the fields, not here and there, but in gangs. Again you will see a line of women mowing a crop or field-planting potatoes. When the market-cart goes to town to dispose of the fruits of her labor, the woman goes as the farm hand to assist the husband.

The petty trades, the itinerant vendors on the streets, are, in multitude of cases, women where we should expect to see men. You will meet in the streets of the towns women carrying infants in their arms, yet bearing on their backs a tottering structure of wooden-ware which they are endeavoring to sell. The basket-weaver peddles through the streets the work of her hands.

Undoubtedly those who wish to see women enter more into the employments usually followed by men will scarcely care to recommend such vocations as these to our poorest women.

Setting a Dislocated Neck.

John Ibetson and his son Robert, of Troy, fell from the roof of a house on which they were working in East Syracuse. The distance was fifty feet. Ibetson is portly, and weighs more than 200 pounds. His son fell on top of him. When Mr. Ibetson was taken up he was completely paralyzed. The physicians who were called found that Mr. Ibetson's neck was dislocated in precisely the way which commonly results in cases of hanging. His arms and legs were powerless, his head immovable, and his body so devoid of sensation that he did not feel a pin thrust into him anywhere. He could speak. The doctors decided to try to repair the dislocation. Two strong men seized his feet, two more took hold of his head, and they pulled in opposite directions with all their might, while the doctors manipulated the bones of the neck. It was 4:30 p. m. before the man's neck was set. When the pressure caused by the displacement of the bones of the neck was removed from the spinal column the man raised his arms and said he felt better. Anæsthetics were next applied, and the patient said that he felt no pain during the operation. The doctors say that he will recover.

The proudest boast of man is that he is a reasoning creature. The possession of reason is the one characteristic by which he is most readily separated from the brutes around him. But there are many times presented to view phases of action and opinion, which may well lead the thoughtful person to question whether the mass of his fellowbeings can be called reasoning creatures. Certain it is that in very many instances they are the most unreasonable ones.

A Native Wedding in Java.

The following is from a private letter just received from Java: "The village through which we passed was en fete—garlands of leaves and flowers hung across the road, while a broad avenue leading off to the right was a mass of whitened earthy pots, set upright on smaller pots. We were whisked down this avenue, and I found ourselves in an immense courtyard full of natives—there must have been hundreds of them. The carriage stopped, and a very dapper Japanese advanced, bowing and smiling and holding out his hand. Our salutations exchanged, he beckoned us to go with him to the Pan-doppo, a raised place, covered over, in the middle of the square, and opposite to his own house, for he turned out to be the wydono or chief man of the village. On this dais were a sofa, chairs and table; and, after we had been placed in the seat of honor, we were presented with wine, tea, brandy, and the inevitable gin and bitters; while our amiable host and some half-dozen native chiefs talked away in Malay, of which we knew not a word. The court was gradually filling with natives, while the gammelong, the national musical instrument, was kept going in a deafening manner.

"At last, after an eternity of waiting, a procession filed in, consisting of many mounted wydonos and about a dozen men naked to the waist, painted over with yellow paste—a most hideous sight—and carrying immense red and yellow banners. Then followed people carrying offerings of fruit and flowers, and finally two closed carriages, followed by two men hideously painted with ochre and prancing on enormous pasteboard horses. They looked too comical with the long sticks between their legs. They were accompanied by an old haggard woman decked out with flowers, paper tassels, etc. Naked to the waist, with her gray hair loose, the contortions of this old lady and the pride with which she threw her head about were most amusing.

"The wydono came sailing forward and escorted us to his house, where in a back room was an estrade covered with beautiful white cocoanut matting, and here sat in state two of the most extraordinary figures possible, a woman whose face was one mass of ochre, with fantastically painted eyebrows, her head, neck, arms, and tunic covered with enormous diamonds; her companion, a man painted in like manner, and wearing a tall hat encircled with diamonds, and his ears covered with large pointed ass's ears of gold, also heavily enriched with diamonds. Behind this singular pair were two women, half-naked and painted yellow, holding peacocks' tails in their hands; while behind them again were two dummy figures similarly painted. The room was crammed with natives, and you may imagine our feelings when our host directed us to ascend the dais, himself remaining behind. After many signs and much hesitation we had to get up, and with our travel-stained boots to advance to those personages, who then rose and held out their hands to us. The wydono, evidently pitying our uncertainty, then motioned to us to come away, and soon we found ourselves in a room were a comfortable luncheon was prepared.

"After the repast, to our great relief, we were allowed to depart, our host giving me his arm most politely to the carriage. The ceremony we had witnessed was the marriage of a regent's or a prince's daughter with some Javanese functionary, and we happened on all the show by mere chance, the Resident of Dyocka having desired the wydono of that village to entertain us at tiffin."

Peter Cooper's Sympathy With Women.

Mrs. Susan N. Carter, the head of the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute, contributes an anecdotal paper to the December *Century*, in which she says of Mr. Cooper's aims: "'All I want,' he said, 'is, that these poor women shall earn decent and respectful livings, and especially that they shall be kept from marrying bad husbands.'

"This subject of unhappy marriages seemed to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's mind. That women were often imposed upon, were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively conviction; and all his chivalry and sense of fatherly protection were enlisted to save them, so far as he could, from these ordinary misfortunes. While the world is now occupied with the question of what women can be taught, their 'higher education,' and many kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute genius discovered, as by intuition, many years ago, the relation of women of the middle class to society, to industries, and the family. He saw that many of them could not marry, and he realized what must be the forlorn position of a number of elderly daughters of a poor man. He had noted the dangerous likelihood of giddy ignorant young girls marrying anybody for a home, even if the men they married were dissipated or inefficient; and he had the tenderest pity for poor widows or deserted wives. He talked many times, and at great length, on these subjects, and all circumstances and any sort of incident brought up this desire of his heart, to help women to be happy, independent, and virtuous.

"One of the last times he was at the school, and while a celebrated New York clergyman was giving a course of Lenten lectures to women, Mr. Cooper with his face all animated with his feeling about it, he said: 'Dr.——is of the wealthy class and he has been accustomed to deal with wealthy women. The world does not look like the same place to him that it does to me. If he could be in my place for a month, and read the letters I get from poor and suffering women, he would think that it would be best to have them taught anything which they could learn to enable them to lessen all this trouble.'"

Bishop Sepiacci, from Rome, will attend the Baltimore Council of Bishops.

Frank James, the outlaw, is said to be penniless and dying of consumption.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher presided at a tariff reform meeting in New York recently.

A new scheme for swindling veterans out of their pensions has been discovered at Washington.

The Pope has announced that he will try to stop financial mismanagement in the American church.

FOR SALE.

Farm of about 145 acres, 10 miles from Toronto; brick house, outbuilding nearly new; good young orchard, just commencing to bear; about 16 acres timber. ROBERT JAMES, Jr., Newton Brook P. O., Ont.

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50c. | A GENUINE GERMAN DYSPEPSIA CURE. | 50c.

No injurious mineral, no poison, no irritating acid.

Acts on a different principle from other Bitters.

Possesses tonic, aperient and Digestive properties, and a principle that soothes the inflamed membranes, opens up the absorbing vessels of the stomach and Liver, cures Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c.

Wm. Goldsmith, of Collingwood, Ont., suffered for years with the worst form of Dyspepsia; tried physicians and every remedy advertised without benefit. One bottle of Hoffman's German Bitters cured him.

Wholesale by Lyman Brothers, and Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

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ENDLESS AMUSEMENT FOR ONLY 30 CTS.

Have you seen it? The greatest collection of Games, Cards, Tricks Puzzles, Songs, etc., ever offered for anything like the money. AMUSEMENT FOR A WHOLE SEASON, for the old or young. Our NEW BUDGET, containing the following: Heller's Conjuring Pack; the Mystic Oracle; Guide to Flirtation; 10 new Evening Games; Set of "Hold to Light" Cards; 1 Set Colored Chromo Cards; the Star Puzzle; 25 Ways to Get Rich; the "13" Puzzle; 5 Beautiful Face Pictures; Language of Jewels and Flowers; 101 Selections for Autograph Albums; 10 Popular Songs with Music, 13 New Tricks in Magic; Pack of Fun and Comic Cards; 1 Chinese Block Puzzle; the Roman Cross Puzzle; Great $5 Prize Puzzle; 1 set Transformation Pictures, change color right before your eyes, and Games of Fortune.

ALL FOR 30 CENTS, IN ONE OR TWO CENT POSTAGE STAMPS. By mail postpaid. Two Packages for FIFTY CENTS, five for ONE DOLLAR. Send at once and get the greatest bargain ever offered. Return this with order to avoid mistake.

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ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

With a view to introducing our Real Gold goods we offer to send by Registered Mail, to any address in the United States or Canada, upon receipt of only One Dollar, one of our Ladies' or Gent's Elegant Solid Gold Band Rings, either engraved or plain. These rings are warranted Gold, and posted in Europe and America. They are made as are usually sold at $2 to $4. The same is here offered to obtain a Gold Ring which will last a life-time at the nominal price of $1. Solid gold goods at their own recommendation, and there are none other so desirable for presents, as they serve as an everlasting remembrance of the giver. This is a special offer, and in ordering you will do well to send for both the engraved and plain rings, as if you wish only one you can easily sell the other to one of your friends at a handsome profit. If on receipt you are any way dissatisfied, you can at once return the ring or rings and we will promptly refund the money. Send strip of paper exact size of finger, and we will fit you perfectly.

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$1.50. $1.50.

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Solid Silver Brooch

MADE IN ANY NAME.

We advertise extensively and wish to ascertain the relative merits of different papers, so not five per cent of our patrons refer to the paper in which they have seen our advertisement.

As the season is advancing when we make new contracts, we adopt the following plan, which we shall use as a guide in selecting papers in which to advertise for the coming year.

The public will readily understand the value of the information we get and why we can afford to pay liberally for it. We wish to impress upon our many thousands of patrons throughout the Dominion that this is a *bona fide* offer, and not a trade trick to sell goods.

The illustration at the head of this advertisement is a *SOLID SILVER BROOCH*, which we will furnish with ANY NAME DESIRED for $1.00 when accompanied by the annexed 50c. coupon. In no case will we send the brooch at the price without this coupon. The brooch is elegant and beautifully finished, and is good value for twice the price.

We send by mail, prepaid, and guarantee satisfaction. The proprietors of this paper endorse the above statement and guarantee.

AUXILIARY COUPON

VALUE 50 CENTS.

CHAS. STARK,

43 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Send for our 96-page Catalogue, containing over 600 illustrations of Firearms, Silverware, Watches, Jewellery, etc.

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No. 1 Quality, 10 for 10c., 50 for 40c., 100 for 75c., 500 for $3.5, 1,000 for $5.

No. 2 Quality—10 for 15c., 50 for 60c., 100 for $1.00, 500 for $4.00, 1,000 for $6.50.

The above two lines are very prettily got up, and will sell fast at 3c. and 5c. each. We can also fill orders for more expensive cards at lowest rates. Send us $1, $2, $3 $5, $10, or $25, and we will send you a nice assortment.

J. LEE & CO., MONTREAL, QUE.

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RUTH BRANDON

THE AGENT'S DAUGHTER

Or, Science Against Savage Force

HIGHLY ILLUSTRATED

THIS WONDERFULLY ENTERTAINING TALE OF

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Among the Wild Indians of the Plains; delineates

A NEW PHASE OF WILD LIFE

In vivid portraits, in which alternating with

Terrible ⁘ and ⁘ Pathetic ⁘ Incidents

Of Border Existence, are the most

SIDE-SPLITTING SCENES

—AND—

ASTOUNDING SURPRISES

The Heroine, Ruth Brandon, is a beautifully drawn character, having all the soft feminine graces with some of the self-reliance engendered by the residence on the Border.

The first chapters of this story will appear in THE WEEKLY MAIL of December 6th, and be continued in large instalments until concluded.

BE SURE TO SUBSCRIBE BEFORE THAT DATE SO AS TO SECURE THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

THE WEEKLY MAIL

WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA, THE UNITED STATES OR GREAT BRITAIN FOR

ONE DOLLAR

FROM NOW TO THE END OF 1884.

Address——

THE MAIL,

TORONTO

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the general public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford,—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

THE CEDARS, P.E.I., Oct. 23, '83.

Mr. J. H. Ford—DEAR SIR,— The photographs came to hand all right, and give great satisfaction. I have a photo of my dwelling with a person in front which I would like a dozen cabinets taken from. What would you charge me for them?

Yours truly,
WM. HEARD.

JUST | ARRIVED!

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug, 23, 1883.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and [illegible]

Madoc

JAS. [illegible]

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

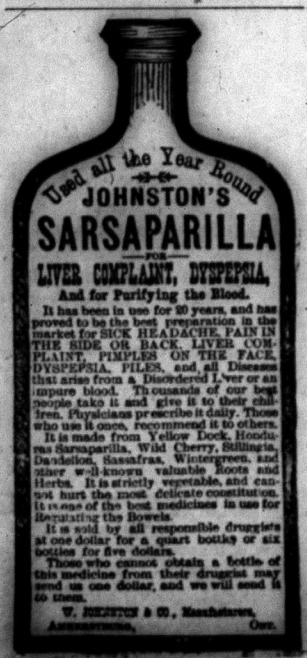
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.



Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

H ME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

M ORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSU ANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAP TAL, - - TEN MILL ON Dollars.

S areholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,
CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent

OFFICE— Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

—o—

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE.

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

=FANCY | CHINA | WARE,=

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

WATCHES, CLOKGS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES,

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

—x—

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS;

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, October, 15th, 1883. 103m

R.R. Casement & Co. Nails from Store AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R.R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN A. IRA, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 346. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, December 13, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

At the last meeting of Alert Fire Company, held on the 5th inst., it was resolved that the unanimous thanks of the company be tendered our worthy Reeve and his fellow-Councillors for the marked liberality manifested in every instance in which we have asked aid in supplying our wants; also to all citizens of the village who have in any way contributed to our interest and success. As a company we must say, under the circumstances, we have been very fairly dealt with, and acknowledge the generosity of both the Council and the people of Madoc with "many thanks."

Besides routine work and passing vote of thanks to the Council and people the company discussed the various ways and plans of successfully combating with the fiery element at different points of the village. Lack of water supply makes the question quite difficult to solve, in connection with a large portion of the village. However, the best plans to overcome this serious difficulty will be studied, and we will endeavor, at least, should our services unfortunately be needed, to make ourselves worthy the support accorded us.

At some other time we may give the result of our reflections upon the water-supply question and offer some suggestions which we may think beneficial for public protection.

S. F. WEAVER,
Secretary.

Madoc, Dec. 11th, 1883.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Few persons are so favoured by circumstances, or so fortified by nature, as to enable them to pass unscathed the sore trials of an inclement season. With catarrhs, coughs, and influenzas everywhere abounding, it should be universally known that Holloway's Ointment, diligently rubbed upon the chest, checks the worst assaults of these maladies, and securely wards off more grave and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. The truth of this assertion must remain unquestioned in the face of thousands of unimpeachable living witnesses, who have personally derived the utmost possible benefits from this treatment when their present sufferings were appalling, and their future prospects must disheartening. Both remedies act admirable together.

Barley is being received at Deseronto at the rate of about 1,000 bushels per day.

Rev. G. Dunkley, pastor of the Bible Christian Church at Campbellford, is suffering from an attack of erysipelas.

Maria McCable, the woman who killed her illegitimate child, left Hamilton yesterday morning in charge of Sheriff McKellar for Kingston, there to put in her fourteen years.

Information has been laid against the winner of prizes at the recent Roman Catholic bazar in Kingston, Ont. It is probably the legality of raffling at church fairs will be tested.

As fixed by statute, the nominations of candidates throughout the Province for the various municipal offices will be on the latest day possible this year—Monday, 31st December.

A young lad aged 15, son of Captain T. W. Bradhur, Deseronto, was drowned Wednesday evening while skating at Shannonville. His body was recovered.

Mrs. G. Best, of Artemesia, was ill for two years. The other day she vomited up a frog an inch and a half long and is now much better. The animal lived about two hours.

A party of young men having freely partaken of whiskey at a wake at Dalhousie, N. B., poured liquor down the dead man's throat and sprinkled the corpse with it.

Ex-Clerk McPherson has prepared a statement showing that the house of representatives is composed of 196 democrats, 118 republicans, 5 readjusters, 3 independents and 1 greenback-labor. There are two vacancies.

The position in Egypt is anything but cheering. El Mehdi seems to be carring everything before him, and is winning adherents everywhere. It so happens that an ancient Egyptian prophecy says that at this era a new Mohammedan prophet shall arise who will bring about great reforms, and destroy the enemies of the new faith. In view of this prophecy it is easy to see why the fanatical element rally around his standard. The Egyption Government will have all it can do to stem the current of fanaticism which the False prophet has set in motion.

A PRINCE'S POSSESSIONS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS OF WALES SAID TO OWN LANDS IN MISSOURI.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 6.—An agent of the Prince of Wales has arrived here for the purpose of making extensive land investments. He will probably purchase largely at Garden City and other places on the frontier. The prince already owns property in Kansas City suburbs valued at $250,000.

—Toronto has received 1,990 emigrants from union workhouses in Ireland out of a total of 2,400 sent to Canada.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recomending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by all Druggests.

Thomas Craig, manager of the Exchange Bank, of Montreal, has absconded to the Western States. Time was when the name Canadian was almost a synonym for an honest man. We have made wonderful progress in some respects during the last few years, but we have sadly retrograded in others. When within a few months such universally honored men as D. B. Chisholm, of Hamilton, and Thos. Craig, of Montreal, turn out to be rascals, people ask misgivings and heartaches, "Whom shall we trust?" The people should trust themselves more and leaders less.—Toronto News.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 20	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	1 00	to	1 05
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 80
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 00
Buter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Buter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Shepskins,	0 70	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 90

Private School.

MRS. BAYLIS (lately from England) gives lessons in music and singing at her residence, in Elgin street. She also takes a limited number of pupils, to instruct with her own children, in all the usual branches of an English education. Rudimental French and Drawing. Terms on application. 343

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 1x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

Estray.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 12, 3rd con. Madoc, in the month of July last, two Yearling Heifers, one red and the other spotted red and white. Any person giving such information as will lead to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

R. McKENZIE.

Madoc, Dec. 1st, 1883. 345-2w

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on Monday Evening, Dec'r 16th, At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.

The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted

Steady employment, affixed salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant

Work the Year Round

Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

Music Teacher.

MRS. J. STEPHENS, begs to intimate to the public generally that she is prepared to attend pupils at their own residences, to give instructions in music—Piano and Organ. Studies—Secular and Classical music, with Harmony and Thorough Bass. 345

Stray Heifer.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, w ½ lot 6, 9th concession of Madoc, on December 5th, a yearling Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

WM. A. PRINGLE.

December, 1883, 345-3

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS will be received up to the 15th day of December for Forty (40) Cords of Good Hard Body Wood, delivered in the basement of the Model School in Madoc village, wood to be delivered by the 1st of March. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Address tenders to

JOHN ROBERTSON,
Sec'y School Board.

Madoc, Nov. 28, 1883. 344-3w

NOTICE OF

DISSOLUTION!

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of BOWEN & ELLIS, Grocers, etc., Madoc, has been dissolved, the business in future to be carried on by D. R. Bowen.

All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to the said D. R. Bowen, who also assumes all liabilities.

D. R. BOWEN.
E. ELLIS.

Madoc, Nov. 20, 1883.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Just Received
RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—
THOS. ROBERTS'
BOOT and SHOE STORE.

Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

FRESH OYSTERS
NOW ARRIVING.
Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as
FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.
We have a nice assortment of
CANNED GOODS
suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of
Crawford's Pure Package Teas,
which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.

Lunchsons as usual.

Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883. S. A. DAVIS.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to loan on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 7, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 243

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 20th, 1879. 98

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REYNOLDS' BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

O. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will stop the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card to the Dentist, and your favors will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c.
CENTERVILL, - ONTARIO.
WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.
Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.
THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

FOR THE FARMER.

Improving Farm Homes and Grounds.

The immediate surroundings of farmers homes generally are far from being as attractive in appearance as they easily can be made. Indeed the rural front yards are, as a rule, much less beautiful and interesting than those of people in the same general circumstances in towns and cities. In the latter, lawns are well cared for, and choice ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers, are much oftener met with than about country homes. There is no valid reason for this. Such embellishments are not more easily acquired in the city, but just the reverse. The farmer has teams, implements and manures for putting the house grounds in the best condition for ornamental treatment; labor is quite as cheap as in town, while sodding costs far less in the country. Trees and plants are as cheap to the farmer as to any one, while in many places some of the best kinds for ornament can be had from the woods for the digging.

There may be points in which life on the farm lacks the attractions common to town life, but in charming home grounds the farmer is certainly to blame if the city dweller excels him. It is often wondered why country life has not charms sufficient to hold the boys to the farm, and that they grow up longing for the city. If more attention were given to making their home surroundings more cheerful and attractive for the sons and others of the family, there would be less heard of this trouble. And in all such work every proper effort is sure to be seconded by the wife; while nothing is more natural than for the children to be enthusiastic helpers in this work. Such improvements of course require some outlay, but this can hardly prove otherwise than a good investment. Every dollar judiciously spent in this way will soon be returned many fold in the increased valuation of any place, should it be desirable to sell, to say nothing of the greater happiness and love of home that will thus be inspired.

Now that the long evenings are to hand, this subject should receive due consideration. Plans may be drawn up for an improved arrangement of walks, drives, flower beds, shrubbery, borders, and other matters. Every detail of these can be decided upon, and entered upon a map, long before winter is over, so that when spring opens the work can go on intelligently and to the best advantage.

Poultry Raising as a Business.

There is just now much interest in poultry raising, and a disposition to take it up on a large scale. The following extract from one of our recent letters will give an idea of the many inquiries made of us: "Is poultry raising a profitable business, and would you advise a young man to invest one thousand dollars in it?"—This might be answered in brief: Poultry are profitable, and we would not advise a young man (nor an old one) to at once invest one thousand dollars in it. Farmers find the poultry yard the most profitable part of the farm, in proportion to the capital invested. Many reckon in this way: If fifty fowls are profitable, five hundred will be ten times as profitable. This is an instance in which figures do not tell the truth. As soon as the number of fowl is doubled, troubles are quadrupled. A range and houses which will keep fifty in perfect health, will be overcrowded with one hundred, and all the troubles due to a dense population will follow. While we believe that poultry keeping on a large scale may be made profitable, capital to purchase birds and build houses, is not the only thing needful. Those who undertake the business, must give their whole time and attention to it. One point is well settled—fowl can not be kept together in large numbers, and thrive. The whole matter requires careful study and experiment. The beginner should start in a small way, and increase as success seems to warrant it. The point to be determined at the outset, is: Shall eggs or dressed fowls be the object? Each requires a different management throughout, though the two may in a measure, be united. Starting with abundant capital, and no experience, will surely end in failure. The best works upon poultry management insist upon keeping fowl in small flocks; this is regarded essential to success.

Preparing for Spring in the Garden.

Wherever a crop is taken off, it will a great gain to manure and plow or spade the land, leaving it rough during the winter. All such work as making paths, laying drains, etc., is more advantageously done now than when the press of spring work is at hand. If new fences are needed, or straw mats, or crates for marketing produce, or garden labels are required; if implements are to be made, repaired or bought—whatever can be done in the present months—will save much valuable time in spring. Now, and all through the winter, add everything to the manure pile that will decompose and increase its bulk and value. Among the preparations for spring is the pricking out into cold frames, the cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce plants from seeds. It is important to set the plants of cabbage and cauliflower down to the first leaf, so that the stem, the portion most readily injured by freezing, may be covered. The sashes should not be put over the plants until there is danger of severe freezing weather. Other frames should be made ready for very early lettuce. The soil is to be spaded and enriched and made ready for planting, and the frames then filled up with leaves. If there are shutters at hand to cover them, all the better. Earth is often wanted for hot beds, seeds-boxes, etc., at a time when the ground is still frozen. Lay in a good supply of fine, rich soil, under a shed, or where it can be had when needed.

Potato and Top Onions.

Many of our friends appear to confound these quite different varieties of the onion. Though varieties of the same plant, they are multiplied in a very different manner. The variety generally called, in this country, the "English Multiplier," propagates only by a subdivision of the bulb. If a large bulb of this variety is planted, it will produce a cluster of a dozen or more of small bulbs. If, next year, each of these bulbs be set out, it will grow and make a large onion, fit for use. So the alternation is kept up. Small bulbs are planted to produce large one, and large bulbs to grow small ones. The cultivation of this variety, while often carried on in private gardens, is found in the vicinity of Richmond, Va., to be profitable on a commercial scale, and this is the variety chiefly grown in that locality for Northern markets. The "Top Onion" is a very different variety. In this the flower stem, instead of producing a cluster of flowers, followed by seeds vessels, bears a cluster of small bulbs, each half an inch or less in diameter. When these bulbs are planted out, each grows and makes a fine, large onion. If this onion is kept through the winter and planted the next spring, it will throw up a stem crowned by a cluster of small bulbs, each of which, the next year, will produce a large onion, and in this manner the alteration will be kept up.

Cow's Milk for Colts.

A pleasant note from the Secretary of the Ayrshire Breeders' Association, says that Col. J. E. Russell tried to supplement the milk of the dam of certain of his colts with that of Jersey cows, but found that it did not agree with them generally. He found they thrived splendidly upon Ayrshire milk. One of the colts so reared by him is the famous Parole, whose astonishing performances do credit to both the theory and practice.

New corn is worth more to feed to cows than for any other stock. They will eat cob as well as grain, which is not the case with other stock. Ears of soft corn are fed with very little waste, as there is much more nutriment in green cobs than in those that have become hard and woody.

A day's work knocking to pieces the clods of cattle excrement on old pastures will make a great improvement for next season. If the sod is thin, harrowing it so as to still further fine the manure will cause the grass to thicken wonderfully, and will make the sod much heavier when the field comes under the plow.

A Missouri farmer recommends stacking fresh fodder corn with wheat or oat straw in alternate layers of a foot of the latter to three inches of the former. He says there is no danger of spoiling, as the juices of the corn are absorbed by the straw, and the latter is rendered so palatable that cattle eat it greedily without waste.

English farmers are finding an objection to deep plowing that it increases the growth of weeds. In this country deep plowing has the opposite effect, turning weed seeds under where many of them will not soon come to the surface. Another reason is that in most places deep plowing in injurious, turning up a soil in which neither weeds nor anything else will grow well. As a general rule, that which will make crops grow will increase weeds also, and these are only to be got rid of by thorough tillage. Heavy manuring, even when no weed seeds are carried out in the manure, will make a greatly increased growth of weeds.

Coal in the North-West.

A report will shortly be issued by Mr. George M. Dawson, the Assistan-Director of the Geological Survey, on the coal fields of the North West. Some of the advance sheets have already appeared, and these go to show that the report will demonstrate very clearly that the North-West possesses abundance of coal of excellent quality, and therefore that the fuel problem is practically solved.

According to Mr. Dawson's report, it would appear that the coal and lignites of the North-West are of the tertiary age, and not like those of the East, of the carboniferous system. The district which has been most explored, and with the most satisfactory results, is that in the proximity of the Bow and Belly Rivers, extending eastward from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the 111th meridian. Mr. Dawson says that the fuels in this district vary from lignites, but slightly superior in quality to those of the Souris region, to coals containing a very small percentage of water, forming a strong coke on heating, yielding abundance of highly luminous hydro-carbons, and precisely resembling highly bituminous coal, though of the cretacious age.

Estimates have been made of the quantity of coal underlying a square mile of territory in several localities. These estimates go to show that the quantities vary from 5,000,000 to 9,000,000 tons. These are enormous figures, and they should dissipate all nervous apprehension of a "coal famine" in Canada for many years to come. Mr. Dawson states that the coal-bearing rocks developed so extensively on the Bow and Belly rivers, and their tributaries, are known to extend far to the north and west, though up to the present time it has been impossible to examine them at more than a few points. On the North Saskatchewan several seams of lignite coal, resembling that of the Souris River region, outcrop at Edmonton. The most important is about six feet in thickness, and has been worked to some extent for local purposes. Thirty miles above Edmonton a much more important coal seam occurs. It has a thickness of eighteen to twenty feet. It is of excellent quality, and much resembles the "Coal-Banks" coal from the Bow River. In other parts of the territory there are indications of large deposits, and thus the prospect of opening out the Canadian North-West is of the most encouraging nature. Canada may be congratulated upon its immense treasures, and its brilliant prospects.—*The Scotsman.*

Four Little Ones.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed a little Austin girl, glancing at the steam-gage on a stationary engine, "it's 60 o'clock. I didn't know it ever got so late as that."

"How many parts of speech are there, Johnny?" "Well, in our house there ain't none, 'cause when mammy gets her speech started it never parts; it just reaches from sun to sun 'thout even a crack in it."

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it is broke!" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

Little Trot who was taking an observation the other day while her mother was making some old-fashioned crullers. "Pears to me," she exclaimed, "they'd go down easier if you didn't tangle 'em up in such awful knots."

AN AWFUL CRIME!

By an Englishman in New Hampshire—He slays his entertainers—A woman's leap for life—What the trunk contained.

Thos. Salmon, an Englishman, aged 36, left his house at Laconia, N. H., recently, wheeling a trunk, which he took to the house of an acquaintance, Jas. Ruddy. He stopped there for the night, taking his trunk up stairs. Shortly after 4 in the morning the neighbors were awakened by a woman's screams proceeding from Mr. Ruddy's house. They found Mrs. Ruddy lying on the ground under the front window through which she had made a desperate leap. She was bleeding profusely and was unable to rise. On entering the house flames burst out from the doors and windows, but were soon extinguished. The officers found lying upon the kitchen floor the bodies of Ruddy and his infant child, both cut in a horrible manner and both covered with the contents of a feather bed which had been saturated with kerosene and set on fire. Both bodies were disfigured by the flames past recognition. In the bedroom was found the trunk mentioned and the lifeless body of Mrs. Ford, which was

IDENTIFIED BY HER HUSBAND.

One of her limbs had been chopped off. The detached member and the remaining leg were bound to the woman's body with a clothes line. The bed clothes had been saturated with oil, piled on the body and an attempt made to set them on fire, which failed.

Mrs. Ruddy on being questioned said the crime was committed by Salmon with a hatchet.

Salmon was arrested on the road between Laconia and Plymouth. He denies all knowledge of the affair. The populace threaten to lynch him. Salmon is a cook by trade. He has a wife but does not live with her. It is alleged that he caused a separation between Ford and his wife and that he was a frequent visitor to Ruddy's house. When he reached the latter place with the trunk he called out Mrs. Ruddy and the two

CONVERSED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES,

after which they went into the house. On Saturday morning Salmon took down a clothes line in the back yard of Ford's house, and it was noticed that his hands trembled violently. Mrs. Ford was between forty and fifty years of age, and was last seen in company with Salmon on Friday morning, going in the direction of the village. Ford says his wife had been in Salmon's company two or three nights. Salmon has a hair lip and is a repulsive looking person. There were several blood spots on his clothing. The corner's jury found him guilty.

Wanted a Will.

A colored man about 60 years of age, blind in one eye and walking with a cane, hobbled up stairs into the office of a Griswold street lawyer yesterday and announced that he desired to make his will.

"Got much property to leave?" asked the lawyer

"Well, sah, Ize persessed of a dog, a cook-stove, a wheelbarrow, an' two flat-irons dat my fust wife left me."

"And who are you going to leave them to?"

"My darter, Nancy, ober on Indiana street. Ize mar'ied agin, you know, an' I wants to put dat property whar' my present wife can't get it. She doan' git nuffin' belongin' to me if I can help it."

"It will cost you $5 to have a will drawn."

"Shoo! Can't cost dat!"

"Yes, it will,"

"Den I reckon I'll administrate on my stuff afore I die. Would dat work?"

"Certainly."

"Den I'll run de dog off, lend de wheelbarrow, pocket de flat irons, an' stan' by to rush de cook-stove outer de house de fust time de ole woman goes to de grocery. Kin I git a warrant heah?"

"What for?"

"Fur assault an' battery. When de ole woman finds what Ize done she'll walk all ober me, an' I might as well save time by getting out de warrant now."

He was directed to the proper place, and he went away saying that it would perhaps be still better to have her arrested and sent up for ninety days in advance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Stealing a Church.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Edward Everett Hele, we believe, once contributed a piece of fiction entitled "Stealing a Meeting House." Down in Ohio this is truth. An old Methodist church has stood on the land of J. C. Smith for many years. Recently Smith sold his real estate to Wells, the church not being included in the sale. He then disposed of the church to Israel Smith and the latter moved the structure one dark night when Wells was away from home to his own parish across the street. Wells was furious, claimed that the church was his property, and brought suit against Smith, charging him with theft.

The case was decided, and Smith was compelled to pay a fine of $100 and costs, besides paying Wells for the church.

What She Was.

The other day a rather green looking young fellow—though he evidently lived in the city—went into a dry goods store and walked up to one of the lady clerks and the following conversation occurred:

"I want to get four yards of wide ribbon for a girl."

"All right, sir. What color do you want?"

"I don't know. I just want four yards of ribbon, that's all."

"Yes, but we ought to give her some color that will suit her. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"She's ain't neither; she's a hired girl."

Cleveland, Ohio.

The *Daily Anzeiger says*: "Caief Superintendent of Police, J. W. Schmitt, of this city who has been in the service a quarter of a century, endorses St. Jacobs Oil as a pain-banisher. It cured him of rheumatism."

Cutting a telegraph wire is not breaking the news gently.

Beware of that Cough! it may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

Why Children Should Eat Honey.

Thousands and tens of thousands of children are dying all around us, who, because their ever-developing nature demands sweetness, crave and eagerly demolish the adulterated "candies" and "syrups" of modern times. If these could be fed on honey instead, they would develope and grow up into healthy men and women.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter; one pound of honey will reach as far as two pounds of butter, and has, beside, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant-tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid, and often produces cramp in the stomach, eructations, sourness, vomiting and diarrhea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten upon wheat bread is very beneficial to health.

The use of honey instead of sugar for almost every kind of cooking, is as pleasant for the palate as it is healty for the stomach. In preparing blackberry, raspberry, or strawberry shortcake it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving principal. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscles as does beefsteak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous, physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy, and gives vigor to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength—to the business man, mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but it produces a healthy action, the result of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.

EPILEPSY (Fits)
successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp, address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

One thought of turkey makes the whole world grin.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, disorders and weaknesses that are perfectly cured by following the suggestions given in an illustrated treatise (with colored plates) sent for three letter postage stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

It appears to us that the dentist's game is always a draw.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

A change for the better—winning where he lost before.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Ben Butler is sixty-five years old in time, and 6,500 in experience.

The success with which the Triangle Dyes have met proves them the most remarkable Dyes of the past or present. They are attracting attention from all classes of society. 10c.

In every well regulated fish market the scales have the right of weigh.

40,000 HORSES are bought and sold annually by seventeen of the leading dealers of New York and Chicago, who unanimously declare that the one-half and three-fourths blood Percheron-Normans have more style, action, best endurance on pavements, and sell for more money than any other class of horses in the market.—*Chicago Tribune.* Nearly 1,400 of this popular breed have been imported from France and bred in their purity by M. W. Danham, of Wayne, Ill.

If brevity is the soul of wit, we begin to discover why sermons are not witty.

PECTORIA! Pectoria! Pectoria! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Pectoria loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per Bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria, all Druggists and General Storekeepers sell it.

A married woman can write better poetry than a single one, because a poet is born, not maid.

Important
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Many a women who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

John Bull owes four thousand million of dollars. John has evidently been running a daily newspaper in a weekly town.

"A. P." 154.

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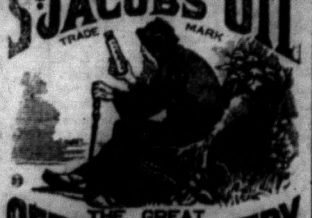
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Sweellings, Sprains, Bruises,
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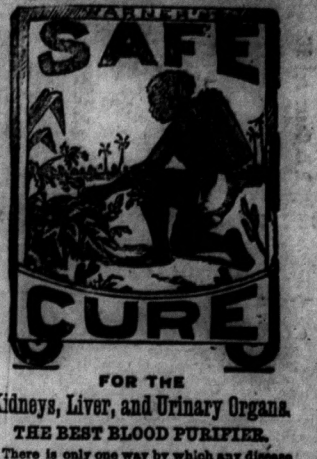

FOR THE
Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

A miss is not as good as a mile, for a Miss has only two feet, while a mile has five thousand two hundred and eighty. Shoot the maxim maker.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the Lungs, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

The last sad rites—funeral processions.

DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN TO grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Diseases of the Spine, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Guelph and London Exhibitions. AUTHORS & COX, 21 Church street, Toronto.

THE LILY
is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.
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Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting!
79 King Street, East, Toronto.
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Se for Price Lists and Discounts.

Dominion Line of Steamships.
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months.

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.
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PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL.
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Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $108 $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidship, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & Co.,
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THE BEST

Horse Remedies
TRADE MARK.
are those made by
THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO.

Every owner of one or more horses can save a large amount of time and money by having on hand a good supply of Ellis's Horse Remedies, and to supply a general demand we would announce that we will send the following by express (on receipt of the money, or C.O.D. and return charges): $6.50 for $5; 1 box, 12 pounds Medicated Food, $1; 2 bottles Spavin Cure, $3; 2 boxes Long Condition Powders, $1; 2 boxes Worm Powders, $1; 1 box Heave Powder, 50c. 1box Colic Powder, 50c.; 1 box Hoof Ointment, 50c.—$6.50. J. H. Whitson & Son, 24th St., N. Y., says: "We have used Ellis's Spavin Cure in our stables for two years and have tried it on the following with perfect success: Spinal, curbs, ring bones, sandcracks, thrush, poll evil, wire cuts, quitter, sweeny, shoulder slip, sweiled ankles, also quincy sore throat, and for generals able liniment it is the best article we have ever used." For further particulars, free books, etc., write to
ELLIS SPAVIN CURE COMPANY,
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50c. | A GENUINE GERMAN DYSPEPSIA CURE. | 50c.
No injurious mineral, no poison, no irritating acids.
Acts on a different principle from other Bitters.
Possesses tonic, aperient and Digestive properties, and a principle that soothes the inflamed membranes, opens up the absorbing vessels of the stomach and Liver, cures dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c.
Wm. Goldsmith, of Collingwood, Ont., suffered for years with the worst form of Dyspepsia, tried physicians and every remedy advertised without benefit. One bottle of Hoffman's German Bitters cured him.
Wholesale by Lyman Brothers, and Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Interesting Items of News from all Parts of the World.

CANADIAN.

The consumption of meat in Montreal is, weekly, about 1,300 head of cattle and 2,000 sheep.

Great destitution is reported to prevail among some of the Irish immigrants at Hamilton, as well as Toronto.

A serious fire took place recently at Rat Portage, destroying a considerable portion of the business part of the town.

The trial of O'Donnel for the murder of Carey began in Old Bailey, London, on the 1st inst. Great interest is manifested everywhere.

The revised assessment of property in the city of Toronto this year, places the aggregate value of assessed property there at $65,232,823.

Mr. John E. Rose, Q. C., a well known Toronto lawyer, has been appointed one of the High Court Judges, of the Common Pleas Division.

Rev. Dean Baldwin was consecrated Church of England Bishop of Huron at Montreal on the 1st inst. Nearly every church seems pleased with his appointment.

Miss Emma Drake, of Grafton, was visiting some friends at Peterboro', and while making a call suddenly fell dead. Heart disease supposed to be the cause.

A very serious fire took place in Port Perry recently destroying a considerable portion of the business part of the town. The loss is estimated at $150,000.

It is stated that of the 206 pupils attending the Provincial Normal School, at Fredericton, New Brunswick, 178 are young women, and only 28 young men—over six to one.

Mrs. Allen Bossenberger residing near Berlin, Ont., was recently having some teeth extracted by a dentist of that town. She took chloroform and died under its influence.

It is reported that the Londonderry steel works, of Nova Scotia are in financial difficulties. It is the only company of the kind in Canada, and the works have been carried on for many years.

George Wilson, the murderer of the Detroit policeman was arrested in a farmer's barn not far from Windsor a couple of days after the murder. He said he was very drunk when the fatal shot was fired.

During a recent heavy rain in Port Hope several small speckled trout were rained down. The story looks somewhat "fishy," but it is well authenticated. Capt. Robbins of that town secured some of the fish and put them in a glass vase for inspection.

The steamer *Eclipse* was wrecked in a gale off Pine Tree Harbor, Lake Huron, a few days ago, and only one person is known to have survived of the whole number on board. She was on her way from Algoma to Sarnia.

The Standard Fire Insurance Company, of Hamilton, is to go into liquidation, but it is said that all valid claims will be paid. Mr. D. B. Chesholm was one of its promoters, and the Company was embarrassed because of his sudden departure.

The *Globe* recommends the election or appointment of two or three women to the School Board of Toronto next year. A great many do not seem to be aware that women are eligible to vote at school elections, and eligible as candidates for the School Board.

Mr. Gooderham, a wealthy laymen in the Methodist Church, has offered a site of eleven acres of land in Toronto, and $20,000 cash towards the establishment of a Methodist University. His desire is to have Victoria moved from Cobourg to Toronto.

The clerk of the municipality of London West, was recently summoned to appear before the County judge for having neglected to furnish the Clerk of the Peace with a certified copy of the voters list in the time required by law. The clerk at once supplied the list, but has the costs to pay.

Recently the pinch of hard times is being pretty generally felt. During the past few days several men have appeared before the Police Court, in Toronto, asking to be sent to the Central Prison or some other such public institution, giving it as their reason that they could not obtain work and could not live without.

The first cotton print works in Canada are now being established at Magog, Quebec, and they will be in operation in a few weeks. They are on an extensive scale. It is estimated that the annual output of printed goods will be worth a million and a quarter dollars, which will be equal to only about one fourth of what is now yearly imported in Canada.

The new steel steamers built in Scotland for the Canadian Pacific Railway, were taken apart in Montreal some weeks ago so as to be got up through the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals. They are now being put together again at Buffalo, and will then go on to Sarnia for the Lake Superior route. There are three of them, and they are said to be magnificent steamers.

A public breakfast was given in honor of Rev. Dr. Baldwin, the newly elected Bishop of Huron, at Montreal, on the eve of his departure for London, Ont. There was a large attendance representing the various denominations in the city. Hon. Senator Ferrier (Methodist) presided, and among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Wilkes, (Presbyterian; John Dougall, (Congregational), and several other leading Christian workers.

An extensive canning factory is in successful operation at Picton, Ont. Recently a cargo was shipped to Rochester, of 123 tons canned plumes and gages, leaving 50 tons more on hand to be shipped to the same place. They have canned this year over 5,000 bushels of plums and gages, and 20,000 cans of strawberries, besides large quantities of apples, pears, tomatoes, green corn, peas and the like. Prince Edward County is one of the best fruit counties in Canada.

The centenary celebration of the U. E. Loyalists of Canada, to be held in Toronto next June, is to be a Provincial affair, and a committee has been appointed to issue circulars to every part of the Province, asking for co operation. Some claim that a demonstration of 20,000 descendants of the U. E.'s can be got up at that time. Dr Canniff, of Toronto, is the chairman of the committee appointed in Toronto, and Mr. Egerton Ryerson secretary. They invite correspondence from all quarters.

According to returns received by the Department of Agriculture, the number of cattle shipped from Canadian ports up to the 1st November this year was 50,655, and sheep 100 113. Space has been engaged on steamers leaving Boston and Portland before the 1st of January next for 5,019 cattle, and 13,612 sheep, so that the total shipments of live stock from Canada in 1883 will probably reach 55,774 cattle and 113,625 sheep, against 35,738 cattle and 75,905 sheep in 1882.

An important meeting of the representatives of the various Methodist churches, now being united, was held in Toronto recently in regard to the consolidation of the Methodist Universities. It was agreed to ask for a new Act of Parliament for Victoria University, at Cobourg, Albert College, at Belleville, formerly the U. E. University, is to be continued for collegiate work. The hope is to unite all the Methodist colleges in the Dominion under one University at some time, but an immediate attempt will not be made in that direction.

It may not be generally known that the steeple of St. James' Cathedral, (Church of England), Toronto, is the highest in America. The tip of it stands 316 feet from the ground. The sphere of Trinity Church, New York is said to be the highest in the United States. It is 284 feet high. St. Patrick's Cathedral, now being erected in New York, will have a steeple 330 feet high. Bunker Hill Monument, of Boston, is 221 feet, and the United States Capitol, Washington, 307 feet. The two next highest steeples in Canada appear to be the Montreal Eoglish Cathedral, 224 feet, and Notre dame Cathedral, of the same city, 220 feet.

UNITED STATES.

It is reported that about one half of the town of Cape Vincent, N. Y., nearly opposite Kingston, was destroyed by fire recently.

Sergt. Mason who was imprisoned for attempting to shoot Guitteau, while that murderer was a prisoner, has just been pardoned and released.

A colored man was recently admitted as a student at the National College of Pharmacy, in Washington, and immediately thirty-eight of the forty-six students withdrew from the school in consequence.

A Roman cardinal, will probably be sent to the United States next year to preside over the council to be held there. It is thought that this gave rise to the report that a Papal nuncio would be accredited to the United States Government.

Prof. Brooks, an astronomer of Phelps, N.Y., thinks the reason for the strange red appearance of the sky about sun-rise and sun set during the last week in November, was that the earth was probably passing through the tail of a great comet.

One of the most noted of the negro population of the United States, was Sojourner Truth, a noted lecturer and worker in general Christian work. She died at Battle Creek, Michigan, recently, at the great age of 108 years. She was much respected by all classes.

At the recent visit of President Arthur to New York it was thought the right thing to fire a salute in his honor, but those whose duty it was to do so neglected to procure the powder. At the last moment a quantity of British powder was borrowed of an English war ship in port. The New Yorkers have, therefore, smelt British gun powder again, and no harm came from it.

In unloading the steamer St. Paul at Detroit a few days ago two carboys of nitric acid were let drop into the hold and broken. The smoke and flames from the acid were so dense and pungent that all hands had to leave the hold at once, and one or two men came near losing their lives by inhaling the fumes. The vessel took fire and had to be scuttled and sunk to prevent its destruction.

Recently, at Portsmouth, Massachusetts, in making certain improvements on Coles' Hill, graves of the pilgrims who came over in the *Mayflower* and who were buried during the first winter have been discovered. One was opened which contained a skeleton of a middle-aged man. In another the skeleton of an elderly man was discovered. These are the only graves of the first settlers positively identified. Tablets are to be placed to mark the exact location.

A policeman, named Alonzo Bullard, was shot down and killed in the streets of Detroit last week by a desperado named Wilson, whom he was trying to arrest. Bullard was a native of Westminster, near London, Ont., but several years a resident of Detroit. Wilson was suspected of having stolen a barrel of oil and is reported a bad character. The murderer made his escape, to Canada, it is supposed. There is a reward of $1,000 offered for his arrest.

GREAT BRITAIN.

It is currently reported, that the Queen is anxious to have Lord Lorne appointed Governor of India, but that Mr. Gladstone is not so sanguine about the matter. There may be nothing in the report.

The Irish troubles continue as great as ever. Within a fortnight over thirty arrests were made in Dublin on charges to destroy property by explosives and connected with the Penian brotherhood.

There was a great Orange demonstration in October in Ireland in which Lord Rossmore took a prominent part. For doing so his commission as a justice of the peace was cancelled by the Government, and explanations asked.

Mr. Gladstone, being a zealous churchman, often reads the lessons in the church service, at Hawarden, near his residence. His son is the rector. Many persons often go in order to hear the great Premier take part in the service.

Stanley, the African explorer, is returning to Europe. It is said that the Belgian African Association, by whom he has been employed, are dissatisfied with his administration of affairs, in their colony settlement, and have recalled him.

Nobody ever yet thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

A STRANGE PET.

Domestication of a Civet—Its Conduct Toward the Dogs—Rare Intelligence.

Mrs. John Raser, of near New Centreville, Tredyffrin township, is the owner of a beautiful tame polecat that appears very much attached to her. The animal was caught by her son last spring, when it was still quite small, and cared for. Soon it commenced to grow very rapidly and showed a decidedly wicked temper when any one else than Mrs. Raser came near it, making an effort to bite all who attempted to touch it but her. She could stroke its back, take it in her lap, or do whatever she pleased with it, and in a short time it commenced to follow her around like a kitten. It was allowed to wander about the kitchen when she was about, and did so in as frolicsome a manner as a playful kitten of the domestic species as long as she was alone, but the moment anyone else appeared it would run and hide out of sight. Mrs. Raser is the owner of two English beadle hounds and one large Newfoundland dog. For the two former the little animal from its infancy always showed a decided hatred, and soon commenced to attack them, whenever they came near, always succeeding in clearing them out of the house in perfect terror, by reason of the severe bites that it was able to give them with its sharp teeth and frisky movements, whenever it caught them inside. They have now got so that they keep well out of his reach. Toward the large dog it has always showed a different disposition, however. Instead of attempting to bite, it made friends with him, and now it can be seen following him in a frolicsome manner, attempting to catch and play with his large, bushy tail whenever opportunity presents itself. "The other day," said Mrs. Raser to a reporter who visited her home, "the Newfoundland dog came in with its tail matted with burs that had become tangled in its hairs. As soon as he sat down Jumbo (meaning the polecat) noticed the burs and set to work to extract them, doing so as nicely as it could have been done with the most nimble fingers, and the dog let it go on with its work until they were all picked out."

The cat has now grown to its full size and still feels perfectly contented with its home. It has grown less shy of the other members of the family and of strangers, but still insists that none but Mrs. Raser shall touch it. It has made its nest in a closet, and whenever Mrs. Raser is not about it will seek this and go to sleep. It has learned to know the hours when the family takes its meals, and as regularly will put in an appearance to be fed at just such times. It will appear in the dining-room and sit up on its haunches like a begging dog at the side of Mrs. Raser until she serves it with its meal. If it chances to be shut out of the room it will come to the door and tap with one of its paws until it is heard and admitted. Its hair is unusually long and very glossy. Immediately over its eyes there is a spot of white hair extending squarely across its forehead and then, after ending abruptly on both sides, passes backward, growing narrower as it does so until almost a complete triangle is formed, but there the white divides into two lines about one inch in width each and six inches long, which curve gracefully off in opposite directions, terminating on each side of the body just back of the shoulders. The rest of the hair is glossy and perfectly black. Altogether, the animal is a very pretty one, and about the house it is perfectly cleanly in its habits. It is not the first animal of a wild disposition that Mrs. Raser has tamed in a similar manner, she having been equally as successful two or three years ago in domesticating a ground hog, which last spring chanced to wander out on the track of the Chester Valley railroad, near the house, and was killed by a passing train. To show that the polecat has become thoroughly domesticated, Mrs. Raser informed our reporter that a few nights ago it had been left out all night, and next morning was found curled up on the front door-step.—*Westchester (Pa.) Village Record.*

How to Prevent Divorce.

When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see his excellency. Accordingly, he was shown into his *sanctum sanctorum*, and the governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying, "Good morning, sir, I am glad to see you."

Squire W. returned the salutation, adding as he did so, "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What would you advise, sir?"

The governor sat a few minutes in deep meditation, then, turning to Squire W. said:

"How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W. replied:

"I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and live her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of the Lord for one year, and then tell me the result." The governor then said, "Let us pray."

They bowed in prayer, and separated.

When a year had passed away, Squire W. again called to see the governor, and grasping his hand said:

"I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave, and tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I can not be grateful enough for your good counsel."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. W.," replied the governor, "and hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

The result was that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of their life. Let those who are thinking of separation in these days go and do likewise. —*Sel.*

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hung, and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days, locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' And then I was the maddest man in the State." "Why, what were you mad about Colonel?" "'Cause the mob had hung the prisoner the first day we were locked up!"

Milk and Infectious Diseases.

An outbreak of typhoid fever in St. Pancras, London, has been traced to the milk supply directly, and indirectly to a sycamore tree. During August there were 223 cases of the epidemic within a limited area. The sanitary officer conducting an investigation began by making a map of the district showing the distribution of houses where there had been sickness. He was able at once to discard two theories of infection, namely, the condition of the Regent's Canal and contaminated water from the mains, and speedily to find an adequate cause in the milk supply. Out of 431 persons attacked during the summer, 368 were known to obtain milk from one dealer and the remaining 63 might have done so indirectly. Houses supplied by other dealers escaped; and in families which depended upon the fatal milk-cart, those who drank milk were attacked, while those who preferred beer did not have the fever.

The dealer obtained milk from five farms, but the houses in St. Pancras in which the fever had occurred had been supplied mainly from the same farm. This was in St. Albans; and as direct evidence that this was the source of infection, the sanitary officer ascertained that certain porters in the dealer's employ were attacked after drinking the milk, that there were additional cases on the farm itself, and that houses in St. Albans supplied with the same milk were also infected. The investigation having been narrowed down to a single farm, the water supply naturally fell under suspicion. The milk cans and pails were found to be washed every day in a dairy with water obtained from a well adjoining a cesspool. A sycamore tree stood between them, and its roots probably gave opportunity for the percolation of leakage from one into the other. This was the most satisfactory explanation which the sanitary inspector could give of the outbreak of the fever.

It is by no means certain, however, that the milk was not infected by the prevalence of the disease at the farm. A dairyman in Dundee, for example, who kept his supply of milk in a room where his little boy lay prostrated with scarlet fever introduced the disease in various households, until there were seventeen cases and four deaths. Instances are constantly arising where infectious disease is directly communicated by means of milk that has been directly exposed to contamination in dairies or farm-houses. It is possible, therefore, that the sycamore tree had less to do with the spread of contagion than the inspector supposed. The relative situation of the cesspool and the well, however, naturally suggested the final step in his series of ingenious deductions.—*Tribune.*

Burdette's Lectures to Young Men.

Robert J. Burdette, the facetious editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has been lecturing to large audiences in different parts of the country, and in his amusing style he imparts to the rising generation some wholesome advice. The following is from one of his lectures:

"Be somebody on your own account, my son, and don't try to get along on the reputation of your ancestors. Nobody knows and nobody cares who Adam's grandfather was, and there is not a man living who can tell the name of Brigham Young's mother-in-law." The lecturer urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping up with the every-day procession, and no pulling back in the harness. Hard work was never known to kill men; it was the fun men had in the intervals that killed them. The fact was, most people had yet to learn what fun really was. A man might go to Europe and spend a million dollars, and then recall the fact that he had a great deal more fun at a picnic twenty years ago that cost him but 65 cents. The theory that the world owed every man a living was false. The world owed a man nothing. There was a living in the world for every man, however, providing the man was willing to work for it. If he did not work for it, somebody else would earn it, and the lazy man "would get left." There were greater opportunities for workers out West than in the Eastern cities, but men who went out West to grow up with the country must do their own growing. There was no browsing allowed in the vigorous West. An energetic man might go out into the far West, and in two or three years possess himself of a bigger house, a bigger yard, a bigger barn, and a bigger mortgage than he could obtain by ten years' work in the East. All young men ought to marry, and no young men should envy old men or rich men. In conclusion, Mr. Burdette said that a man should do well whatever was given him to do, and not de-pise drudgery. The world wants good shovelers, teamsters, and laborers, but it does not want poor lawyers, poor preachers, or poor editors.

Old Heads on Young Shoulders.

"Don't make a prig of the baby, school mistress. From the day on which they are six years old they must, under the school system of the States, begin to study and sit up straight, and behave properly, and speak correctly, and from that time until the grave hide them, they live and speak and act, verbally speaking they be, and do, and suffer under social and educational surveillance. And I claim that at least six years of the life of a man or woman should be free; free as the air; free to talk as the brook runs, with untrammeled musical prattle and babble. Why, here, a few months ago, came a melancholy looking child, about four years old, and, in presence and hearing painted to me, and said to his mother:

"Mamma, of whom is that gentleman speaking?'

"Poor little prig! My heart bled for him. That afternoon I took the boy down by the target and taught him to say: 'Mamma, what is dot man speaking to you about?' and reconstructed his general grammar on the same easy basis, and—look me in the eye—if that boy didn't tan up like a young Indian in two days, and he gained seven pounds in two weeks.

"You see," the jester continued in the apologetic tone, for he had done an unusual amount of preaching, "you see, we haven't a very broad experience in training children; we have only one chick to cluck over and scratch for, but we're bound he shan't go to school until he's through being a baby, and we know, school mistress, that he's the happiest baby that ever mangled grammar."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

How to Cook an old Hen.

Prof. W. Mattieu Williams gives us in *Knowledge* his practical experience with elderly poultry, as follows:

I may mention an experiment that I have made lately. I killed a superannuated hen more than six years old, but otherwise in very good condition. Cooked in the ordinary way she would have been uneatably tough. Instead of being thus cooked, she was gently stewed about four hours. I cannot guarantee to the maintenance of the theoretical temperature, having suspicion of *some* simmering. After this she was left in the water until it cooled, and on the following day was roasted in the usual manner, i. e., in a roasting oven. The result was excellent; as tender as a full grown chicken roasted in the ordinary way, and of quite equal flavor, in spite of the very good broth obtained by the preliminary stewing. This surprised me. I anticipated the softening of the tendons and ligaments, but supposed that the extraction of the juices would have spoiled the flavor. It must have dilated it, and that so much remained was probably due to the fact that an old fowl is more fully flavored than a young chicken. The usual farm house method of cooking old hens is to stew them simply; the rule in the Midlands being one hour in the pot for every year of age. The feature of the above experiment was the supplementary roasting. As the laying season is now coming to an end, old hens will soon be a drag in the market, and those among my readers who have not a hen roost of their own will oblige their poulterers by ordering a hen that is warranted to be four years old and upward. If he deals fairly, he will supply a specimen upon which they may repeat my experiment, very cheaply. It offers the double economy of utilizing a nearly waste produce and obtaining chicken broth and roast fowl simultaneously.

One of the great advantages of stewing is that it affords a means of obtaining a savory and very wholesome dish at a minimum of cost. A small piece of meat may be stewed with a large quantity of vegetables, the juice of the meat savoring the whole. Besides this, it costs far less fuel than roasting.

The wife of the French or Swiss landed proprietor, *i. e.*, the peasant, cooks the family dinner with less than a tenth of the expenditure of fuel used in England for the preparation of an inferior meal. A little charcoal under her *bainmarie* does it all. The economy of time corresponds to the economy of fuel, for the mixture of viands required for the stew once put in, the pot is left to itself until dinner time, or at most an occasional stirring of fresh charcoal into the embers is all that is demanded.

The Girl That Everybody Likes.

She is not beautiful—oh, no! Nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her, they would only say: "She is just right," and there it would end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving, bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself, and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with. All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye, and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!" The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly; so no one can call her a flirt; no, indeed; the young men all deny such an assertion as quickly as she. Strange to relate—like her, too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings, or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans, and to assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter, and drops a good word for Ida or Jennie, until their little difficulties are all patched up, and everything goes on smoothly again—thanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch—she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured. But she cannot always be with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town, after a time and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face. So she leaves us, and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the women everybody likes.—*Christian Advocate.*

Spider Life Wonders.

In a lecture at the Lowell Institute, Professor Wood dealt with the phenomena of spider life. The female is larger and much fiercer than the male, who while paying his addresses is in constant peril, frequently losing some of his legs. In one tribe the female is 1,200 times as large as the male. The spider's thread is made up of innumerable small threads or fibres, one of these threads being estimated to be one two-millionth of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun: One of great strength for the radiating or spoke lines of the web. The cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious, that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even interspaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what, in the first instance, catch and hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion the prey is held secure by threads flung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass or flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is somewhat afraid, as, for example, a wasp. A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 2,480 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, DECEMBER 12, 1883.

To Subscribers of the Review.

We heartily thank those of our subscribers who have so cheerfully paid up their subscriptions during the past few weeks—in all about fifteen. There are, however, over FIVE HUNDRED others who are from one to SEVEN years behind. This has become a rather serious matter to us. We have paid for EVERY ONE *of these papers up to date, and are now out nearly $2,000 for other people's reading. Not one of our subscribers would stand this injustice as long as we have, and when they see by this how we are placed we are sure those who wish the* REVIEW *well will not need to be again reminded.*

☞ *All subscriptions behind two years or over will* POSITIVELY *be charged $2.00 per annum,* IF NOT PAID BY THE 15TH OF DECEMBER NEXT.

TRENTON'S SEPARATION.

The following extract from the Warden's speech at the opening of the last session of the County Council, gives the terms upon which Trenton separates from the County :—

I said that since our last meeting there were a few changes to note in Municipal matters. The separation of the Town of Trenton from the County for Municipal purposes has been effected and a basis of settlement arrived at whereby for the next five years, computing from the 1st of January, 1884, the Town of Trenton shall pay the County in each year the sum of $600—for their proportion of the exponse of the administration of Justice, the expense under the Jury Laws, the use of the Court House and Jail, and the Registry office for the County of Hastings.

The Town shall also pay to the County in each year such sum as will be required to pay interest and sinking fund on the Town's share of the debt of the County now existing. The Town's share of the debt to be ascertained by the equalization made by the County Council in June last, or in lieu thereof $3,000. The Town to have the privilege of paying off the debt owed to the County in any time not to exceed ten years from January 1884, provided that the Town passes a By-law to the effect within five months of the date of agreement.

THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

OVERTURES FOR A SETTLEMENT.

A despatch from Winnipeg states that Attorney General Miller, of Manitoba, left the city on Thursday night to confer with Mr. Mowat in reference to the Rat Portage troubles. This interview has been arranged for at the request of Mr. Mowat. The Winnipeg *Times*, in an editorial, says:—"The Ontario Government are anxious to effect an amicable settlement of the boundary dispute. It is evident, however, that no lasting settlement can take place without the consent of the Dominion Government and a reference of the subject to a tribunal like the Privy Council in England. The best thing that can be done is for the three Governments to prepare a case and have it submitted for final adjudication. The boundary has too long been made a political cry."

THE BRITISH LION'S TAIL

TO BE SEVERELY TWISTED IN WASHINGTON NEXT WEEK.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 9.—An Express' Washington special says the tail of the British lion is to be severly twisted next week. "Richelieu" Robinson, of New York, will perform the ceremony while Finnerty, of Chicago, holds the animal's head. Robinson, has darkly hinted at his purpose, though he will give no details. The annexation of Ireland and Canada are said to be his chief aims.

The Campbellford woolen factory is reported by the Belleville Ontario to be shut down. Three hundred persons are thrown idle.

There is now in the Quebec jail hospital, for no crime except age and poverty, an old man who worked at the construction of the "Royal William," the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. He is an Englishman and recollects the names of nearly all who were employed on the vessel.

SOMETHING LIKE A SEA SERPENT.

A MONSTER ONE HUNDRED FEET LONG AND THIRTY FEET WIDE.

Washington, Dec. 6.—The keeper of the life saving station at Long Branch reports that five of his crew fishing in the ocean recently saw a hideous sea serpent near their boats fully ninety or a hundred feet long, thirty feet wide with two blow holes nine feet long and two feet wide, about twenty feet from the end of his nose. The serpent was also seen from the station making its appearance on the surface at intervals of ten minutes.

TOUGH EXPERIENCE.

A MAN BURIED TWENTY-THREE DAYS UNDER A HAYSTACK AND YET ALIVE.

Lacrosse, Wis., Dec. 10.—Boys playing about a haystack this afternoon discovered the emaciated but living form of Louis Anderson, upon whom the stack fell and buried him Nov. 19. He has been there ever since, through some very severe weather, without food or water. He is a mere skeleton, but able to speak. It is believed he will survive.

The provinical grand lodge of Orangemen will meet at Ottawa in February.

Imports at Belleville for November show a decrease of $28,429 and exports of $73,996.

Grain is now arriving at Belleville more freely than at any time previously this season.

Numerous cases of typhoid fever and diphtheria are reported in the west end of Toronto by the sanitary police.

In the Belleville Police Court yesterday Samuel Westover, a trader at Foxboro', was fined $5 and costs for having light weights.

The sect which believes that Englishmen are the descendants of the lost tribe of Israel is so large that it supports two weekly papers and a monthly magazine. One book on the subject is far in its two hundredth thousand.

Peterboro', Dec. 5.—A virulent type of scarlet fever has been raging in Peterboro' and vicinity for some time. Many children have died of the disease. Mr Joseph Taylor, of Otonabee, lost five children through its ravages, two of whom were buried on the same day, and others of the family are now ill with the fever. In the town many deaths have occurred, and the disease is still prevalent.

The New York Daily News, speaking of the alleged secession movement in Manitoba, says: It is to be hoped that every movement of that kind will be governed by discretion, as there is no disposition at Washington to provoke the wrath of England upon the subject of annexation of Canadian territory. Our republic will gladly, when the time comes, receive the hardy agricultural element of Manitoba, but its desirable to have such changes of nationality accomplished in good temper and without resource to violent revolutionary methods." To which the Toronto *World* pertinently adds:—Our contemporary is really very considerate, but it can hold its good soul in patience. It will be many a long year before the United States has an opportunity of incurring the wrath of England through the annexation of one foot Canadian territory.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists. 3

—A full stock of Goat Robes at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Girl Wanted,

FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK. Apply to MRS. J. R. ORR.

ESTRAY.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned, Madoc village, about the middle of November, two yearling Heifers. Owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take them away.

JAMES KIRK,

Dec. 12th. 346-3w

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the next sittings thereof, for an Act to extend the time for the completion of the Toronto & Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway, and to amend the Act incorporating the said Toronto & Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway Company, by changing the name thereof, and for other purposes.

JOHN LEYS,

346 Solicitor for Applicants.

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 13, 6th con. Madoc, on or about the 1st of October last, a stray Steer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away.

D. FRASER.

Madoc, Dec. 6th. 346-3w

Municipal Election.

To the Municipal Electors of the Village of Madoc :

NOTICE is hereby given that the Nominations for Reeve and four Councillors, for the Village of Madoc, for the year 1884, will be held in the Town Hall, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31st INSTANT,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

The Polling, if any, will be held in the same place on the first Monday in January.

CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.

Madoc, Dec. 6, 1883. 346

Christmas

—IS—

Coming.

THE largest assortment of

'XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS

ever brought into Madoc, at Wilson's Book and Drug Store, from 2 cents upwards.

A large assortment of

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

(Albums, Photo, Autograph, and Scrap), at prices to suit the times. Call and see them.

C. G. WILSON,
Chemist and Druggist.

Madoc, Dec. 12, 1883.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS!

To the Municipal Electors

—OF THE—

Township of Madoc

NOTICE is hereby given that the Nominations for Reeve, Deputy Reeve, and three Councillors for the Township of Madoc, for the year 1884, will be held in

HARRIS' HALL, ELDORADO,

—ON—

Monday, Dec. 31st inst,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

You are notified that the Township is divided into four Divisions this year for Municipal purposes, as follows :—

Division No. 1.—All that part of the Township east of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and south of the line between lots 12 and 13. Hart's school house to be the polling place. J. R. Ketcheson, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2.—All east of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and north of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at McCoy's school house. J. Rimington, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3.—All west of the line between 6th and 7th concessions, and north of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at Ruport's school house. O. Johnson, Returning Officer.

Division No. 4.—All west of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and south of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at O'Hara's school James O'Hara, jr, Returning Officer.

The election will take place on the first Monday in January next.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, Dec. 12th, 1883. 346

1884.—H. N. Y.—1884.

"GRIP."

1873.—ELEVENTH YEAR.—1884

"GRIP."—Canada's Representative Comic Journal Published by Canadians for Canadians, and devoted solely to the interests of the people, as distinguished from the interests of Political Parties—ought to be in

Every Canadian Home.

Bachelors.—Would find their lonely lives brightened by a visit of the Jolly Little Joker once a week.—Only $2 00 per Annum.

Lovers.—Might find a perennial source of conversation in the Pages and Pictures of "GRIP" after all other subjects had been talked to death—Only $2 per Annum.

Politicians.—Of every party—who can enjoy a good-humored and truthful hit at themselves, will appreciate "GRIP'S" pointed cartoons. If there are any politicians worthy of the name, who have not subscribed, they are informed that "GRIP" costs only $2 00 per Annum.

Parents.—All over the Dominion testify that "GRIP'S" weekly visits to their homes are hailed with delight by their children, to whom its cartoons area unique education. Just try a year's subscription, and prove this assertion—$2 00 per Annum in advance

You have often thought of taking 'Grip
Send in your name and $2 00 now.

"GRIP'S" PLATFORM.

Humor without Vulgarity; Patriotism without Partizanship; Truth without Temper.

1884.—One Year Only $2.00.—1884

Address,

S. J. MOORE, Manager, Toronto.

CLUBBING OFFER.

Two Papers for about the Price of one.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of "GRIP" whereby we can offer the REVIEW and "GRIP" for one year, for $2 75. This is an excellent opportunity to obtain Canada's only cartoon paper and a good local family journal for one year, at about the price of subscription to one paper

1858.—ESTABLISHED—1858.

—o—

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.

BY BUYING YOUR

Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Christmas Presents

—:—

Wall Pockets,
Paper Holders,
Picture Frames,
&c., &c.

We have the best variety of these handsome goods ever brought into Madoc.

See our Stock before purchasing your Christmas Presents.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

W W W RRRR II GGG H H TTTTT "" 888
W WW W R R II G G H H " 8 8
W W W RRRR II G HHH T ' 88
WW WW R R II G GG H H T 8
W W R R II GGG H H T 8888

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

—o—

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES---PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—o—

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L|A|D|I|E|S'| |M|A|N|T|L|E|S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

Dissolution of Partnership!

GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE!

at M. McLEAN'S Dry Goods Store.

In order to reduce the stock before taking stock, I will offer for the next FOUR WEEKS, the entire stock, consisting of

Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Fancy Goods, Mantles, Furs, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

etc., at cost price. A call solicited. The stock must be sold. Terms strictly cash.

Madoc, November 28th 1183.

M. McLEAN.

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Latest Local News.

Another Grant.

In addition to the proceedings of the County Council reported last week we should have mentioned that the township representatives, Messrs. Caskey and Thompson, secured a grant of $100 on the road leading from Madoc to Hazzard's Corners

A Good Deed.

Mr. John White, M. P., has done positive good by his trip to the North West. Says the Winnipeg *Times:* "Among the passengers on the train by which Mr. John White, M. P., travelled to this city from Emerson, was a poor unfortunate woman who did not have sufficient funds to pay her fare to her destination. Mr. White, learning of her destitution, gave her ten dollars."

A Bad Cut.

On Tuesday evening of last week, Mr. Hugh Ketcheson, of this township, had a bad cut inflicted on one of his legs by an axe. While standing beside the boiler of the steam thresher, Mr. John Whytock lifted the axe to split some wood, the axe glancing struck Mr. K. on the front part of the leg, below the knee, cutting to the bone. No serious consequences are anticipated, Mr. Ketcheson being able to be around.

Election of Officers.

At the last communication of Best's Lodge, No. 517, L. O. L., held on the 7th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—

James H. Best, W. M.
George Sandford, D. M.
James Harris, Secretary.
Albert Tweedie, Treasurer.
Joseph Richardson, Chaplain.

Committee—H. N. Wannamaker, W. J. Bateman, Robert Thomas Wm. Fox, and Sylvester Thomas.

Christmas Tree.

The congregation of St. Peter's Presbyterian Church will have a Christmas Tree entertainment in the basement of the church on Tuesday evening next, 18th inst. On the tree will be displayed gifts for all the children of the congregation—which cannot fail to be satisfactory to the children. Brief addresses, "not speeches," will be delivered by the resident ministers and others—which will be satisfactory to the adult part of the audience. And then refreshments are also to be served, at 7 o'clock—which we are sure will be very satisfactory to all who attend. Admission, 25 cents; children, 10 cents.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

Grip's Comic Almanac for 1884.

This popular pudlication (fifth year) comes to us in all the glory of an illuminated cover, and is decidedly the best yet published. It is full of sparkling fun, profusely illustrated in comous cuts. The "Essays by little Tommy," given in that precocious youngster's own handwriting, with pictures by himself, are unique specimens of comic work: the weather predictions are racy as usual, and the general miscellany is excellent. The advertisements are restricted to the last pages, and as a consequence, the appearence of the book typographically is greatly improved. We advise every one of our readers to secure a copy of this genuine Canadian work, which costs only 25c.

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

Birth.

VOLUME.—In this village on Monday, 15th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. S. Volume, of twin daughters.

WHITE.—In this village on Sunday, 9th inst., the wife of Mr. W. T. White, of a son.

NIX.—In this village on the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. S. Nix, of a daughter.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

A Pleasing Event.

On Friday evening last, the teachers in training at the Model School during the session just closed, together with the teachers of the school, Examining Committee, and some of the Trustees, met in the school building for a very pleasing event. The following speaks for itself :—

MR. WM. CLARK, Principal of the Model School :

We, Modelites who have been under your instruction for the closing session, take great pleasure in presenting to you this "Album" as a slight token of our gratitude to you for the manner in which you have shown your interest in our welfare. And as we are soon to part we wish that your future life and labor wherever it may be spent, may be as pleasing and as profitable as it has been to us. Believing that from this short address you will be able to obtain a more perfect picture of our complete satisfaction.

We remain, yours truly,
MODELITES.

MR. CLARK'S REPLY.

Dear pupils,—My feelings on the present occasion may be far more easily imagined than expressed. I assure you it needed not your beautiful and highly tasteful present coupled with your kindly address to reward me for my labors during the past session.

Cold would have been the man and utterly unworthy the name of teacher who would not have been spurred on, by your cheerful diligence and your courteous conduct, to put forth his best efforts for your welfare.

Aside from the pleasure one feels in knowing that his efforts are pleasing to those in whose behalf he is acting the manner in which you acquitted yourselves to-day would be an ample reward to any teacher who has a heart in the right place. I shall treasure your beautiful gift as a souvenir of one of the brightest and happiest periods in my past life. I hope that whenever I may hear of any one of you in the future I may hear of your being virtuous, happy and prosperous. I hope you will each and all strive to make your influence felt for good in the world; that you will each take HIM "who went about doing good" as your ideal both as a teacher and as a model for your own lives. I wish you each success in your present examination and also that you may be successful in securing a suitable situation.

Wishing you each a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year and the full three-score and ten of them I assure you I shall ever remember each one of you with feelings of the warmest friendship.

An address was also read to the assistant teachers.

Mr. Clark thanked the students for their kindly address to the assistant teachers of the school and expressed himself as highly pleased with the manner in which the teachers discharged their duties.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

Council met in the Town Hall, Madoc, on Saturday last. All the members present. The last minutes were read and confirmed.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and English, John Fraser was paid the sum of $5.00 for repairing a culvert on the road from Elzevir to the Allen Settlement.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and McKinnon, Joshua Broad was paid the sum of $17.00 for repairing the road at A. Pringle's place.

Henry Devolin was paid the sum of $5.00 for repairing a road between lots 5 and 6 in the 4th concession.

On motion of Messrs. Thompson and English, the Treasurer was instructed to pay the sum of $700 on the old County debt.

On motion of Messrs. Broad and McKinnon, John Holmes was refunded the sum of $3.87 on account of fire.

Wm. Wright was also refunded the sum of $3.10 on account of fire.

On motion of Messrs. McKinnon & Broad, Wm. Woods was paid the sum of $4.25 for work done on the road to the Allen Settlement.

The sum of $37.50 was granted towards the lowering of the water on the road from McCoy's S. S. to Eldorado, work to be inspected by Messrs. Caskey and Thompson.

A by-law appointing Returning officers and places for holding the municipal elections was duly passed. These are the same as last year.

Council adjourned *sine die*.

One thousand five hundred Italian laborers are idle in New York.

Everythings.

—Twelve days only to Christmas.

—Get your Christmas "boxes" ready.

—Mr. M. W. Sine, V. S., of this village, will in the future visit Stirling every Tuesday.

—New subscribers to the REVIEW are coming in. The local paper is the one most missed after all.

—Scarcely snow enough for sleighing. Some of the weather-wise predict that there will be no sleighing until after Christmas.

—One of our local M. D's had a busy time of it last Sunday. As a result of his labors, however, Madoc has four more of a population.

—John O'Connell, who had one of his legs amputated in consequence of a stab a short time ago, is so far recovered that he was able to assist at a pig execution a few days ago.

—Our contemplated trip with Mr. Sine, V. S., to the north this week had to be postponed on account of the unfavorable roads. The trip will be made, however, as soon as the roads permit.

—Nothing has been heard from Engineer Bailey, who went north a couple of weeks ago to examine the proposed routes for the railway extension. Their labors must be nearly completed.

—NOTICE! We would like those of our subscribers who purpose paying their subscriptions in wood to notify us at once before we engage our supply. We will take wood from any who wish to pay us this way.

—Isn't rowdyism becoming a little too prevalent in this village? We think it is. Every few evenings we hear of disgraceful fights or midnight brawls at some of the hotels. Somebody or something ought to be able to stop it.

—The bottom appears to have once more fallen out of the sink hole on the Ontario & Quebec R. R., near Sharbot Lake. The bed is as unstable as the first day on which the track was laid. There is no possibility of the sink hole being avoided, and persistent filling is the only method of surmounting the difficulty.

—The Central Ontario Railway Company will apply at the ensuing session of Parliament for power to extend their line northward to a junction with the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and for power to increase their capital stock, and to issue bonds secured by mortgage upon the proposed extension.

—The London Advertiser speaks by the book when it says; "This is about the season of the year when the names of persons given to municipal matters begin to be "mentioned" as candidates. The proper way for a candidate to set at rest any doubts as to his being in the field is by means of the local papers, and a small card costs but little. It cannot be known that a man is a candidate till his card appears."

Canada had 33 failures last week.

It has been discovered that three-fourths of the ballots rejected in the Lennox election were for Mr. Allison. Mr. Pruyn's friends have therefore determined not to demand a recount.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes;" After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all Throats and Lungs Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size, $1.00.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 339

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims against the Estate of the late B. Morgan, of Queensboro, are required to send the same to the undersigned with as little delay as possible; and all persons owing the said Estate are required to settle their indebtedness at once.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors of the Estate.

Madoc, Dec. 5, 1883. 345-4w

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:oxo:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock,
Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted, a Governess; must be young." I cut out the advertisement thus headed eagerly from the *Times*. I was eighteen, and my youth had been the great obstacle to my getting an engagement; now here was some delightful advertiser who considered it an advantage. I wrote to the address given, enclosing my photograph and the list of my qualifications. Within a week I was travelling down to Geldham, Norfolk, engaged to teach "one little girl, aged six," at a salary of thirty-five pounds a year. The correspondence had been carried on by my future pupil's father, who said he would meet me at the station at Beaconsburgh, the market-town nearest to Geldham.

It was about five o'clock on an afternoon in early August that I sat, trembling with excitement and fright, at the window of the railway-carriage, as the train steamed slowly into Beaconsburgh station. I looked out on to the platform. There were very few people on it, and there was no one who appeared at all like the gentleman I had pictured to myself as my future employer. There were two or three red-faced men who gave one the impression of being farmers, and at one end there were two young men engaged in securing a large mastiff, which was bounding about in great excitement at sight of the train. I got out and spoke to the station-master.

"There is Mr. Rayner himself, ma'm," said he pointing towards the two young men with the dog.

One of them was now looking about, as if in search of somebody; and I walked timidly towards him. He seemed puzzled as his eyes fell upon me; then suddenly he raised his hat.

"Miss Christie?" he said interrogatively, growing very red.

"Yes," said I, bowing and blushing too.

"Will you come and show me which is your luggage."

I was surprised and rather confused to find Mr Rayner so much younger and less self-possessed than I had expected. I followed him and pointed out my boxes.

"The dog-cart is waiting outside," said he; "let me carry your bag."

I followed him through the station. Three or four big dogs began jumping up upon him and upon me as we came out.

"Down, Rover! Down, Luke! Get down, Tray!" said he, raising his voice.

I had noticed what a very pleasant rich voice he had when he first spoke to me, and now I remember how particular he had been in his letters about my music; so I concluded that Mr. Rayner sang. He helped me into the dog-cart, carefully wrapped me up with a rug, and then, instead of getting in himself, patted the neck of the brown mare, who turned her head and put her nose into her master's hand. I was trying to get over my bewilderment. Of course I might have expected that the father of my six-year-old would not be the middle-aged gray-haired man I had pictured to myself; but for him to be a man who did not look more than three or four and twenty was a surprise; and to find him so shy and deferential did not seem quite right, considering our respective positions. He was big and broad, and rather massive, had dark hair and mustache, grey eyes, and a kind simplicity of expression, which perhaps, I thought, with his habit of blushing, made him look younger than he was. He left the mare and stood by me again.

"I am afraid you will find the country dull. You will miss the gaiety of London."

"I haven't led a very gay life," said I; "I don't think poor people are very gay anywhere.

"But you have not been shut up in a schoolroom before. I can't think how you will stand it. I always hated schoolrooms; and it's a fact that I was never in a school without being told that I was a disgrace to it."

Mr. Rayner did not seem much distressed as he made this confession.

"I dare say you were great at cricket, or rowing, or—or—fighting," I hazarded, feeling that some rejoinder was expected.

"No, I wasn't. I remember giving a boy a black eye once for calling me a dunce. He was quite right, you know. And I remember being surprised that I hurt him so much; for I generally get the worst of it in a fight. They used to say it took a good deal to rouse me: and I didn't do much harm when I was roused," he added, laughing.

"I hope your daughter does not share her father's dislike of school routine," I broke out anxiously.

He started and looked up at me, coloring vividly, and then said, with some amusement in his tones—

"Did you take me for Mr. Rayner?" The next moment he seemed sorry for my evident confusion, and added, looking away, "My name is Reade. Mrs. Rayner sent her brougham for you; but a waggon ran into it and took one of the wheels off; so I put my cart at your disposal. I hope you don't mind driving in a thing like this?"

"Oh, no!" I said.

"That was Mr. Rayner on the platform with me," he went on. "His dog rushed out just as the train came up, and he asked me to see to your luggage while he held him. I don't know why he is so long."

As he spoke, Mr. Rayner came out of the station, letting his mastiff loose at the door. I saw in a moment that he was a few years older than my companion, and that, while they both wore round hats and Norfolk jackets, he bore the impress of town breeding as clearly as Mr. Reade did that of the country. He was slight, well made, with delicate features and a dark golden beard and mustache. He came up, raising his hat, and shook hands with me.

"You have been marvelling at the barbarism of Norfolk manners, Miss Christie, and asking 'When is the next train back to London?' But I have been warned by my wife not to make my reappearance without a certain parcel from the 'Stores' which has been due at this station about ten days, but has, for some unaccountable reason, failed to turn up hitherto. By-the-way, I hope my sprightly young friend has been entertaining you well?"

"Miss Christie took me for you, Mr. Rayner," said Mr. Reade, shyly, reddening again.

"And has now to suffer the awful disappointment of finding that Mr. Rayner is an old fogy after all. Miss Christie, forgive my gray hairs. You will find me a great deal more trustworthy than any of those gay, deceiving Norfolk lads. Now, Laurence, my boy, if you want us to get home before the mist rises, we had better start."

Mr. Rayner sprang up behind; Mr. Reade got up in front by my side, and took the reins; and off we started, with the five dogs bounding, barking, and growling along the road as we went. We had to drive right through Beaconsburgh; up a long hill to the market-place, which was lively and busy, as it was market-day; down another long hill, lined with the dreary old houses of the *elite* of a provincial town; past a tan-yard, over a small bridge crowded with cattle returning from market, and then along two miles of straight, willow-bordered road over a marsh. The scenery was not particularly pretty; but I had never lived in the country, and everything was new and interesting to me. Mr. Rayner was occupied at the back with letters and papers, and Mr. Reade listened to my comments with flattering interest and appreciation.

"How beautifully green everything is!" I remarked presently.

"Yes, rather too green," Mr. Reade rejoined, ruefully. "We have had a wet summer, and now we are going to have a wet autumn, I believe, and this place will be nothing but a swamp."

"Don't set Miss Christie against the place, Laurence," said Mr. Rayner rather sharply.

We passed through a low-lying village—some of the houses which were flooded in winter, Mr. Reade told me—up a hill, down a hill, and up another sloping road, at the side of which stretched the marsh again.

"There is the Alders, Miss Christie," said he, pointing with his whip to a pretty red house, half covered with ivy and surrounded by trees, which stood below the road, on the borders of the marsh.

"Here, Laurence, I'll get down and take the short cut," said Mr. Rayner.

There was a foot-path which led from this point of the road straight to the house through a couple of fields and a plantation. After Mr. Rayner had alighted, Mr. Reade and I drove on by the road.

"What a lovely place!" I cried enthusiastically.

My companion remained silent.

"And, oh, what a beautiful pond! I do believe it has water-lilies!" I exclaimed, turning round half breathless at such a glorious discovery.

"I wouldn't have that stagnant water near my house for my children to play about for something!" said he, in an energetic growl which surprised me.

I said no more until we drove slowly down the sloping carriage drive through the trees which led to the house; then again my admiration broke out.

"Oh, how delightfully cool it looks, with the ivy all over it to keep out the hot sun."

"Yes, and to keep in the cold moisture, Miss Christie. The ivy hasn't been cut for the last five years; and it ought to be torn down altogether to make the place fit to live in. It is no better than a pest-house!" he went on, getting more and more excited. "I wouldn't let a laborer live in it!"

"A laborer won't have a chance until my lease is up, Laurence," said Mr. Rayner, dryly, coming out of a path among the trees. And the two men exchanged looks which showed that at the bottom of their hearts they were not friends.

But then it was not likely that Mr. Rayner would care to hear his beautiful home called a pest-house.

We drove slowly down to the hall door, which was open, and a gaunt, untidy-looking servant came out and carried in my boxes. Mr. Reade helped me down and stood by me, apparently examining the harness, while I looked in an ecstasy of admiration at the dark red house thickly covered with ivy, and at the gray stone portico, the pillars of which were stained with picturesque patches of green, while the capitals were overgrown with soft bronze and brown moss. Then he seized a moment, when Mr. Rayner was speaking to the servant, to stoop and say to me quickly—

"Don't let them put you near Mrs. Rayner's room."

I could not answer, could not ask why, for the next moment he was calling out good-bye to Mr. Rayner, and, raising his hat to me, was walking by the side of the dog-cart up the steep drive that led through the garden to the road. I was sorry he was gone. I wanted to ask what he meant by his strange warning, and to thank him for his kindness. A distressing sense of loneliness came over me. Mr. Rayner who had grown grave and silent and deeply occupied with his letters during the last part of the drive, had gone into the house forgetting to invite me in; the servant had disappeared with my last box. Instead of following her, I stood watching the dog cart and its owner out of sight, until a harsh woman's voice startled me.

"Won't you come in? I'm to show you to your room."

It was the gaunt servant, who addressed me. I turned, blushing, and followed her into a long low hall, dark, cool, and old-fashioned, such as the outside of the house had prepared me for; up an oak-lined staircase; through a few of those short and inconvenient passages which abound in old houses that have been added to from time to time, to a corner-room, shabby, dark, and bare-looking, where my boxes were already installed. I sat down on one of these, the only friendly things I had about me, and began to cry. Somebody might, at least, have come to the door to meet me! I thought of Mr. Reade's words, and began to wonder with a new sense of dread what Mrs. Rayner was like. Was she an invalid? Was she—mad? If not, why had she left the correspondence about her child's governess entirely to her husband? My tears dried slowly as I went on puzzling myself uselessly about this mystery which must be so very soon solved; and I was scarcely ready when the servant returned to tell me that tea was waiting for me. But my curiosity was only to be sharpened. Tea was prepared for me alone, the servant saying that Mr. Rayner was busy, and had had his taken into the study. Not a word about Mrs. Rayner—no sign of the pupil! So great were my anxiety and curiosity that I forgot how hungry I was, and in a few minutes I had finished my tea, and was standing by the window looking out into the garden.

It was not yet seven o'clock and a bright summer evening. A light breeze had sprung up and was swaying the tops of the trees that grew thickly round the house. On the side of the dining-room a mossy lawn stretched from the room of the trees right up to the French windows. I opened one of these and went out. I had never been in such a beautiful garden before. The grass was soft and springy and well kept; there were no stiff beds of geraniums and verbenas, but under the trees and against the house, and wherever there was a spare corner, grew clumps of Scotch and monthly roses, Canterbury bells, prince's feather, and such simple flowers. The house was built on the very border of the marsh, at the bottom of a hill which sloped down, covered with trees, toward the dining-room side of the house. I made my way round to the front of the moss-grown portico—from here one caught glimpses of the marsh through the thick trees. I followed a grass-path cut through them, facing the front of the house, until I came to the pond which had excited my admiration from the dog-cart. Here the vegetation grew unchecked. The water was half covered with smooth green duckweed and water-lilies, and the reeds and rushes, which grew tall and thick round the margin, and encroached much upon the little sheet of water. The path I had followed was continued through the trees, within a few feet of the pond, to the outer edge of the little wood which enclosed the house and garden; there a few rough steps over the fence connected it with the foot-path along the borders of the marsh, which joined the road at the descent of the hill. This was the short cut by which Mr. Rayner had reached the house before us that afternoon.

I had turned back towards the garden, and was close to the pond, when I heard a low crooning sound which seemed to come out of the ground at my feet. Looking about I saw sitting among the reeds, at the very edge of the water—so close to it that her little shoes kept slipping in the moist yielding earth—a tiny, elfish-looking child, about two years old, in a dirty white frock and pinafore, with a small, pale wrinkled face, and thin red straight hair, who rocked herself to and fro and went on with her monotonous chant without seeming at all disturbed by the appearance of a stranger. She only stared at me, without altering her position, when I told her that she must not sit so near the water, or she would fall in and be drowned; but, when I stooped to lift her up, she proved her humanity by screaming loudly and reproaching me in baby language too indistinct for me to understand. I supposed her to be the child of the gardener or of some neighboring cottager, and, not quite knowing what to do with her, I carried her, still screaming, to the house, where I met the servant whom I had already seen.

"I found this child sitting with her feet nearly in the pond!" I said, tragically.

"Oh, yes, miss, there's no keeping her away from the pond! She's there pretty-nearly all day by herself. Come now, Mona, it's time for you to go to bed. Dirty little girl, look at your pinafore!"

She took the child from me, thankful to have been spared the trouble of hunting and catching the little wild thing, and carried her off leaving me wondering whether my pupil would be as eerie a creature as her sister. As there was nothing to invite me to stay indoors, I went out again, this time to explore the side of the house which faced the marsh. Here the grass grew untrimmed and rank up to the very walls; and, as I made my way through it, my feet sank from time to time into little unseen pools and swamps, which wetted them up to the ankels after a few steps. However, I went on as carefully as I could, past a tangle of shrubs, yew-trees, and straggling briars, until, pushing aside the low-hanging branches of a barberry-tree, I found myself within a few feet of a window so heavily shaded by gnarled and notted ivy that for a few moments I did not notice a woman's face staring at me intently through the glass. As soon as I caught sight of the sunken face and large lustreless gray eyes, I knew by her likeness to the child at the pond, that this was Mrs. Rayner. I retreated in as leisurely a way as I could, trying to look as if I had not seen her; for there was something in the eager, hopeless stare of her eyes as mine met them which made me feel like a spy.

I crept back into the house and up to my room, unpacked my boxes, and sat down to write to my mother an account of my journey and arrival. I did not tell her quite all that I had seen, or all the strange impressions this first evening had made upon me. I felt very anxious to communicate them to somebody; but my mother was a gentle, nervous woman, whom I had already, young as I was, learned to lead, rather than be led by; I knew that the least suggestion of mystery would cause her an agony of doubt and anxiety about her child which I could not allay by letter; so I contented myself with a description of the picturesque beauty of the place and of Mr. Rayner's kindness. I had to finish this by candle-light, and, when I had ended, I rose and went to the window to give one more look at the scene under a new aspect. My window, I afterwards found, was over the one at which I had seen Mrs. Rayner's face; it was high enough from the ground for me to have, through the gaps between the trees, a good view of the marsh and the hills beyond.

A low cry of admiration burst from me as I looked out. Over all the wide expanse of marsh, which seemed to stretch for miles on either hand, lay a white mist, rising only a few feet from the ground, but so thick as to look like a silver lake in the moonlight; a range of hills two or three miles off seemed to mark the opposite shore. The mist was dense under my window, too, on the very grass that I had waded through a couple of hours before. As I looked out and tried to imagine little fairy boats in the elder which rose here and there out of the mist-hidden marsh, a shiver passed over me; and I drew in my head with a sudden change of thought.

"How cold it is! Mr. and Mrs. Rayner must be devoted admirers of the picturesque to live in a house that must be so very damp."

CHAPTER II.

I was down in the dining-room next morning, with the unfailing punctuality of a new-comer, at the sound of the breakfast bell, before any one else was there. Mr. Rayner came in in a few minutes, handsome, cheerful, but rather preoccupied; and I was listening to his bright small-talk with the polite stranger's smile, when I discovered, without having heard any sound, that Mrs. Rayner was in the room. She had glided in like a ghost, and, without more interest in the life around her that a ghost might show, she was standing at the table, waiting. I was thankful to see that there was no trace in her eyes now of the steadfast eager gaze which had disconcerted me on the night before, nothing but the limpest indifference to me in the way in which she held out her hand when her husband introduced me.

"She must have been pretty ten years ago," I thought, as I looked at her thin face, with the fair faded complexion and dull gray eyes. There was a gentleness about her which would have been grace still, if she had taken any pains to set off by a little womanly coquetry her slim girl-like figure, small thin hands, and the masses of long brown hair which were carelessly and unbecomingly dragged away from her forehead and twisted up on her head.

Then the door opened, and the servants came into prayers, with the elfish baby and a pretty delicate-looking child, blue-eyed and fair-haired, who was presented to me before breakfast as Haidee, my pupil.

Nobody talked during the meal but Mr. Rayner, and the only other noticeable thing was the improper behaviour of the baby, who kept throwing bits of bread at her father when he was not looking, and aimed a blow with a spoon at him when he passed her chair to cut himself some cold meat. He saw it and laughed at her.

"It is the most extraordinary thing, Miss Christie," said he; "but that child hates me."

I thought he spoke in fun; but, before I had been long at the Alders, I found that it was true that this most unpleasant baby's strongest feeling was dislike of her father, though there seemed to be no reason for it, since he never did anything harsher than laugh at her. She would not even take sweets from his hand.

"You do not know what primitive people you have come among, Miss Christie," said Mr. Rayner, during breakfast. "We dine here at half-past one. If we were to suggest late dinner, we should have to prepare our own food, like excommunicated persons. It is hard, as it is, to keep our modest staff of three servants. They say the place is damp, which, being interpreted, means that it is too far for their 'young men' in the town to come and see them. Were you not surprised at the wording of my advertisement?"

"Yes, Mr. Rayner."

"My wife was afraid was afraid it would frighten off many desirable young ladies by its ogreish abruptness. The fact is, the lady who has just left us, quite a typical instructress of forty, with prominent teeth and glasses, nearly frightened our lives out. She wouldn't talk, and my wife wants a cheerful companion; and she said she was dying of rheumatism, and threatened to prosecute me for decoying her to such a damp place. So we registered a solemn vow that we would have nothing to do with hoar antiquity again."

"How could she say anything against such a lovely place?" said I.

"Well, now, Miss Christie, I grant she had a show of reason on her side. I have sometimes thought the place damp myself; but my wife has got attached to it; haven't you, Lola?"

"Yes," said she, without a sign or feeling or interest.

"And so we remain," he went on. "A lady's wishes must be considered; and there are special reasons why they should be in this case. You must know, Miss Christie, that I am a penniless wretch, dependent on my wife; am I not, Lola?" He turned playfully to her.

"Not quite that," said she, gently, but with no more warmth than before.

"Practically I am," he persisted. "She was an heiress, I a ruined spendthrift, when she married me. Yet she trusted me, and the only condition she would allow her friends to make was that I should settle in the country—out of the reach of temptation, you see, Miss Christie."

He spoke with some feeling, and looked affectionately at his wife at the end of his unexpectedly frank confession; but she remained as impassive as ever.

I could not help feeling rather sorry for Mr. Rayner. He was always kind and attentive to his wife; but, whether he was in a bright mood, and tried to make her smile, or silent, and needing to be roused out of his gravity, she was always the same, limp, nerveless, apathetic, speaking when necessary in a low soft voice, slowly, with many pauses. She had a habit of letting the last words of a sentence die away upon her lips, and then, after a few moments, as if by an effort, she would say them aloud. I soon grew quite afraid of her, started if I met her unexpectedly, and felt more restrained in her presence than if she had been one of those brilliant satirical women who take the color out of the rest of their sex. Anxious to shake off this strange diffidence, which was beginning to cast a shadow over my life, I offered to read to her when my short hours of study with my pupil was over.

She accepted my offer, and I went into the drawing-room, that very afternoon and read her some chapters of *Adam Bede*, while she sat in a rocking-chair with a piece of embroidery making slow progress in the thin white fingers. I stopped at the end of each chapter, waiting for the comment which never came, and rather hoping for some little compliment upon my reading, an accomplishment I took pride in. But she only said "Thank you" very gently, and, when I asked her if I should go on, "Yes, if it will not tire you."

Presently I found out that she was not listening, except for a few minutes at a time, but that she was sitting with her hands in her lap listlessly playing with her embroidery, while her eyes were fixed on the garden outside, with a deep sadness in them which contrasted strangely with her usual apathetic indifference in all things. Still I read on, pretending not to notice her mood, until such a heavy despairing sigh broke from her pale lips that my heart beat fast for pity, and I involuntarily stopped short in my reading, and raised my eyes, with tears in them, to hers. She started, and, turning towards me, seemed to hold my eyes for a moment fixed on her by the fascination of a gaze which seemed anxious to penetrate to the deepest recesses of my thoughts. A little color came to her cheeks; I could see her breast heaving through the muslin gown she wore; she half stretched out one hand towards me, and in another moment I believe she would have called me to her side, when a voice from behind her chair startled us both.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The man who does not play a hora is not necessarily untoot-hard.

IS A SNAIL'S BITE DEADLY?

An Extraordinary Case in New Jersey.—A Physician Who is Puzzled.

Henry Reynolds, the 7-year-old son of Mr J. Reynolds, of 112 North Seventh street, Williamsburgh, died last Sunday morning from a cause which mystifies the doctors who have attended him. The boy's death, following that of his sister Lizzie, 20 months old, who died last Tuesday, together with the sickness of his other sister Mary and of his brother Willie, who both exhibit the same symptoms as those which marked the fatal sickness that brought death to him and his baby sister, have alarmed the neighborhood, and created not a little discussion among the physicians of the vicinity. The house is a three-story brick building with a basement. It is one of the oldest structures in the block. Mr. Reynolds and his family reside in the basement, whose floor is only two feet below the line of the street, but there is no cellar. Everything about the house is in good order and clean. Mr. Reynolds has his name on the basement door.

"There is my boy," he said to a reporter yesterday as he pointed to the coffin in the clean, well-furnished front basement, "and there are my two children," he continued entering the back basement, and pointing to a bed in which they lay, and over which his wife stood crying. About the room was seated a number of men and women discussing the cause of the death and sickness of the children.

"About four months ago we moved into this," Mr. Reynolds continued. "There is no cellar under it, and the landlord put down a new floor and boarded up that side of the room," pointing to a wall opposite the door. "He did that to keep out the snails and other creepers that infested the place. But it didn't keep them out, for see here, see how they come out of these cracks."

The reporter noticed marks, glistening dots, about the thirty-second of an inch long, on the boards. These dots he traced from the cracks in the boards across the ceilings. On the white ceiling these dots glistened.

"Now look at that hat," said Mr. Reynolds, showing a black felt hat. About the rim, on the top and sides of the hat were streaks about an eighth of an inch wide, which looked as if they had been made by some thick, dark colored liquid.

"When my baby was taken sick," said Mr. Reynolds, "a sore spot appeared on the back of her head, and one night while sitting up with her I noticed an animal about an inch in length crawling up the boards to the ceiling, and then I thought that maybe one of those things had bitten my child and poisoned it. That was about four weeks ago. The sore grew larger until she died. A week after the sore was noticed on the baby, Willie, who lies there dying, was taken sick, and a sore like that on the baby showed itself on his forehead. Willie is 3 years old. Then Mary who is in the bed with him, took sick the other day, but no sore has yet appeared. She took sick after Henry, who is in that coffin there, was stricken down. A week ago to-day he was in the street playing, and he came to his mother holding up the little finger of his left hand, saying that it pained him very much. There was a slight bruise on the finger. Dr. Lang attended the baby who was first stricken down, and when the others were taken sick I called in Dr. Murphy, who summoned Dr. Dugan. Dr. Sweeney is now attending the two children who are sick. Two children—I had six—are yet free from the complaint, whatever it is. I kept telling the doctors that I thought my children were dying from the bites of some poisonous animals, and the other day, after the death of Lizzie, Dr. Murphy asked me to catch some of them for him. Not until after midnight did they show themselves. I caught some of them. They are of a grayish color, about an inch long when crawling, but are able to stretch themselves out twice that length, and to contract themselves into a ball. They have two small horns on their heads. I gave what I caught to Dr. Murphy."

Dr. Murphy, when questioned about the death and sickness of the children said:

"The case is a very remarkable one. The things given me by Mr. Reynolds were common garden snails. I do not know that they will bite people, or that their bites is poisonous. When I first called I thought the sickness might be the result of sewer gas; but, as the parents and the other children did not manifest any symptoms and, as I never knew sores such as they had to break out as a result of breathing sewer gas, I was at fault. A brown scab covered the sore. When this scab was pressed, a thin fluid came from its margin. This fluid gave forth a sickening odor. Another strange thing is the places where the sores broke out.—*New York Times.*

Malapropos.

Talking of dinner parties, a gentleman not long since was dining with a friend, and was asked to take down a certain lady. Now there were two ladies present, one a widow, whose husband had not died in the odor of sanctity, the other a married woman, whose husband had gone to Ceylon. The unfortunate thought he had the married lady on his arm, but it was the widow, and turning to her with his most fascinating smile, he said,

"Nice day this has been."

"Do you think so? It has been so awfully hot!" replied she.

"Do you call *this* hot?" said he, archly, "Why, it is nothing compared to the place your husband has gone to."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury lately preached a sermon which has excited great attention, and in some quarters surprise. He dwelt in trenchant language on the want of sympathy between classes, and openly asserted his dread of what would be the results of the hate engendered among the lower by the indifference of the higher. It appears that his language had special reference to the indifference shown to the state of the poor around them by the rich city people who go up to London to do business from points within a radius of thirty miles of the metropolis, and show not the slightest interest in the affairs of the parishes in which they live. Clergymen holding livings in such places give ample confirmation to the prelate's words.

LADIES' COLUMN.

A Gymnasium for Girls.

There is a swell gymnasium for women, writes Clara Belle from New York, and I suppose men would laugh at the exercises, just as they heartlessly do when a girl attempts to throw a ball. The exercises consist largely of calisthenics—wheeling, dumbbells, percussion, and the like. The dumbbell exercises are vigorous and graceful. As a piano gives the measure and a drum the particular emphasis, the gymnasts perform difficult figures with unison and precision. The solid phalanx, a novel movement, is formed by double circles of girls advancing toward the centre until a close body is formed, the girls being united in the smallest conceivable space, and there performing gymnastic posturings. Such a lump of active loveliness would make a man's eyes glisten; but no masculine gaze is permitted. The percussion exercise is odd. The rows of performers are divided into groups of two, and each one of the two percussed the other on arms, legs, breast, and back with quick, decisive strokes to the music. Indian-club swinging is a snapping, seam-opening sort of exercise, and only a few of the girls are adepts at it. At a class exercise I saw seven of these fair athletes lightly dancing around the room. Stopping for a moment to take full breath they then swung the clubs with remarkable strength and ease. Running jumps are only possible to a few. I have, however, seen the bar raised to a height of four feet, and lightly cleared. Others easily made their way through the air by the means of suspended rings. The woman professor in charge of the gymnasium teaches the pupils how to walk. There is a style of walking sanctioned by fashion, the same as there are rules in dress. Instead of assuming a languid, willowy movement and inclining the body forward, which used to be the style, the New York girls are going to the other extreme by imitating the walk of our English cousins. This form of Anglomania is confined to the adoption of the erect position, throwing the shoulders well back. But we are sensible to stop short of the long strides and bobbing up-and-down peculiar to the English. The use of the low-heeled walking shoe has considerable to do with this unaffected, sensible style. With the French heel it was only possible to walk in a constrained way of walking on eggs. Another characteristic motion was the rolling from one side to the other, which was doubtless necessary to relieve the pressure on the foot as much as possible. The aim now is to march like diminutive grenadiers.

Awkward London Ladies.

"In former days," says a correspondent of *The St. James' Gazette*, "deportment was a part of every young lady's education; it was even considered a most important part; but it is quite clear that we have now changed all that. In my rambles about the west-end of London I rarely see a woman with a graceful walk, or one who seems conscious that there is such a thing as grace of movement. Of course the dressmakers are against them; but that does not account for everything. To see a lady entering a brougham is sometimes to see something almost ludicrous. And yet formerly the art of getting in and out of a carriage was a part of school-girl teaching, an old yellow chariot being sometimes dragged out for the purpose two or three times a week. Of course this is a free country, and ladies may do as they please; but in this particular they are not so pleasing to others as they might be."

FEMININE SPARKLES.

Belles of the ball—girl babies.

A New York woman keep a coach dog to match her freckles.

New York ladies now take lessons in fencing. They hope to make themselves more killing than ever.

A young man who proposed to his girl and was met with the reply that she "couldn't see it," is now more than ever convinced that love is blind.

"I've got this thing down fine now, Mildred," said Amy to the Boston high school girl. "Don't say 'got it down fine,' Amy, there's a dear; say 'reduced it to extreme tenuity.'"

There are two colored women lawyers in the United States, and when one of them gets to talking the court hears more black's tone that it ever dreamed could be utilized in practice.

A Maine woman offered her husband at auction and no one bid. Then she put up a billy goat, and $12 was offered. Ever since, in talking with the former, she puts this and that together.

"The dynamite party!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, who was reading over the papers. "Dear me, Augustus, we'll have to give one right away before those Smiths hears of it. I wonder what it's like?"

The following beautiful description of a sunset in Georgia is from the Macon *Telegraph*: "The rosy heels of the day, as he rakes down the western turnpike, have been greatly admired by the ladies lately."

I threw you a kiss, my pretty Louise,
I threw you a kiss at the door.
But your father's stern boot did the business for me,
For I couldn't turn round to throw more.

A woman who is kissed by mistake in the dark always screams and makes a great row about it, but one can wager she is provoked in another way when the man commences to offer excuses and says he wouldn't have done it if he had known whom it was.

An Indianapolis woman is suing for divorce because her husband muzzled her with a base-ball mask, and yet if base-ball masks were fashionable she would have worried the life out of him in her endeavors to persuade him to buy her one. This is a world of queer contrarieties.

A trade circular, under the title, "What will the Coming Girl Wear?" contains a description of the articles like to constitute the wardrobe of the future. It is a description sufficient to convince anybody that what the coming girl will chiefly wear is a hole in the pocketbook of the man who supports her.

Miss Edith (aged 6)—Mamma, they say the Gibbons have come into a whole lot of money. Ella Stanford says they are real common and vulgar, but I think we had better be very nice to them, as there are two boys in the family about my age, and when I grow up something might come out of it, you know.

Oh, horror! it is reported that an English nobleman is about to take steps to get a divorce from his American wife. After all the trouble that the dear creatures have been to secure titled spouses, it is really too bad if they are going to lose them through the vulgar instrumentality of the divorce court.

"I was to be married you know," said Blooms to his friend Clark, "but I g-guess it's off, you know, for g-good." "How is that?" asked Clark. "This way," replied Blooms. "She s-said she'd marry me, you know, when all impediments were r-removed." "Yes." "Well, I asked her last night if they were not all—aw—r-removed, you know, and s she said 'no'—I s-still s-stutter!"

Miss Upper Ten, an ultra fashionable young lady, was called to be with a sister who was dangerously ill in a western city. "What can she do for anyone ill and perhaps dying?" inquired a neighboring acquaintance who had heard of her departure. "She might give information as to which side they'll be most likely to wear harps on this season," said one of the company dryly.

At an inn in the neighborhood of Paris a dog lay stretched at full length in the middle of the hearth. Four travellers were seated around the fire. They were soon joined by the landlord. "What a fine dog! Is it yours, sir?" he said, addressing the first traveller. "No, sir." "Splendid creature! I suppose it is yours?" he asked the second. "No." "What a beautiful head! You must have given a good price for it?" he said turning to the third. "It isn't mine." "A magnificent animal!" continued the innkeeper, speaking to the fourth traveller, "you must be very fond of it!" "The dog doesn't belong to me, landlord," "What!" suddenly exclaimed our stupefied panegyrist. And giving the unlucky dog a tremendous kick, he said: "Get out, you dirty brute!"

A GHOST STORY.

Remarkable Incident at a Hallowe'en Gathering—Dread Fulfillment of a Promise.

An incident of a rather peculiar nature occured in Montreal on last Hallowe'en which has given rise to considerable conjecture and surmise. The facts, as obtained from one of the participants by a representative of the *Gazette*, briefly stated are to the effect that seven young ladies, all of Montreal, at a Hallowe'en gathering ten years ago agreed to meet again on the same evening ten years after; the stipulation was "dead or alive," the young lady who made use of that expression reminding the other six of their agreement a short time after by sending them each an invitation for Oct. 31, 1883. This lady was evidently the originator of the little reunion, and laughingly promised to be present, even if dead, and it were at all possible for her to do so. About four years ago this lady died very suddenly. She is described as having been of a quiet, religious disposition, and very tall.

The remainder of the ten years rolled by, and the time for the reunion came. Accordingly, on All-Hallow eve the six met at the house of two of their number, who were sisters, for ten: but, according to the original agreement, a chair was left vacant for the missing one. This chair was draped in black, while in front of it were some withered flowers, gathered from the grave of the deceased. Nothing remarkable occurred during the repast, save that the young lady next to the empty chair spoke of a strange nervous sensation, but this was not thought of at the time. After tea they started to the parlor, immediately adjoining, the young lady last mentioned leading the way, and carrying in her hand the bunch of withered flowers. The parlor was quite dark, saving the light which streamed in from the dining-room as she opened the door. At that moment she cried:—"Look! look!" and pointed into the parlor, where three or four of them saw distinctly a tall white figure standing at the door leading from the parlor to the hall. She who had first seen it retreated quickly, and was just leaving the dining-room by the door from that room to the hall when she again saw the figure, and her cry brought three of the others to the door, and all saw it glide quickly along the hall from the parlor door to the door leading to the street, which seemed to open of itself and close after the figure had passed through.

Only one of the six failed to see the figure at all, she having in both cases been too late, consequently she was very dubious, and believed the apparition to be merely some kind of a practical joke, and at once went and inspected the door of exit, but this was always kept locked and latched from within, and was found to be still secure, so the trick theory was apparently out of the question as a solution of the mystery.

Our informant saw the figure twice, and describes it as being "just the right height"—that is to say, very stall, and wholly draped in white; no hands nor feet were to be seen; and the face was concealed; it seemed to glide rather than walk, and moved very quickly; it did not touch the door at all and did not appear to pass through it, but the door seemed to open of itself and close behind the figure. The sensation produced by the figure was if it were chuckling to itself on having kept the promise to be present, and laughing at the scare produced—at least our young lady informant states such to have been her sensations in so far as she had any apart from the dominant sense of fear.

Such is the story, and we give it for what it is worth without attempting to offer either explanation or comment.

Two y do it.

The *Christian at Work* has an article entitled "How to Make a Wife Insane." We have not read it, presuming the method given to be, of course, either to come into the house with mud on your boots, or to forget to bring home your wife's bonnet for her from the milliner's on Saturday night.

Neuralgia Treated by the Tuning Fork.

Dr. Rasori applies the tuning fork, while vibrating, over the course of the painful nerve. The sitting usually lasts about half an hour, and the patient is generally relieved without further treatment. He records his method in the *Chin. Lan. and Clin.*

Motors for Sewing-Machines.

Mr. Watkins, a Clerkenwell, England, manufacturer, has lately completed an invention for driving sewing-machines, and which can be applied equally well to every kind of machine. It is contained in a box about 15 inches cube, which supports the machine, and is itself supported by legs like those of the ordinary table, but with no crank, treadle, flywheel, or strap. The box contains a length of steel tape, which is wound up to serve as a coiled spring for use, and is prevented from releasing itself by the usual rachet and click arrangement of clocks. The chief merit of the invention is in a method of compensating the action of this tape in such a way as to make it drive the machine as fast and with as much power at the termination of the run as at the commencement. In Mr. Watkins' spring motor there is a contrivance which causes the tape, as it is wound, to form itself what he calls a "parabolic spiral"—an arrangement by which as it unfolds it compensates its own action and drives the machine steadily throughout its run. The box contains also, a drum on which the chain is wound, a series of multiplying wheels, an instantaneous brake, which is worked from the immediate vicinity of the needle above, a flywheel, and the connections with the sewing machine. The contrivance can be stopped instantaneously by the brake, or gradually by the regulator; and the action is so completely under control that, although when at full speed the needle attains a rate of between 900 and 1,000 stitches a minute, it can be set to work so slowly that the machine scarcely moves. The power of the motor is such that the thickness of the material sewn is of little importance, for the speed of the needle is but slightly reduced by passing through ten or twelve layers of unbleached calico or two of leather. The inventor claims that the apparatus can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost, and that the working parts are calculated to last for years with reasonable treatment.

The Manufacture of Beads.

Beads are largely made in Venice, where glass-making has always been the principal industry. It is said that the invention of beads dates from the thirteenth century, and is due to two Venetians, Motti and Imbriani, who were urged to make experiments by the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. Under the Venetian Republic, and for some years after its fall, says our Consul at Venice, the exportation of beads had not reached the importance it has now attained. This was, perhaps, owing to the smallness of the furnaces, and to the difficulty and length of the technical processes required for the composition of the paste.

The Morelli, however, who in 1670 were the principal bead manufacturers, had four ships at sea, carrying beads to the East on their own account; they had became so rich that in 1686 they entered the rank of the Venetian nobility on payment of the sum of 100,000 ducats to the Republic. Since 1815 this industry has become so important as to give, at the present time, employment to about 15,000 persons. The traffic is carried on with all the world, but the principal exportation of beads is to the ports of Asia and Africa. An extraordinary stimulus was given to this industry a few years ago by the prevailing taste for beads for trimming ladies' dresses. A great extension of the manufacture took place, and labor was paid so high that all who could do so, gave up their usual trades for bead-making. But when the demand for beads declined, most of the workmen who had been allured by fancy wages to the bead manufacture, were thrown out of work and compelled to return to their former occupations.

Whatever be the cause, bead making has always been the special privilege of Venice, in spite of all foreign attempts to manufacture this article elsewhere. The wages in glass works are for a first master about eight francs a day, for a second master, four and one-half francs, and for the ordinary workmen, from two francs to five francs a day. During the last five years the average annual exportation of beads has been 25,000 quintals, of the approximate value of 5,500,000 francs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Englishman's Grave.

Winnipeg has been "boomed" in England by interested parties, and the result is that there are to-day numbers of Englishmen scattered throughout the Northwest. Some of these Englishmen are in a bad way. There is in this city of Winnipeg at the present moment an ex-captain of one of Her Majesty's regiments, who has not tasted food for five days. Think of that, my lords and ladies; think of that, you Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every kind. Not a morsel of food for five days, and if this gentleman, born and bred, does not get employment shortly he threatens to blow out his brains. There is to-day in this city another Englishman lying at the point of death in a city hotel, and he has neither money nor friends. There is another Englishman who has sold his clothes, his jewelry, his souvenirs of home, in order to procure one meal a day, and now he is at the end of his tether; and what next? In conversation with a member of the staff of this journal, a young educated, well-bred Englishman remarked, "Winnipeg is the Englishman's grave." Few of you who read this item know anything about the distress that exists in this wonderful city to-day, and few of you care. Who is to blame for it? Who is responsible for bringing out these young men on the strength of lying and exaggerated promises? First and foremost, the press of Winnipeg, which has lied about the condition of things in the Northwest, and which continues to lie. Go down to the C. P. R. depot any time you like and see the number of men out of employment. Ask the general superintendent, ask the heads of the Post Office, Custom House, and of our leading business houses, how many applications they receive for employment, and then reflect if all you read about this overrated country is true. "The Englishman's grave," that is the name that Winnipeg is receiving, and God knows that things are bad enough in it. —*Winnipeg Siftings.*

Standing Bear's son proposes to redress the wrong of the red man. He is studying to be a plumber.

"Talk about pitchers with curves" remarks an eminent base-ballist, "there's no curve like that of the little brown jug."

Chinese Peasant Life.

A writer in the London *Times* gives this as an example of the condition of the Chinese peasant: A family consisting of eight persons owns an acre and a half of land. The land was bought by the grandfather of the present head, and has never been subdivided since nor added to. He grows about seventy bushels of rice and thirty-five of wheat, and some vegetables and cotton beside, worth altogether in money about $50. He has two nephews who work outside and bring home something to help, and in that way they get along, but they are very poor. He and all his neighbors wear native blue cloth, spun and woven in the family, by the women, from cotton grown by themselves. He never wore foreign cotton. The coat he had on (a well worn affair) had been made two years previously, and it would last two years more. It served him at night as a coverlet as well as a coat by day.

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Furnishes indemnity against loss of time by sickness or accident at comparatively low rates. For particulars enclose stamp to the secretary, Toronto, Ont

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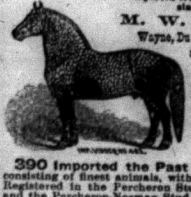
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25 cards, assorted, mostly small, $ 25
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No two cards alike. Cash to be sent with order.

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METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the groups? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Prvs. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

THE CEDARS, P.E.I., Oct. 23, '83.

MR. J. H. FORD—DEAR SIR,—The photographs came to hand all right, and give great satisfaction. I have a photo of my dwelling with a person in front which I would like a dozen cabinets taken from. What would you charge for them?

Yours truly,
WM. HEARD.

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
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Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

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A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

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and try what it will do. A full stock of

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always on hand.

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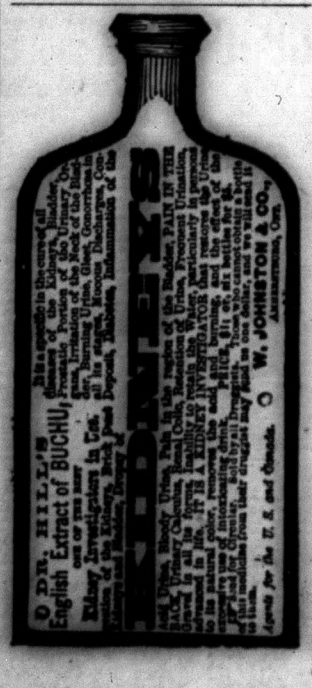

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For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

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HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.. ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

FANCY | CHINA | WARE,

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

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I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

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Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

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Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

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Nails Iron, Steel
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GENERAL
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Glass, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN S. DIX, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 347. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, December 20, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

ELECTIONS LAST WEEK.

The dominion election was in West Middlesex, where Mr. G .W. Ross(reformer) had been unseated. Mr. Cameron (reformer) is elected in his stead. So there is no change in the political complection of the hou e of commons.

But in the three local elections the result shows a liberal gain of one.

For in West Middlesex Hon. G. W. Ross (reformer), the new minister of education, has been elected over his opponent, Mr.John on (conservative), who was unseated the other day under the election law.

In Cardwell Mr. Hammell, the unseated conservative, is re-elected.

In West Simcoe Mr. Phelps, the unseated, is re-elected.

Mr. Mowat is thus strengthened by yesterday. He gains a seat and gets a new, and letus hope, able minister of education, a man who ought to prove of value in the house and of use in the cabinet.

SUICIDE OR MURDER.

A MARKHAM MAN FOUND SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD.

Markham, Dec. 18.—A man by the name of Robbins, a laborer about sixty years of age, living in the 7th con. of Markham, was found shot through the head last night about seven o'clock, in his own cottage. The ball appears to have struck his head in a position to go down through the brain, and would indicate that murder had been committed. The wife, however, states that her husband came home intoxicated in the evening, and an altercation took place between them, and he then shot himself with a pistol. Two children living at home, a boy about fourteen years old, and a sister younger, both confirm the mother's statment. To-morrow morning the coroner, Dr. Doherty will hold an inquest on the body, and further evidence will be given to make clear what at present is a mystery.

THE RESULT OF A LOTTERY.

AN UNSEEMLY SQUABBLE AT A KINGSTON CHURCH SOCIAL.

At a bazar held in Kingston a few days ago in aid of the debt on St. Paul's church a very serious row occurred.—Voting took place as to who was the favorite out of Mr. Harty, liberal, and Dr. Sullivan, conservative. At 10 o'clock it was claimed that the grit had 1917 votes and the tory only 1827. The latter party shoved up more money but the grits objected on the grounds that the poll had closed. Rev. Mr. Carey, seeing the excitement pending, declared the poll closed, whereupon the tories took possession of the booth, overturning it and securing the ballot box. A lady was struck by one of the falling poles, others fainted, and for a time excitement reigned supreme. At one time it looked as if blows were to be the outcome, and not a little profane language was used on both sides. The clergyman attempted to cast oil upon the troubled waters, but his words were unheeded. In the general clamor, a hot-blooded tory seized the chair intended as a prize for the candidate securing the most votes, and declaring Sullivan at the head of the poll, handed it to him. The grits then left the church. The next morning Mr. Harty's lawyers sent a letter to the Rev. Mr. Carey, demanding the chair on his behalf under pain of further legal proceedings.

Lumbermen in Ottawa district complain greatly of the loss they have been put to this season by the stormy weather, owing to the trees being blown down and blocking the roads.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—In all outward complaints a desperate effor ought be made to at once remove these annoying infirmities, and of estabishing a cure. The remarkable remedies discovered by Professor Holloway will satisfactorily accomplish this desirable result, without any of those dangers or drawbacks which attend the old method of treating ulcerative inflamations, scrofulous affections, and scorbutic annoyances. The most timid invalids may use both the Ointment and Pills with the utmost saftey with certain success, provided a moderate attention bestowed on their accompaning "Directions" Both the, preparations soothe, heal, and purify. The one assists the other most materially in effecting cures and renewing strength by helping exhausted nature just when she needs succor.

AN NSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recomending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by all Druggests.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system "mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world Price 25c a bottle

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 20	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	1 00	to	1 05
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 80
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Sheepskins,	0 70	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

Private Schoo

MRS. BAYLIS (lately from England) gives lessons in music and singing at her residence, in Elgin street. She also takes a limited number of pupils, to instruct with her own children, in all the usual branches of an English education. Rudimental French and Drawing. Terms on applicatiun. 343

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land,on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.
July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

Estray.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 12, 3rd con. Madoc, in the month of July last, two Yearling Heifers,one red and the other spotted red and white. Any person giving such information as will lead to her recovery will be suitably rewarded.

R. McKENZIE.
Madoc, Dec. 1st, 1883. 345-2w

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS!

To the Municipal Electors
—OF THE—
Township of Madoc

NOTICE is hereby given that the Nominations for Reeve, Deputy Reeve, and three Councillors for the Township of Madoc, for the year 1884, will be held in

HARRIS' HALL, ELDORADO,
—ON—
Monday, Dec. 31st inst,
at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

You are notified that the Township is divided into four Divisions this year for Municipal purposes, as follows:—

Division No. 1.—All that part of the Township east of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and south of the line between lots 12 and 13. Hart's school house to be the polling place. J. R. Ketcheson, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2.—All east of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and north of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at McCoy's school house. J. Rimington, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3.—All west of the line between 6th and 7th concessions, and north of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at Report's school house. O. Johnson, Returning Officer.

Division No. 4.—All west of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and south of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at O'Hara's school James O'Hara, jr, Returning Officer.

The election will take place on the first Monday in January next.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on
Monday Evening, Dec'r 31ts,
At 8 o'clock.
LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.
The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted

Steady employment, afixed salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant Work the Year Round
Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

Music Teacher.

MRS. J. STEPHENS, begs to intimate to the public generally that she is prepared to attend pupils at their own residences, to give instructions in music—Piano and Organ. Studies—Secular and Classical music, with Harmony and Thorough Bass. 345

Stray Heifer.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, w ½ lot 6, 9th concession of Madoc, on December 5th, a yearling Heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

WM. A. PRINGLE.
December, 1883. 345-3

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS will be received up to the 15th day of December for Forty (40) Cords of Good Hard Body Wood, delivered in the basement of the Model School in Madoc village, wood to be delivered by the 1st of March. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Address tenders to

JOHN ROBERTSON,
Sec'y School Board.
Madoc, Nov. 28, 1883. 344-3w

NOTICE OF
DISSOLUTION!

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of BOWEN & ELLIS, Grocers, etc, Madoc, has been dissolved, the business in future to be carried on by D. R. Bowen.

All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to the said D. R. Bowen, who also assumes all liabilities.

D. R. BOWEN.
E. ELLIS.

Madoc, Nov. 20, 1883.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

FRESH OYSTERS
NOW ARRIVING.
Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as
FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.
We have a nice assortment of
CANNED GOODS
suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of
Crawford's Pure Package Teas,
which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.

Luncheons as usual.
Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883. S. A. DAVIS.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

ESTRAY.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned, Madoc village, about the middle of November, two yearling Heifers. Owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take them away.

JAMES KIRK,
Dec. 12th. 346-3w

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 13, 6th con. Madoc, on or about the 1st of October last, a stray Steer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away.

D. FRASER.
Madoc, Dec. 6th. 346-3w

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—second floor South from asonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)
Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL - SURGEON.
OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.
If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 298

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.
THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to
W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c.
CENTERVILL, - ONTARIO.
WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.
Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.
THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for
Flour and Feed
of every description at the lowest possible prices.
Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.
S. ROLLINS.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Ladies' Pastimes a Century Ago.

Not long since an eminent German traveller described the fashionable English ladies of the present day as intolerably dull, prudish, and uninteresting, without a speck of natural gayety or fun. Such a complaint seems strange, says a writer in *Frank Leslies' Popular Monthly*, and without a doubt is founded upon mistaken notions of English social life. He should have been able to visit England in the last century, and then he would perhaps have found that the humors of a London season were more in accordance with his views of liveliness. Here are some pictures which would probably delight him:

"We have a young lady here," writes Gray, "that is very particular in her desires. I have known some young ladies who, if they prayed, would ask for some equipage or title, a husband or matadores. But this lady, who is but 17, and has £30,000 to her fortune, places all her wishes on a pot of good ale! When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she could only lose a husband, whereas ale is her passion."

What an acquisition that lady would have been to Hans Breitman's famous "barty," and how she would have made the "lager beer" vanish!

Here is another picture of maids of honor and their diversions in the season, among them beautiful, jolly Mary Bellenden, represented by her contemporaries as the "most perfect creature ever known." In a pleasant letter Pope introduces us to a whole bevy of them.

"I went," he says, "by water to Hampton court, and met the prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, returning from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws of harboring Papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better—an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maiden of honor was of all things the most miserable, and wished that all women who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, riding over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever and (what is worse a hundred times), with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for hunters. As soon as they wipe off the heat of the day they must simper an hour and catch cold in the princess' apparment; from thence to dinner, with what appetite they may; and after that, till midnight, work, walk, or think—which way they please. Miss Lepell and walk with me three or four hours by moonlight, and met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."

But they could play at high jinks sometimes, and they were somewhat boydenish in their manners, as the following anecdote, humorously told by Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, will prove:

"There has been," he writes, "a great fracas at Kinsington. One of the mesdames (George II.'s daughter) pulled the chair from under Countess Delorme at cards, who, being provoked that her monarch was diverted at her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse gave him just such another fall. But alas! the monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and angry that the countess is disgraced. And her German rival (Lady Yarmouth) remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's favor."

The following challenge, issued by Lady Butterfield, proves, too, that the women of the "tea-cup days of patch and hoop" could hold their own at masculine sports:

"This is to give notice to all my honored masters and ladies, and the rest of my loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, to leap a horse, or run on foot, or hollow, with any woman in England, seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now 74 years of age. My feast will be the last Wednesday of this month, April, when there will be a good entertainment for that day and all the year after, in Wanstead, in Essex."

This cartel of defiance to the sex was issued annually; but we have never heard that there was any Amazon who picked up the gauntlet. It was before the time of "Mrs." Thornton, who rode for thousands of guineas, and hogsheads of claret at Doncaster and York, and beat even the "crack" jockey Frank Buckle himself; otherwise Lady Butterfield might have found a foewoman worthy of her steel in the mistress of the owner of Thornton Royal.

But the ladies of that time must have been singularly simple and unaffected in their tastes, and free and easy in their manners. When Beau Fielding, a mighty fine gentleman, was courting the lady whom he married, he treated her and her companion, at his lodgings, to a supper from the tavern, and after supper they went out for a fiddler—three of them.

"Fancy the three," says Thackeray, "in a great wainscoted room in Covent Garden or Soho, lighted by two or three candles in silver sconces, some grapes and a bottle of Florence wine on the table, and a honest fiddler playing old tunes in quaint minor keys, as the beau takes one lady after the other and solemnly dances with her."

The Marriage Question.

To be married is with perhaps the majority of women, says a recent writer, the entrance into life, the point they assume for carrying out their ideas and aims, and there are not a few women in most circles whose personal claims are not such as to promise them unlimited choice, and who know this so well that on receiving an offer of marriage they recognize it as an occasion—an opportunity. If such a clear-sighted maiden refuses a pretender to her hand because he does not reach her social standard, she does so alive to the alternative of the future—a life which offers her few honors and small gratitude in return for the sacrifices she makes to social obligations. For, after all, a man very much in earnest and uttering flatteries new to unaccustomed ears may naturally be rejected on the instant with an unforeseen tenderness, exciting a momentary question. We adopt the word sacrifice, for which some apology is due to any single lady who reads the paper, from De Quincey, who is eloquent on the nobility and virtues of the old maids (insulting name he calls it) of England, in whom he recognizes the most highly cultivated women of his day—a patrician class of martyrs, so to say, to the cause of social order. The highest type of old maid has made no sacrifice, nor is she in any sense a victim, for marriage as a state is not necessary to her idea of happiness; but she has none of that antagonism toward half the human race which Miss Priscilla makes her boast; nor is she the one who has set herself against marriage, or whom no man has ever wished to marry. She is the woman who has never met with her ideal, and who has never been cunningly persuaded to accept anything short of it.

Every woman with any romance or magnanimity has, so far as she contemplates marriage for herself merely in the abstract, an ideal, or some vague assemblage of high qualities which stand for such. She can only suppose herself voluntarily linking her fate with another, if that other is a man exceptionally good or noble, or at least distinguished among his fellows. At all events he must be quite above the common run of men about her. The typical old maid has had this ideal and been faithful to it; it may be for the want of adequate temptation to inconsistency. Some women—the charming woman, for example—have not been allowed to keep their ideal. They have lost sight of it in finding themselves the ideal of some one else. Our typical vestal has never been a charming woman, though she may have many excellent gifts and graces. Women are so made, happily for men, that gratitude, pity, the exquisitive pleasure of pleasing, the sweet surprise of finding themselves necessary to another's happiness (or being flattered into the notion), altogether obscure and confuse the judgment; they either forget their ideal altogether or think they have found it in the very commonplace mortal who is their choice. But to some women this does not happen. The natural instinct to please is not strong in them. They only care to please where their taste and judgment approve, and their manner is cold or indifferent in general society. There is a French proverb, compounded of resignation and worthy policy, which represents the submission and the destiny of the attractive woman: *Quand on n'a pas ce qu' on aime, il faut aimer ce qu' on a.* It is not that the other is deliberately attractive, but she recognizes no necessity. She does not want to please out of her pale of sympathies, and the alternative has no terrors for her. In fact, she has foreseen that a single life is her possible destiny. It is not at all necessary that this unattractiveness should have to do with a conscious want of beauty. A beautiful woman, as far as color and outline constitute beauty, but failing in bewitching qualities, may repel admiration by indifference, and live to glorify the sisterhood to which her manner devotes her; but it is the woman of commonplace ex erior and sensitive mind that is commonly left alone with her ideal. We believe that almost any woman who is not called "particular," may marry if she chooses—that is, if she does not speculate upon her self or share the world's unfavorable view of her personal pretentions.

GIRLISH GAYETIES.

William Penn came of a hard family. Haven't you heard of the "Pirates of Penn's aunts?"

"I am at your service, madam," said the polite burglar when caught with his arms full of silverware.

"Cloaks are worn long," says a fashion exchange, but it neglects to add that those with the shortest purse were them longest.

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young ardent, "I want her to be my wife."

People who are color-blind can not distinguish any difference between red and green. To them the woman who paints her cheeks look green.

"I was only footing one of your late Bills," remarked a fond father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard.

The christening of an infant archduchess of Austria occurred lately. This fact came by cable. The name of the royal infant will be sent over by steamer as soon as the royal secretary gets it copied.

"The surest way to take cold," said a distinguished physician, "is to hug the stove." Young men who go courting on Sunday nights should remember this, and not spend all their time hugging the stove.

"Next Monday will be a big day in the necropolis," said Mrs. McGill at tea last evening. "How so?" queried the squire. "Because," said she, "it is a sentimental universary of the vaccination of New York by the British troupes."

"Well," said a jaunty son-in-law, lounging in from the office with his father's mail, "you've got a postal from ma, and she says she has met a cyclone." "Pity the cyclone," was the old gentleman's crusty reply, as he jabbed his pen into the inkstand.

"Ethel," said the teacher, "whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulder?" "Atlas, sir." "You are quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now, who supported Atlas?" "I suppose," said Ethel softly, "I suppose he married a rich wife."

Mrs. Symkins de Harris (to lady caller)—Do we know the Hoggs? I don't think we do. Do we Maud? Young Symkins de Harris (age 11 years)—Oh, ma, what a story! Didn't pa say he owed Mr. Hogg $5,000, and he didn't know where in the world it was to come from? (Tableau).

"Have you decided on your winter suit?" inquired a tailor of a sad-eyed gentleman lounging in the door way of the store. "No," was the melancholy reply, "but I believe my wife has." "Your wife has?" exclaimed the puzzled haberdasher. "Yes, I believe she calls it a divorce suit."

The various phases of the tender passion have been thus exemplified: A ship is foolishly in love when she is attached to a buoy; she is prudently in love when she leaves the buoy for the pier; she places her affection beneath her when she is anchoring for a heavy swell, and she is desperately in love when she is tender to a man-of-war.

FOR THE FARMER.

The pig is the only farm animal that will profitably work over the manure of other stock. If store hogs are left to run where cattle or horses are left on store grain they will earn a good part of their living by rooting among the droppings. Again their own excrement will greatly add to the value of the manure pile. In fact, mixing cow and horse manure together and letting it all be rooted over by pigs is much better than using either separately or composting in any other way.

A barrel is a very convenient receptacle for holding seed potatoes in the winter, but one that has once held salt should not be used. If the potatoes is in any way bruised, enough of the salt will be absorbed from the wood to cause decay. There will at best be an injury to vitality of the eyes if kept in a salt or phosphate barrel for the winter. A loose box not more than eighteen inches deep and ventilated is much better than any close receptacle. A light cellar kept a little above the freezing point is better than one that is warm and dark.

Agricultural Notes.

The most extensive orchard in this country is undoubtedly that of Mr. Robert McKinstey of Hudson, N. Y., whose farm of 300 acres is entirely set to apples, pears and cherries. The orchard consists of about 30,000 trees. Most of the fruit is shipped to Europe.

Potato vines thinly spread over strawberry plants makes the best protection for winter. They contain no weed seeds, and most of their substance is broken down into rich mould by the time spring growth begins. Do not cover until the ground is frozen, and weight the vines to prevent them blowing away.

In localities where amber cane has been grown for sugar this year it should not be forgotten that its seed, ground and separated from the husk, makes an admirable substitute for buckwheat flour. The farmer who grows amber sugar can may thus employ himself with food and with sweet to make it more palatable.

It will be a great mistake for any farmer to allow the loss of a single crop to so disgust him as to change his course of farming. If it usually succeeds, keep on. You have at least the implements and conveniences for cultivating and harvesting this crop. A change would involve increased expense, and, unless you have some experience, many losses.

In some experiments with fertilizers on wheat it was found that one piece, with the same treatment, yielded eleven bushels per acre more than another. The difference was finally explained by an old farmer who had long lived in the neighborhood, and who remembered that eight years before the plot yielding most heavily had received a heavy dressing of barnyard manure. Every crop grown since had shown the good effects of this treatment.

During the winter season hogs are apt to get too rich and too concentrated food. They will eat the straw given for bedding while it is clean. Hay is better, because more nourishing, and when hay is plentiful a little may often be profitably fed with other food. It is especially valuable where corn is the staple feed. Oats and barley furnish enough bulk in the husks so that further distention of the stomach is not necessary.

The eggs of the tent caterpillar may now be found in shining bunches closely glued to the ends of twigs, where the worm is to hatch and find its feed. They will endure severe freezing without injury, and are protected against any ordinary degree of moisture. Painting each branch with a brush dipped in varnish will destroy their vitality by closing the eggs so that air cannot enter. Crude petroleum oil will do as well.

It is a noteworthy fact that all the leading dairy breeds of cows come from countries near the seashore, and where there is an abundant supply of moisture in the atmosphere. The milking capacity of common cows may be greatly increased by moistening their feed. If water is always convenient cows will drink much more, but it does not always follow that water so taken will be assimilated with the food in the stomach, as it will where both food and moisture are taken together.

Sows farrow in about 116 days or a little less than four months after coupling. The sows intended for breeding should be kept by themselves and fed with wheat middlings ground oats or barley, and boiled potatoes. It is not best to feed them much corn. They will naturally tend too much to fat while with pig, and it may be necessary to restrict their diet so that they will squeal occasionally before feeding. No time should now be lost in getting sows with pig, as late Spring pigs will hardly get growth enough to profitably fatten the coming fall.

Meadows.

Meadows are rarely as good as they may be made. To have them in good condition they require constant attention and repair. There are two seasons when the meadows can be profitably regulated, viz., Spring and Fall. Just now a liberal top-dressing with fine manure, ashes, lime, or potash salts, with a little fresh seed in thin places, and a moderate harrowing will be of great benefit. There is not much to be got from them by the cows now, and what little there is not very good. It is a good plan to keep a small meadow for Fall or Winter pasture, where the latter can be used. If one has not the grass, rye sown in July or August among the corn at the last working will make a very good substitute. But there is no crop that can be grown that is so good as good grass for this use. If the grass is liberally treated one acre of it will carry one cow, off and on, through the whole season. A good meadow will pay the interest on $500 per acre; that is, $25 or $30 a year at 5 or 6 per cent. interest. And one reason for this is that it comes in at the very seasons when good feeding is the most valuable; that is in the Spring or early Summer and in the Fall. But it should be only used at those seasons and rested between them, so as to make a good growth when it is wanted. And as soon as it has been eaten down it should itself be fed; that is, it should have a dressing of plaster, salt, or fine bone, or all of them, in the Spring, and lime, ashes, or manure, or all of them, in the Fall. Then it will pay, and, just like a cow, it will pay in proportion to the way it is fed.

A restless disposition in a horse is often very annoying and generally hard to overcome. One thing noticeable about it is that such a disposition generally belongs to a horse which is deficient of real good horse sense; hence the lack of a good foundation on which to begin a reform. Kind treatment and quiet handling are about the best treatment that can be prescribed in such cases. One thing is positive, that the rougher they are handled the more liable they are to become nervous and excitable.

Winter Care of Stock.

I do not make this appeal to those who are raising thoroughbred stock or who are devoting their time and money to the most intelligent methods of stock raising, supplied with new and commodious barns and surrounded by all the modern improvements, but to that more numerous class of farmers whose barns were built a half century or more ago, and whose methods of feeding and care are even more ancient. To these would I suggest the adoption of more rational and remunerative systems of Winter care of stock.

Warmth is second only to feed for the prosperity of any stock. Many who read this have practiced turning their cattle into the yard by eight o'clock in the morning of Winter days, where they remain till four in the afternoon, possibly being tied up for a noon feed, but more likely a coarse fodder dinner being scattered for them in the yard. I ask that all such farmers should try for one month the method of keeping every creature sheltered all day, turning out but once, about noon being the best time, for drink. I am convinced that under this method cattle do better and consume less hay. New milch cows may need more drink, but a pail of warm bran slop supplied the want.

A single load of spruce, hemlock, or bass wood logs if carried to the saw mill will make a large number of half-inch boards or battens if split up in widths of four inches or more. These should be nailed over those cracks of the barn that have been widening every year for an age. Hay enough will thus be saved to pay the saw bill. Better still, if around the stable whole boards be nailed so as to leave a few inches space between the inner and the outer walls, the space between being filled with straw or forest leaves. The partition in front of the cattle should be fully boarded up, a drop door being fixed through which to feed. The mangers should be so partitioned off that no animal can steal anotheres hay.

Regularity in feeding is essential to success, also that more feed be given than will be eaten up clean. Feed a variety while possible, and salt occasionally by dissolving coarse salt in a pail of hot water, and sprinkling a foddering of hay or straw. Frequent use of the cattle card makes friends of the stock and pays in dollars and cents. A pocket full of corn nubbins will induce cattle promptly to take their proper places in the barn, while screaming and pounding will ever cause disastrous commotion.

It is often said that Winter is the time when we feed out all we can raise in Summer, as though it were a season of dread, with no profit accruing, but to the thoughtful and earnest farmer, watching and improving the condition of his stock, it should be a season of great satisfaction. Suitable care and attention will make most stock advance in condition, size and value during the Winter months, and the net profit of keeping stock, whether for market or for breeding and dairy purposes is determining by the condition in which they come from the Winter quarters to Summer pastures.

Inventions of Half a Century.

The *Home Journal*: The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but looking back for half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded history! The perfection of the locomotive, and now the world-traversing steamship, the telegraph, chromo-lithographic printing, the cylinder printing press, the elevators for hotels and other many-storied buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning jenny, the reaper and the mower, the steam thresher, the steam fire engine, the improved process for making steel, the application of chloroform and ether to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention and discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is only trembling on the verge of successful experiment, the introduction of the steam from a great central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed as among events; the artificial production of butter has already created a consternation among dairymen, the navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be prefigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is even now clearly indicated by the march of experiment. There are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or the telephone? We talk by cable with an ocean rolling between; we speak in our own voice to friends one hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivaling the most solid and crystalline production of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arms to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, and delivers to you folded and counted, many thousands per hour. Of a verity this is the age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping place yet.

When a Waxahachie preacher announced his text he simply said:—"Hell—what is it."

ALL SORTS.

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

Good boys are trained in the streets and dens of Chicago until they become bad boys, then they can be admitted to the Feehanville training school. This institution is reserved for bad boys. Poor, good boys have no such place to go.

First boy: "Where yer bin, Billy?" Second boy: "Bin fishin'." First boy: "Ketch anythin'?" with an anxious expression on his face. Far seeing second boy: "No, but I expect ter when I git in the house."

"I don't understan I why women dress that way," said a man, pointing at a lady who passed along the street. "I don't either," replied a bystander. "That woman," continued the first speaker, "is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool." "I know he is," said the bystander. "Do you know him?" "Oh, yes. I'm the blamed fool myself.

The *Monetary Times* says: A large item in the expense of maintaining a sleeping car is the washing bill. The Pullman Company's entire outfit includes 50,000 sheets, 46,000 pillow-slips, 13,000 blankets, 16,000 hand towels, and 6,000 roller towels. A car is entirely emptied and cleaned as soon as it reaches its destination, and the linen sent straight to the laundry. The Wagner Company's total equipment is 4,000 woollen blankets, 13,851 linen sheets, 12,202 pillow-slips, 5,740 hand-towels, and 2,347 roller-towels. The expense of keeping the Wagner Company's bedding clean is $30,000 a year, the Pullman Company's is larger.

Nest-Building Fishes.

In floating along the shores of some woodland stream, we may watch the domestic life of the sunfish *Eupomotis*, the mottled, bespangled friend of the angler, that is seemingly always on hand to be caught in default of nobler game.

Along the shore where delicate grasses grow, where floating lily pads cast strange shadows, and the white pink-tipped buds reach upward, here among the winding stems, sheltered by a mossy bank with overhanging ferns and cat-o'-nine-tails, the sunfish builds its nest. They may be seen by pairs moving in and out among the lilies near the shore, as if jointly selecting the site for their nursery. It is generally a gravelly spot, and once agreed upon, the little builders set vigorously to work. The stems and roots are torn up for twelve inches about, and carefully carried several feet away, while the smaller rootlets are swept aside by skillful blows of their tails, both fishes standing over the nest creating a mimic whirlpool with their tails that effectually carries of the objectionable particles. The stones are next taken away, the smaller ones in their mouths, the larger being pushed out bodily, or fanned away by the sweeping process, until finally an oval depression appears, with a fine sandy bottom. The stems and other aquatic verdure about the sides, that seem to have been purposely left, now naturally fall over, so that oftentimes the nest is a perfect bower, its walls bedecked with buds, while the root is a mat of white lilies floating upon the surface. Here the eggs are deposited, the male and female alternatively watching them. We have always known the sunfish as the most peaceful of the finny tribe, and even wanton playfulness chasing the carp; but let a stranger, a bow fisket fish, approach the bower, and war is once declared. The little creatures seem snap with rage and defiance, the sharp anal fins stand erect, the pectorals vibrate with repressed emotion, while the convulsive movements of their powerful tails show that they are ready to stand by their homes to the last, and indeed so vigorous is their charge that larger fishes are forced to retreat, and as the sunfishes build in companies, the intruder is often attacked by an entire colony of them. They have, however, an enemy that seems to defy them, the pirate perch (*Aphrodedrus sayanus*), which, like the cuckoo, that is either incapable or too lazy to build a nest of its own, often deposits its eggs in that of its neighbor.—G P. Holder, in *Harper's Magazine for December*.

No Reason There.

"Hi say Mr. Pongranate," observed a colored Austin expressman, who was the unfortunate owner of a balky mule, which some one had unloaded upon him in the melancholy past, "didn't I heah yo' say a good many times dat dere was reason in all things?"

"Yes, Sam," replied Mr. Pongranate, "I believe that precept and ain't afraid to say so."

"Yer wussen't?"

"No."

Well, den, I just wisht yo'd cam out in de alley an' look at my mule. He's dun been stuck dar for mo' un hour."—*Texas Siftings*.

Look Out.

It is said that many of the so-called all-wool blankets made in the woollen establishments of the United States, are largely made up of hair taken from the hides of Texas cattle. When the hair is taken from the hides it is cleaned with lime, mixed with wool of a low grade, and is then carded and worked into coarse blankets. It adds to the weight and thickness of the blanket, and detracts enormously from its durability. There is little difficulty in detecting the hair. It will not all work into the coarse thread. The ends stick out, and as it is not barbed like wool, it is very easily pulled out.

A law has just gone into force in New York City prohibiting the manufacture of cigars or preparation of tobacco in any apartments occupied for living, sleeping, or household purposes. It is aimed at tenement house cigar and tobacco manufacturing, and was enacted on the score of public health. Twenty-eight firms are affected, and 7,000 operatives—men, women, and children, chiefly Germans and Bohemians—are thrown out of employment. The condition of health and morals of the ill-paid people is said to be frightful. Attempts to evade the law will probably be made.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Interesting Items from all Parts of the World.

CANADIAN.

The wages of men employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway in Manitoba, have been reduced ten per cent.

The Kingston Street Railway has not proved a financial success. The plant is soon to be sold to the highest bidder.

Lady Rose, wife of Sir John Rose, of London, formerly Finance Minister of Canada, is dead. She died at her residence in London.

Ex-Alderman Lindley, of Brantford, Grand Secretary of the Canadian Order of Foresters, died at his residence, of consumption, a few days ago.

Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, has gone with his wife to Lower California, for the benefit of her health. She is suffering from disease of the lungs.

The new Cantilever railway bridge, spanning the Niagara river just above the old railway suspension bridge, is now complete and it will be used at once.

Rev. Dr. Duff, for many years a prominent minister at Sherbrooke, Quebec, died recently in Montreal. He was also a prominent man in the Temperance work.

It is reported that Sir Charles Tupper has been in Paris attempting to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, which would prove of great advantage to Canada.

Hon. John O'Connor, of Ottawa, has been appointed one of the Commissioners for the consolidation of the Dominion statutes, in the place of the late Hon. James Cockburn.

The Hastings County Council have just memorialized the Ontario Government in behalf of Women Suffrage. The Toronto and Kingston city councils have also taken similar actions.

A North West Colonization Company recently paid to the Interior Department at Ottawa $82,400, being an instalment on 332,960 acres of land in the Saskatchawan District.

The Napanee and Tamworth railway, through Lennox and Addington counties, is now nearly completed. The rails are nearly all laid and the road is expected to be in running order in a few weeks.

The Montreal city carnival will commence in that city on the 4th of February. Great preparations are being made for a week of sports and amusements, on a more complete and extensive scale than last year.

Scarlet fever of a very virulent type is reported to be raging in and about Peterboro. Mr. Joseph Taylor, living in Otonabee, lost five children in a few days, of that disease. Two of them were buried in one day.

Workmen's wages are everywhere going down. A few days ago the pay of the employees of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway works, was reduced from $1.50 to $1 per day. The men accepted the situation quietly.

Mr. George Stephen, of Montreal, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate, has presented to the Montreal Hospital $50,000 for the purpose of erecting a building to commemorate the memory of the late Dr. Campbell.

The Petrolia oil men have been sending representatives to Ottawa to ask the Government to place further restrictions upon the importation of American coal oil. They also wish the inspection to be transferred from the Customs to the Inland Revenue Department.

There are great complaints in Toronto about the class of Irish immigrants received this year. It is asserted that 1,990 of those arriving at that city were from the union work houses of their native land. No less than 2 460 were sent to Canada from the work houses this year.

Several ice accidents are already reported. A young lady in Montreal was so seriously injured by the falling of an icicicle on her head, that she died the same day. A young man, of Deseronto, was drowned through the ice in the Bay of Quinte, near Belleville. Two men were drowned while skating on the river near Ottawa.

Mr. John H. Stafford, a wealthy citizen of Brantford, has offered to build a hospital, in that city, at an expense of $72,000, and donate it to the city. The city council have thankfully accepted the generous offer, and the work will be commenced at once. Two or three ladies have offered to furnish a part of the wards. The wife of Hon. A. S. Hardy, Provincial secretary, is among them.

A new unfinished government vessel was wrecked near Digby, Nova Scotia, recently. The vessel had been built at Macean, on the Bay of Fundy, and was being towed to Halifax, to be equipped, by the steamer *Newfield*. A heavy storm came up and the hawser, with which the vessel was being towed parted, leaving it to drift upon the rocks, where it went to pieces, a total wreck. There were ten men on board, eight of whom were drowned.

UNITED STATES.

The present season of navigation on the Mississippi river is reported to have been the most prosperous of any since 1877.

A fire occurred in the Masonic Temple New York, recently, doing a good deal of destruction to the beautiful building, but not completely destroying it. The loss is estimated at about $100,000.

A Chicago detective said to be worth $50,000 has been arrested for compounding a felony. No wonder he is so rich. If he is worth that much the chances are that he will not be convicted.

It is said that there are over 17,000 dentists in the United States, and that over one ton of pure gold is every year used for plugging teeth. In a few years the graveyards may be among the richest gold mines in the country.

The National Banks, so generally established throughout the country since the War, have, many of them, broken down. It is said that eighty-nine have been placed in the hands of Receivers since the establishment of the system.

The French Government has decided to rescind the decree forbidding the importation of American pork into France, provided the municipal authorities or the Chambers of Commerce in the localities interested will organize a system of pork inspection.

A New Orleans woman recently presented herself and passed the necessary examination for a certificate as master of a sailing vessel and the question is being considered by the law officers at Washington whether, under the law as it stands, a woman can fill such a position.

A test of the new electric headlight was recently made on the West India line in Illinois. A third of a mile of track could be seen from the cab. They went twenty miles an hour, but the light never flickered. The power is given by a three-horse power engine attached to the boiler, and taking steam from the boiler. Only one test had been given before, at Indianapolis, a few weeks ago, which was equally satisfactory.

The forty-eighth United States Congress is now in session at Washington, having assembled the first week in the month. Mr. Carlisle, a Democrat, from Kentucky, was elected Speaker. The President's message was delivered the second day, and the work of the session began. It is generally supposed that the session will be a long one, extending, probably, till past the end of the winter.

GREAT BRITAIN.

It is reported in England that King Cetewayo has been restored to power over his Zulu tribes under the protection of British troops.

Cardinal McCabe issued a circular to the Church dignitaries and members in Ireland strongly denouncing secret societies, and the Pope has just expressed his warm approval of the act.

The trial of O'Donnell for the shooting of Carey, the informer, lasted two day, and resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder. O'Donnell was sentenced to be hanged. He was dragged from the court shouting and cursing in a most excited manner, amidst great confusion.

The Prince of Wales is reported to be making land investments in Kansas. It is also asserted that he is already the owner of property to the value of about quarter of a million dollars in Kansas City. Capital seems so abundant in England that it is hard to invest to advantage in "the tight little Island."

The Marquis of Lorne recently visited Birmingham, and in a lecture, spoke very highly in praise of Canada. He said its climate is healthy and salubrious, and many fevers very prevalent in the United States are not known within its boundary. He recommended it as a field of emigration.

London *Truth* says that Princess Louise and Lord Lorne took home with them to England a rare and beautiful collection of Canadian stuffed birds. There were eight cases containing about one hundred and twenty varieties. They are much admired by their friends.

Another mob took place at Wexford, Ireland, recently. Major Whittle, the Chicago evangelist, was conducting an evangelistic service in a theatre, when an outside mob at asked it, attempting to burn the building. Several gentlemen attending the meeting were stoned and the dresses of ladies nearly torn off. The windows of several Protestant churches were broken, and other depredations committed. The mob paraded the streets for several hours, singing "God Save Ireland."

Flesh or Fat.

Many people do not distinguish the difference between flesh and fat in the construction of their body. They want to get fat, and think they will thereby necessarily become strong. This is a mistake. Let us notice the wide difference between flesh and fat.

Flesh consists of muscle; therefore flesh and muscle are one and the same thing. The muscles constitute a great bulk of the body, and bestow upon it form and symmetry. The "round" of beef and the leg of lamb are nearly all muscle. It consists of fine thread-like filaments or *fibres*, arranged in small bundles, a number of which united together with connective tissue form a muscle. Every movement of the body is produced directly by the muscles shortening themselves, in response to the nervous influence of nerve fibres permeating them, and so drawing on the bones to which they are attached.

Fat consists of minute cells or sacs of fat, held together with soft, delicate threads and bands of connective tissue. It is found chiefly beneath the skin and walls of the belly, around the kidneys and heart, and in spaces between organs. It contributes to symmetry, facilitates motion, and constitutes a reverse supply of fuel—combustible food, for burning, or *oxidation* and is the first tissue to disappear for this purpose in those who are poorly fed. Any increases of it to more than enough for these purposes is useless and burdensome.

With abundance of exercise and plain nutritious solid food—flesh, bread, a moderate allowance of vegetable, and simple puddings, with milk and tea and coffee in moderation, the muscles, if not firm and strong, usually increase in size, firmness and strength, and the whole body in weight. With little exercise, excess of starch, vegetable, fatty and liquid foods, the fat accumulates, though the strength may not increase, but may even decrease, and will, with any great accumulation of fat.

It should not therefore be an object with any one to become "fat," but to acquire firm, strong muscles, with the whole made plump and round by a moderate proportion of fat.—*Sanitary Journal.*

Carlyle said, "That a good man be free and permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness is surely a blessing indispensable to him and those about him; but for a bad man to be free and permitted to unfold himself in his particular way is, contrariwise, the greatest curse you can inflict upon him,—a curse upon him and upon all his neighbors. Him the very heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, to compel into something of well doing; and, if you absolutely cannot, the one blessing left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to."

A Norristown married man can beautifully discount Vennor as a prognosticator. When the former starts home at 1 a.m. he always predicts a "storm" within an hour, and never made a miss but once; and then he found his wife sound asleep when he reached home. Next morning she declared that she had been drugged.

MARRIED IN FUN.

And Sent to Jail to Repent at Leisure —Sequel to a Lawn Party.

Walter Vaughn, of Flatbush, a mere boy, was arrested recently by his alleged wife for failing to provide for her. The couple went through a mock marriage at a lawn party some time ago. Mr. E. S. Vaughn, father of the lad who didn't know that he was married, is treasurer of the Moen Asphaltic company at No. 103 Maiden lane. He is a short, stout, and very jolly old gentleman, resembling not a little "Mr. Pickwick." When asked what answer his son would put in to the charge of abandonment brought against him by the young lady who claims the boy for her husband, the old gentleman burst into a spasmodic fit of laughter, which continued till he was forced to leave the room. Returning in a few minutes with his hands pressed tightly against his sides Mr. Vaughn said: "Whenever I think of it I can hardly move," and straightening up with evident pain, he continued: "We shall carry this case as far as this young lady cares to have it go."

"What do you think prompted Miss Higbie to take such a serious view of the lawn-party marriage?"

"Oh, she didn't. I am quite sure that her mother is at the bottom of it. She is endeavoring to work her daughter off her hands. It's natural, but she has gone about it the wrong way to be successful. It is only another example of would-be mother-in-law, and I think that young lady and her mother stand a poor change of getting Walter or his father's money."

As the reporter started to go Mr. Vaughn asked if he was going to see the young lady, and on receiving an affirmative reply the old gentleman began to chuckle to himself, and as he received another hitch in his side, remarked: "Drop in and let me know what she has to say."

The Higbie family reside about midway between the penitentiary and the Flatbush asylum. Their residence is the first in a row of eight cottages facing the gray of the penal institution. A little figure came tripping down the stairs humming, "I'm lonely to-night, love, without you," and, with a little scream of surprise, she pened the door.

"Is this Miss Higbie?"

"No; I'm Mrs. Vaughn." Miss Higbie, or Mrs. Vaughn—to be decided by the court—is seventeen years of age. Her hair is dark, and her eyes are Kings county hazel. She is petite, and seemed very determined. She said her lawyer had directed her not to talk about the case at all.

"You can certainly tell me when your hus——Mr. Vaughn was arrested?"

"It was on Evacuation day. Since our marriage I have not asked him to provide a home for me nor to support me, for it was a husband's place to look after his wife without being so directed. He has not done so, and I found it necessary to take some action in the matter."

"What were the details of this wedding ceremony?"

"Why, there was not much of it. We were enjoying ourselves playing croquet at the lawn sociable at John A. Case's, in the evening, when Walter came up to me and said: 'Come on, Annie, and we'll get married.' I took his hand and walked over to a big tree. Charley Anson asked us the usual questions in the Methodist ceremony, and we were pronounced man and wife. I can't see anything 'mock' about that! We were in earnest, and after we were married we were happy as could be. During the remainder of the evening Walter called me his little wife, and I was only to happy to call him my husband. When he accompanied me home in the bright moonlight we both knew that we had been made one."

"How long have you lived in Flatbush?"

"Only a month. I'm a city girl, you know. I have made only a few acquaintances here. It is not a very sociable place. What does mother think? Oh, she does not approve of my going to law to hold him. I am doing it all alone. Walter is a gentleman, and I know he will not go back on his marriage vows."

"Considering the newspaper stories which have brought you into notoriety, don't you regret having been married under such circumstances?"

"No. It is a little unpleasant to be spoken of as trying to make a man remain your husband when he does not want to, but I love Walter, and I can not let the matter drop without doing everything in my power to overrule the objections of his parents. I know we were a just a little young to enter into the matrimonial state, but now that we are man and wife I feel it my duty to enjoy my husband's company if the law so directs."

Walter Vaughn's mother was seen, but she would not talk about the circumstances of his marriage. The young man will be examined at Justice Ferguson's office, in New Utrecht. The young lady will be represented by Counselor Legget, of Brooklyn.—*New York World.*

In the Wrong Pulpit.

The Boston *Traveller* relates the adventure of a worthy Congregationalist clergyman of a church in the suburbs of Boston. He had agreed to supply a Roxbury pulpit for an absent brother. He came into Boston and promptly took a Highland car for the scenes of his evening's labor. In due time he descried a steeple, and, reaching the church, got out, walked in, took off his overcoat in the vestry, and went straightway to the pulpit. He glanced around on his congregation and proceeded, after a minute or two's delay, to give out a good old standard Congregational hymn. The congregation proceeded to find the place, the organ gave the tune, and the singing began. While it was in progress the sexton walked up the pulpit stairs and said to our suburban friend, "Mr. —— will be here in a few minutes." The situation flashed upon him, but suppressing his emotions, he asked, "Why, isn't this Mr. ——'s church?" "No, sir," calmly replied the sexton, "this is the Universalist church." There was an exchange of places a few minutes later. The friends of the suburban minister are now fond of asking him how he came to enter the Universalist ministry. He laughs and solaces himself with the remark, "Well, I got them to sing a good orthodox hymn, anyway."

FOR A QUART OF BEER.

The Buying and Selling of Wives in England.

Before Mr. Justice Denman, at the Liverpool assizes, Betsy Wardle was charged with marrying George Chisnal at Eccleston bigamously, her former husband being alive. The case was a peculiar one. It was stated by the woman that as her first husband had sold her for a quart of beer she thought she was at liberty to marry again.

His Lordship—That is not what she stated before the magistrate. She said then that he was idle and would not work. When she left him she took the child with her, and he said if she would let him have the child he would not trouble her any further. He added that he would sell her for a quart of beer.

Prisoner—Please your worship, he did so. [Laughter.]

His Lordship—Is there anybody here who knows that? Yes, my lord; Alice Rosby and Margaret Brown.

His Lordship—Call Margaret Brown.

Margaret Brown thereupon stepped into the box and was cross-examined by his lordship. She said she was present at the second marriage. She knew the first husband Wardle was alive; she was told that he had sold her for a quart of beer.

His Lordship—You believed it would be binding? Yes, sir.

His Lordship—And you thought it right she should marry again? She wished me to give her away, and I did so. [Laughter.]

His Lordship—You helped her to commit bigamy. Take care you do not do it again or you will get yourself into trouble.

Alice Rosby was next called, and said she saw Wardle drink one glass of the quart.

His Lordship—Who was the bargain made with? With George Chisnal.

His Lordship—I am not sure that you are not guilty of bigamy, or of being an accessory before the fact. You must not do this sort of thing again. People have no right to sell their wives for a quart of beer or anything else. [Laughter.]

George Chisnal, the second husband, apparently just out of his teens, was the next witness called.

His Lordship—How did you come to marry this woman? Witness (in the Lancashire vernacular)—Hoo did a what? [Laughter.] Question repeated. A bowt her. [Laughter.]

His Lordship—You are not fool enough to suppose you can buy another man's wife? Oi. [Laughter.]

His Lordship—How much did you give for her? Sixpence. [Great laughter.]

His Lordship—You are as guilty as she is. You are accessory before the fact to her committing bigamy yourself. Everybody has committed bigamy in this case. [Laughter.] Go down.

The witness left the box with alacrity, but was immediately recalled by his lordship, who asked him how long he had lived with the prisoner.

Witness—Going on for three years.

His Lordship—Do you want to take her back again? Awl keep her, if you loike. [Laughter.]

His Lordship—You need not keep her if you do not want. She is Wardle's wife.

Mr. Swift, addressing his lordship, said all he wished to say on behalf of this unfortunate woman was this—that she seemed to have met with a bad husband in the first place, and an ignorant man in the second. He could only venture to hope that his lordship would not think it a case in which she ought to be punished—at least not severely.

His lordship directed that Wardle should be called, and this was done without eliciting any answer.

His Lordship (addressing the prisoner)—It is absolutely necessary that I should pass some punishment upon you in order that people may understand that men have no more right to sell their wives than they have to sell other people's wives, or to sell other people's horses or cows, or anything of the kind. You cannot make that a legal transaction. So many of you seem to be ignorant of that that it is necessary I should give you some punishment in order that you may understand it. It is not necessary that it should be long, but you must be imprisoned and kept at hard labor for one week.—*London Telegraph.*

Fresh Pretzels.

When der ped vas made, you got to shleeb on him, yoost der same of it vas not good made.

You dond can help it, vhen der hawk pird vas fly your head oferr but you must not allow it, dot he makes a nest by your hair in.

It vhas a circular singleumshdance dot Nadure dond did make all der gooses, in dis vorit, mit web feets. Shtill dhey vas enuff extinguished from der quadrupeds.

Troubles mit families dood been prewed by der vastering place hops yoost so good like der hops der beer places in.

Eferytings vhich vas pooty good commenced, hafe endings yoost des same dox. Der beginning und der beclosing vas dar cradle und der grafeyard of dis life.

Ofer you got a rebutation, yoost put him by der key und lock. He vas yoost like some umbrellas, vhen you loose him you dond see him not any more yet.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

A writer in the London *Lancet* ridicules the habit of being in great haste and terribly pressed for time which is common among all classes of commercial men, and argues that, in most cases, there is not the least cause for it, and that it is done to convey a notion of the tremendous volume of business which almost overwhelms the house. The writer further says that, when developed into a confirmed habit, it is fertile in provoking nervous maladies.

ALMOST A HINT.—"How's yer comin' on in yer new place?" asked Uncle Mose of Gabe Snodgrass, who had recently accepted a position as porter in an Austin hardware store. "Ise not comin' on very fas', Uncle Mose. De boss tole me someting dis morsin', and of he dont take it back he gwine ter lose me, shuahs yer born." "What did he tole yer?" "He tole me ter consider myself discharg'd."—*Texas Siftings.*

MARY ANN SCHAEFER.

The Story of a Woman who Passed as a Man.

In the summer of 1877 many burglaries were committed in the vicinity of Wellsville and adjacent parts of Allegany county. In 1876 a young man named William Free man had leased a farm near Wellsville. He had worked in the neighborhood for several years as a farm hand, was a member of the Methodist church, and bore an excellent reputation. His household affairs was looked after by an elderly woman, whose nephew also lived on the farm. Among the places robbed in 1877 was a grocery store in Wellsville. A portion of the goods were found in Freeman's barn. He was arrested but protested his innocence, and the general opinion was that he knew nothing of the crime. He was sent to jail at Angelica. As the time for his trial drew near, circumstances pointed strongly toward another person as being the burglar, and Freeman's acquittal was generally expected. To the surprise of every one, when he was called for trial he entered a plea of guilty. In doing so he broke down, and begged the court to be lenient to him. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the Erie county penitentiary.

In March, 1878, a strong petition was forwarded to Gov. Robinson from Allegany county asking for Freeman's pardon. The governor notified the prison authorities, and directed the usual medical examination of the prisoner to be made. Dr. Sinnock then learned that Freeman was a woman. She was at once removed to the women's quarters of the prison. She begged that the fact of her disguise should not be made public, and told the prison authorities the story of her life. Her name, she said, was Mary Ann Schaefer. She was born on the ocean in 1855, while her parents were emigrating to this country. After arriving in America they lived in Allegany county. When she was five years old her father died, and her mother married again. When she was ten years old her stepfather told her she must earn her own living, as he was unable to support her. She went out as a servant, but being large for her age, and very strong, she made up her mind to put on boys' clothing in order that she might earn larger wages. Her mother was the only one who knew of this determination. She worked for farmers for a season or two, and then spent a season or two on the Erie canal. She then returned to the vicinity of her mother's house. No one recognized her, and she worked for ten years for different farmers.

When she joined the church in 1875 she longed to resume the clothing of her sex, but she had passed for a man so long that she was ashamed to confess the truth. She declared that she was perfectly innocent of the crime for which she was imprisoned. The guilty person, she said, was the nephew of the woman who was her housekeeper, but he had visited her in jail and declared that unless she pleaded guilty to the charge he would kill her before she could go from the court-house to her home, in case she was acquitted. Miss Schaefer was pardoned in the fall of 1878. Dressed in her proper clothing she went at once to her mother's. The real burglar escaped arrest by fleeing from the state. In 1879 Miss Shaefer obtained employment in a shoe store in the oil regions, where a prosperous grocer married her. She was left a widow within a year, and her strange story is now recalled by her second marriage, her present husband being a brother of the first.—*Bradford Star.*

An Eccentric Lawyer.

A famous lawyer, noted for his learning and classical scholarship, illustrated by his eccentric habits an old English song.

"The loss of wealth is the loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man's without a shirt."

"Billy Campbell, as he was familiarly called, made much and saved little money, for he had no idea of its value. He endorsed for everybody, and if he went out in the street with a pocketful of change, he would return without a cent having given something to every beggar he met.

One day, the sheriff, in reply to Mr. Campbell's question, "What's the news?" "Nothing new, sir, but this, I am sorry to say. I had to sell out your house and lot for the debt you owed as security to Mr. Hill."

"Oh, that's nothing," answered Campbell; the property is not lost; it has only changed hands."

Mr. Campbell was an easy going bachelor, and the reputation of being one of the most slovenly dressed lawyers in the State. On one occasion as he was about leaving home to attend the legislature, his sister informed him that she had packed a dozen shirts in his trunk.

"Now, brother," said she, "do be more particular about your dress, and don't forget to put on a shirt at least once a week. It's very mortifying to see you go about looking so dirty."

On his return home at the close of the session, she congratulated him upon his hearty appearance.

"Why you have grown as fat as a pig," she remarked, "they must have fed you at the capital."

"Yes, they take good care of us," he replied, "for they are always in want of some appropriations."

Looking into her brother's trunk and finding but two shirts she called out:

"Where, brother, are all those new shirts I gave you?"

"Don't you find them in the trunk?"

"No; I see but two."

"Possibly I have some on me."

An examination disclosed that he was wearing six shirts, a fact which accounted for his apparent improvement in flesh.

"Here y'are, now; two packages for ten cents!" yelled a seedy-looking envelope-peddler in Grand street.

"Here y'are, this way; two packages for five cents!" howled another envelope peddler, almost crowding his fellow merchant off the sidewalk.

Women out shopping noted the difference in prices, and soon bought out the two-for-five-cents man.

Then both peddlers drifted around the corner, and the one who had sold no envelopes divided his stock with the other, remarking with a chuckle:

"It works boss, pard, don't it?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

North Hastings Review

MADOC, DECEMBER 20, 1883.

THE EXTENSION.

Engineer Bailey and party returned from the north last week, and his report has been sent to the executive committee. This morning we had a cursory glance at the map on which Mr. Bailey had sketched his survey, and found that he had located a new line on the west side of the Hastings Road from Eldorado to Bancroft, touching at L'Amable. He strongly recommends the western route in his report, as not only practicable but cheaper than Mr. Daly's eastern route. This leaves the matter of choosing the route with the committee or the subscribers to the project. With two such engineers at variance perhaps it would be advisable to have a third go over both routes. It is hardly probable that a company will go on with the work of construction on either route without still further examination. We hope, however, for the ultimate success of the project, that personal interests will not influence the operations of the committee, and thus hinder if not defeat a scheme which promises such benefits for our northern country.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

On the first of the year the Midland Railway, including the Grand Junction and B. & N. H. divisions, will pass into the complete control of the Grand Trunk, and will be worked from Grand Trunk headquarters, the independent organization of the Midland being done away with. A meeting of the directors of the Midland was held at Peterboro' on the 11th, when the railway and all its belongings were duly transferred to the big corporation now owning it. For the present at least it is not likely that this end of the road will be much effected by the change. One thing is certain, the accommodation service, both passenger and freight, cannot be made much worse for this village and neighborhood—and for this we must all be thankful. Every one who has travelled over the road during the past year or so knows of the vexatious delays and poor connections with which they had to put up with, and as for promptness in forwarding freight we need only give an instance concerning ourselves, in which a shipment of stationery for this office, billed at Toronto, (per Midland) nearly two weeks ago, has not yet arrived at this station. It is to be hoped the new management will work the road for the accommodation of the public as well as for the benefit of corporation greed.

SCHOOL MEETING.

Wednesday next, the 26th inst., is the day appointed by law for holding the annual meetings in the various school sections throughout the Province, and for the filling of vacancies caused by the retirement of Trustees. The small attendance at these meetings in the past has been a matter of regret, considering their importance. At the meeting in this village last year there were present, we think, *seven* qualified electors. In other sections, we learn, the attendance was proportionately small. With such an interest evinced by the ratepayers, the wonder is how our school affairs are managed as well as they are. Fault-finding with school management, trustees, or even school officials comes with very bad taste from even those who consider themselves "prominent ratepayers," but who never show their interest or sincerity by attending at the proper time—at these annual meetings—when matters affecting the welfare of the school ought to be discussed. We hope to see a change for the better in this respect in future. Let there be a large attendance at the Town Hall on Wednesday next, or at least let every ratepayer be present who takes enough interest in the school to walk that distance. Even if they take no part in the proceedings their presence will be be felt, and the section ultimately benefitted.

Orange Annual Elections.

The following Lodges have sent us their annual accounts of election of officers which we are glad to find space for. We hope the Secretaries of all the Lodges in the Riding will forward their list of officers to the REVIEW, and any other items that would be of interest to the order :—

L. O. L NO. 253, ALLEN SETTLEMENT.

At the annual meeting of the above lodge the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—John McCoy, W. M., Robert Phillips, D. M., Harcius Rollins, Chap., Samuel C. Ranson, Rec. Sec., Wm. J. Allen, F. Sec., H. M. Blair, Treas., Louis Phillips, Lect., Wm. John Allen, D. of C.,—all by acclammation. Committee—George Rollins, Wm. Thompson, George Smith, John Hazzard, and Robert Rollins.

After the election of officers the members proceeded to their annual oyster supper which was gotten up in first class order by Bro. George Rollins. About about one hundred sat down, and after doing ample justice to the inner man Wm. John Allen, Esq., was appointed chairman, and on coming forward made an interesting speech, taking for his subject the working of the Order. Bro. John Best was then called and gave a sketch of the Orange Order when first started. The first lodge, with its old flag, No. 1, was first started at a place called The Diamond, in the county of Armagh, Ireland, the first Orange Master being one John Stone. The Order was then organized to bind the loyal protestants together. They took for the head of the Order that immortal Prince, King William III of England who freed us from the bands of popecy and fought for the liberty of protestants and Orangemen, that they might serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. He next dwelt at length on the Orange Incorporation Bill, stating that we were wronged at the hands of both Houses. All they asked was to own the property they had bought, and not be compelled to put the lodge rooms in the hands of Trustees, to sue or be sued for any debts that might be contracted. We only ask what was granted to others—even to Roman Catholics. He said every Orangeman should stand bound together, and the time was not far distant when our rights would and must be granted. John Caskey, Esq., Reeve of Madoc Township, was next called on. He spoke on the Orange Incorporation Bill, which he believed would come all right yet. Wm. Thompson, Esq., spoke on the right of the Orange Society to be incorporated. Archibald Thompson, Esq., County Master for North Hastings was called on, and spoke on the working of the Order in North Hastings, also in high terms of Bro. John White. George Rollins was the next speaker. He said that Orangemen should all be steady, moral, upright men, and every member should read and study well the qualifications of an Orangeman. Sam'l C. Ranson spoke on the advancement of the Orange Association. John McCoy next spoke, and said he could not but be pleased with what was said by the previous speakers, and hoped the time would come when we as Orangemen would be granted our rights as loyal subjects to the Queen. George Conley spoke on the Incorporation Bill, and said we should send men to power who would look after our rights. One among the many pleasant nights was brought to a close by singing God Save the Queen.

R. B. K. I. PRECEPTORY NO. 167.

At the annual meeting of the above, held at Eldorado on December 12th, the following Sir Knights were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year :—Sir Knight John Ault, W. S. K. in C., Samuel C. Ranson, D. S. K., Robert Phillips, Chap., Sir Knight John McKinnon, Treas., Sir Knight James Harris, Reg., Sir Knight Hugh Ketcheson and Sir Knight John Robinson, Lect., Sir Knights F. Morrell and Wm. Wood, Censurers, Sir Knights John Donoghue and Simon West Standard-Bearers, Robert Bird, Pursuvant. Committee—Sir Knights John N. Moore, Henry Berity, Wm. Moore, H. Sweet, H Wannamaker.

The above Preceptory is in a flourishing condition. There is a large membership, and a good many have sent in their papers to join. The members anticipate having the best Preceptory in the county, if not the largest in Ontario. They intend holding a celebration the coming year, when all Sir Knights will be invited to take part.

L. O. L. NO. 1094, WOLLASTON.

The above lodge, which meets every first Saturday, of the month at Nugent, at its last annual meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—Wm. A. Werden, W. M., Thos. B. Watt, D. M., James E. Doxsee, Chap. Wm. Watt, jr., Sec., Robert Wiggins, Treas., 1st Com., Samuel Beaumont. Membership 30; increase of 7 during the past year.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

—A full stock of Goat Robes, at reduced prices at J. DALE & SONS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FOUND.

A SHORT time ago a Pocket Book, containing a sum of money, was left in Mr. W. Hudgins' bakery in this village. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at this office.

Stray Dog.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned lot 8, 14 con. Huntingdon, on Friday last, a Hound. The owner requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away.

JOHN BAILEY.

Madoc, Dec. 8, 1883. 347

NOTICE.

ON account of the undersigned not being able to be in Madoc until after Holidays, parties whose notes are due can call at Moon's Hotel and settle.

W. C. REID.

Madoc, Dec. 20, 1883. 347

ESTRAY

Came into the premises of the undersignad lot 8, con 5 Madoc, on 10th October, last a yearling heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

JOHN A. McKINNON.

Madoc, Dec. 17, 1883.

TOY TRUNKS.

SATCHELS, &C.,

—FOR—

CHRISTMAS,

—AT—

THOS. ROBERTS'

BOOT and SHOE STORE.

Madoc, Dec. 15, 1883. 332.

Choppers Wanted.

THE Lessees of the

Canada Consolidated Gold Mining COMPANY,

—WANT—

100 Choppers Immediately. 100

—PRICES FALL—

From 70 cts. to 90 cts,

A CORD.

Apply at Deloro, On., 4 miles from Marmora and 9 miles from Madoc.

Will pay CASH for 3000 cords of Hardwood and Tamarack, delivered at Deloro.

NOTICE.

The Annual School Meeting of the

Madoc Village Union School Section

WILL BE HELD ON

Wednesday, December 26th, inst.

At noon, in the TOWN HALL, in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

Nomination of persons to fill vacancies caused by the retirement of Trustees will be received.

Should more than the requisite number be nominated, a Poll will be opened on

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 2nd, 1883, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M.

CHARLES GREAM, Returning Officer.

Madoc, Dec. 20, 1883. 347

Girl Wanted,

FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK. Apply to MRS. J. R. ORR.

Municipal Election.

To the Municipal Electors of the Village of Madoc :

NOTICE is hereby given that the Nominations for Reeve and four Councillors, for the Village of Madoc, for the year 1884, will be held in the Town Hall, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31st INSTANT,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

The Polling, if any, will be held in the same place on the first Monday in January.

CHARLES GREAM, Village Clerk.

Madoc, Dec. 6, 1883. 346

1858.—ESTABLISHED—1858.

—o—

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.

BY BUYING YOUR

Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Christmas Presents

—o—

Wall Pockets,

Paper Holders,

Picture Frames,

&c., &c.

We have the best variety of these handsome goods ever brought into Madoc.

See our Stock before purchasing your Christmas Presents.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

W W W RRRR II GGG H H TTTTT "" 888
W WW W R R II G G H H T " 8
W W W RRRR II G HHH T ' 88
WW WW R R II G GG H H T 8
W W R R II GGG H H T 8888

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

—o—

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES—PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—o—

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L|A|D|I|E|S'|M|A|N|T|L|E|S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

Dissolution of Partnership!

GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE!

at M. McLEAN'S Dry Goods Store

In order to reduce the stock before taking stock, I will offer for the next FOUR WEEKS, the entire stock, consisting of

Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Fancy Goods, Mantles, Furs, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

etc., at cost price. A call solicited. The stock must be sold. Terms strictly cash.

M. McLEAN.

Madoc, November 28th 1883. 329

Latest Local News.

—Merry Christmas.

—Next Tuesday is Christmas.

—One week from next Sunday is nomination day.

—A full line of Purses, cheaper than ever, at Deans' Drug Store.

—Canadian Coal Oil, 25 cents per gallon; American Coal Oil, 20 cents per gallon, at R. R. Casement & Co's.

—Mr. George Addison, of lot 13, 4th concession of Madoc, will sell by public auction on Tuesday 3rd January, his farm stock, implements, &c. See posters.

—Something new—A superb stock of Grasses and Dried Flowers, in bouquets and baskets, from 15c. to 50c. at Deans' Drug Store.

—The row between W. J. Robinson and John Huff, which was to have come before the P.M. of Belleville on Tuesday, was settled through the intervention of friends, each party paying their own costs.

—The *Intelligencer* makes the statment that two deer hunters, who reside in the northern part of this county, have been very successful in still hunting this season. Up to the 13th inst. they have killed 105 deer.

—The Smith Bell Ringers and Comic Concert Company had a crowded house last night in the Masonic hall. A few weeks ago Rev. Mr. Dowling's biblical paintings, handsome and instructive works of art, did not draw a paying audience! Comment is unnecessary.

—The *Mail* of Saturday says: "An old man hailing from Madoc, and recommended by a medical man in Madoc, and also by the Warden, applied yesterday for admission to the Toronto General Hospital. He was of course refused admittance, as the city cannot afford to take care of every sick person from all the outlying municipalities.

Municipal Elections.

The notices from the Clerks of this village township, regarding the municipal nominations and elections, appear in this issue. The nominations will be held on Monday, Dec. 31st, and the elections on Monday, 1st of January.

Correction.

Messrs. Caskey and Thompson have requested us to make a slight correction in our items of last week in reference to grant from the County Council on the road from Madoc to Hazard's. The grant was only $50 and was made for the purpose of lowering the water on the road opposite Burnside's and Farrell's.

A Handsome Clock.

In the window of Mr. E. L. Weiss' jewelry store may be seen as handsome a piece of workmanship in scroll sawing as a person of taste could wish for. It is in design a Cathedral Clock of unique pattern, and is the work of Mr. E. A. Seymour, of this village. We have not space to attempt a description, but all who delight in this kind of ornamental work ought to see it.

Madoc Model School.

Report of the closing examination of the Fourth Divison of the Madoc Model School is as follows:—

The fourth, fifth and sixth classes were all examined on the same questions on geography, grammar, history, composition, dictation and arithmetic. The fifth and sixth classes were examined on the same set of questions in literature and the fourth class was examined on a different set; but the number of marks was the same in each case. The number of marks that could have been obtained was 638. The following is the standing of the pupils: Minnie Geary 541, Jennie Carscallen 481, Albert Love 472, May Jenkins 452, Beatrice Cross 447, Martha Whytock 423, W. D. Davis 419, Bridget Connell and Lizzie Brown (equal) 412, Annie McCoy 409, Alice Ross 405, Wm. Wright 401, Alice Robertson 397, Gussie Grier 386, Alice Wood 382, Wm. Moore 397, Annie McLean 370, Jennie Francis 362, Mary Bull 348, James Burns 337, Maud Guffin 303, Emma O'Flynn 285, Jennie Dafoe 248.

Christmas Tea-meetings.

The congregation of the Canada Methodist Church at Queensboro will hold their annual tea meeting on Christmas. Hon. M. Bowell, John White, M.P., W. Hudson, M.P.P., Rev. J. W. Savage and others are expected to furnish the intellectual part of the feast. A. F. Wood, M.P.P., will occupy the chair. Tea served at 7 o'clock. Admission, 40 and 75 cts.

The annual tea meeting in connection with the Methodist Church of Canada will be held next Tuesday evening ('Xmas night) in the Masonic Hall, in this village. Several prominent speakers, amongst whom will be Rev. J. J. Hare, M. A., Principal of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Rev. J. C. Ash, Shannonville, Rev. A. Wilson, Marmora, and the resident ministers, are expected. As this is the only tea meeting to be held this year in connection with any of the churches here, no doubt it will be liberally patronized by all classes. The Sabbath School entertainment will be held the night after the tea meeting in the same place. See large posters.

Just as we Expected.

The tea meeting last week at Hazard's Corners was a grand success. The speeches were in every way satisfactory, eliciting frequent and harty applause from the audience. The ladies of the congregation sustained their reputation for giving the public a "first-class feed." White's Agricultural Band was in attendance and enlivened the programme with music during the evening. Proceeds $83.

St. Peter's S. S. Xmas Tree.

The Sabbath School entertainment in the basement of St Peter's Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening, was a decided success. The room was crowded with children, their parents, and friends. On the platform, in addition to the pastor, Rev. D. Wishart, were Revs. E. N. Baker, M. A., H. Hudgins, and F. McAmmond, B.A., all of whom delivered brief addresses, Mr. Baker particularly urging upon parents to support the Sabbath school, while Mr. McAmmond, made a little sermon on the word "think" exceedingly interesting to the children, the letters of which should prompt them to "temperance" "honesty," "industry," "neatness," and "kindness." Miss Wright, a and Miss Seymour's classes furnished music. The children of the school were then presented with prasents from the Christmas Tree, in which all were equally served, and appeared to give the best satisfaction. The Superintendent, Mr. A. F. Wood, occupied the chair.

Teachers' Examination.

The Annual Professional Examination for County and District Third Class Certificates was held in the Model School in Madoc, on Dec. 6th and 7th, by the Board of Examiners which is composed of F. E. Seymour, M. A., and the County School Inspectors.

On the 6th, there were examinations on the Theory and Practice of Education, Mental Arithmetic, School Law, Hygiene, Grammar and Composition, and Reading. On the following day, the candidates (20 in number) taught classes before the examiners.

Eight obtained County Third Class Certificates, valid for three years, two received similar certificates for one year, and nine were awarded District Third Class Certificates for two years, and valid for any school in the townships north of Marmora, Madoc and Elzevir, and also for S. S. Nos. 2, 6 and 7, Elzevir, 15 Huntingdon and 17 Madoc.

The following are the names of the successful candidates:—

Third Class (County) Certificates for three years:—Webster Massey, Allen Moore, Trotten Williams, Lottie Coyle, Jane McCormick, Isabella Pollock, Sarah Stiles, Frederika Tuller.

Third Class (County) Certificates for one year:—Wm. Falconer, John Inkster.

District Third Class Certificates for two years:—Daniel Cornell, Thomas Hart, Maggie Cooke, Cassie Elliott, Maggie Jackson, Lillie Miller, Agnes O'Donoghue, Eliza Pickett, Mary Wimms.

England, the Enemy of Ireland.

A NEW YORK FENIAN CIRCLE RESOLVES TO STRIKE HER DOWN.

New York, Dec. 17.—A largely attended meeting was held under the auspices of the Manhattan circle of the fenian brotherhood this evening to take action in regard to the execution of O'Donnell. After a number of inflammatory speeches, resolutions were adopted calling on Irishmen all over the world to avenge the death of O'Donnell, and pledging the members of the brotherhood to renewed energy in striking down "England, the enemy of Ireland, who sets at naught the laws of humanity and civilization." O'Donvoan Rossa and Prof. Mezzeroff were among the speakers.

—A fine stock of Albums—Photo and Auto—at Deans' Drug Store.

A boy named Bradbeer, aged 15, was drowned near Shannonville whilst skating last week. He was a son of J. W. Bradbeer of Deseronto.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes; "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all Throats and Lungs Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size, $1.00.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 339

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims against the Estate of the late B. Morgan, of Queensboro, are required to send the same to the undersigned with as little delay as possible; and all persons owing the said Estate are required to settle their indebtedness at once.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors of the Estate.

Madoc, Dec. 5, 1883. 345-4w

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the next sittings thereof, for an Act to extend the time for the completion of the Toronto & Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway, and to amend the Act incorporating the said Toronto & Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway Company, by changing the name thereof, and for other purposes.

JOHN LEYS,
346 Solicitor for Applicants.

Christmas
—IS—
Coming.

THE largest assortment of

'XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS

ever brought into Madoc, at Wilson's Book and Drug Store, from 2 cents upwards.

A large assortment of

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

(Albums, Photo, Autograph, and Scrap), at prices to suit the times. Call and see them.

C. G. WILSON,
Chemist and Druggist.

Madoc, Dec. 12, 1883.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, - DURHAM STREET, - MADOC, ONT.

—:OXO:—

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

Wood Yard.

—o—

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $2.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock,
Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883. Proprietors.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

—o—

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

—o—

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

—o—

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Rayner had entered the room so softly that we had not heard him,

"You look tired, my dearest Lola," said he, gently; "you had better go and lie down for a little while."

At the sound of her husband's voice Mrs. Rayner had shrunk back into her usual statuesque self, like a sensitive plant touched by rough fingers—so quickly too, that for a moment I almost thought, as I glanced at the placid, expressionless face, that I must have imagined the look of despair and the gesture of invitation. I timidly offered to read her to sleep, but she declined at once, almost abruptly for her, and, with some conventional thanks for my trouble, took the arm her husband held out, thanked him as he carefully wrapped round her a little shawl that she generally wore, and left the room with him.

After that, her reserve towards me was greater than ever; she seemed reluctant to accept the smallest service of common courtesy at my hands, and refused my offers to read to her again, under the plea that it was wasting my time, as she was hardly well enough to listen with full attention. I was hurt as well as puzzled by this; and, being too young and timid to make any further advances, the distance between me and the silent, sad lady grew greater than ever.

An attempt that Mr. Rayner made two days after the above scene to draw us together only sent us farther apart. He came into the schoolroom just as Haidee and I were finishing the day's lessons, and, after a few playful questions about her studies, dismissed her into the garden.

"The child is very like her mother in face; don't you think so?" said he. "But I am afraid she will never have her mother's strength of intellect. I see you cannot help looking surprised, Miss Christie. My wife does not give herself the airs of a clever woman. But you would not have doubted it if you had known her five years ago."

He was in one of those moods of almost embarrassing frankness, during which the only thing possible was to sit and listen quietly, with such sparing comment as would content him.

"I dare say," he continued, "it will seem almost incredible to you, who have never heard her say more than is absolutely necessary, but she was one of the most brilliant talkers I have ever met, and four years ago she wrote a book which took London by storm. If I were to tell you the *nom de plume* under which she wrote, you would be afraid of her, for it became at once a sort of proverb for daring of thought and expression. People who did not know her made a bogy of her, and many people who did looked with a sort of superstitious awe upon this slight, fair woman who dared to write out what she thought and believed. But they had no idea what a sensitive nature lay under the almost masculine intellect. We had a boy then"—his voice seemed to tremble a little—"two years older than Haidee. The two children had been left in the country—in the best of care, mind—while my wife and I spent the season in town; it was a duty she owed to society then, as one of its brightest ornaments. We heard that the boy was not well; but we had no idea that his illness was serious. I assure you, Miss Christie"—and he spoke with touching earnestness—"that, if my wife had known there was the slightest danger, she would have flown to her child's side without a thought of the pleasures and excitement she was leaving. Well—I can scarcely speak of it even now—the child died, after only two days' illness, away from us. It was on her return from a ball that my wife heard of it. She sank down into a chair, dumb and shivering, without a word or a tear. When at last we succeeded in rousing her from this state, she took off her beautiful jewels—you have heard she was an heiress—and flung them from her with a shudder of disgust. She has never looked at them since."

He paused for a few minutes, and I sat waiting for him to continue, too much interested to say much.

"I hoped that the depression into which she sank would wear off; but, instead, it only grew deeper. I have told you before that by an arrangement on our marriage our settled home was in the country; after her boy's death my wife would never even visit town again. When Mona was born, just before we came to this place, a change came, but not the change that I had expected. I had hoped she would reawaken to interest in life, and, perhaps, if the child had been a boy to replace the one she had lost, it would have been so. Instead of that, her apathy deepened, until now, as you see, she shuts herself from all the world and raises a barrier between herself and the life around her which to strangers is often insurmountable. I have been looking for an opportunity to tell you this, Miss Christie, as I was afraid you might have been puzzled, and perhaps offended, by her strange manner the other day when you were reading to her. When I came in, I thought you looked rather frightened, and I supposed that something you had read had recalled the grief which is always slumbering at her heart, and perhaps led to one of those outbreaks which sometimes cause me the gravest, the very gravest, anxiety."

I understood what he meant; but I would not allow myself to appear alarmed by the suggestion. Mr. Rayner went on—

"I fancied I caught sight of a wild look in her eyes, which is sometimes called up in them by a reference to the past, or even by a sudden vivid flash of memory. At such times only I, with the power of my long-tried affection, can calm her instantly. Do not imagine that she would ever be violent, but she might be incoherent enough to frighten you. Tell me, had she said anything that day before I came in which alarmed or puzzled you?"

"No, Mr. Rayner; she scarcely spoke while I read to her."

"Was there anything in what you were reading likely to call up memories of the dreadful time to which I have alluded?"

"I think not. No—none."

"I need not warn you, my dear Miss Christie, to avoid all reference to that subject, or anything that might suggest it, in talking to her, but of course without any appearance of constraint. And I am sure such a sensible girl as you are will not take needless fright at this unhappy disclosure, which I thought it safer to make to you, trusting in your discretion. I still hope that in time she may recover her old health and spirits, consent to see people, and even move away from this place for a little change, which I am sure would do her good. I have begged her to do so over and over again, always unsuccessfully. I cannot bear to be harsh to her; but there is an iron strength of resistance in that woman of strong intellect and weak frame which, I confess, even I have not yet been able to overcome. If you will allow me to advise you, do not mention that subject either to her. One of my reasons for wishing for a young governess was that I might provide her in an unobtrusive manner with cheerful society and let her get accustomed to seeing a bright young face about her; but I am afraid her obstinate reserve has so far defeated my object. However, I don't despair. Now that you know something of her history, you are more likely to sympathise with her and make some allowance for her seeming coldness. Believe me, underneath all she has a warm heart still. And I am sure you will spare a little sympathy for me, condemned to see the wife I adore living a shut up life, as it were, seeming to ignore the undying affection of which she must still be conscious."

There was something so winning in his voice and manner as he said these last words that I felt for the moment even more sorry for him than for her, and I took the hand he held out as he rose to go, and looked up with all the frank sympathy I felt. He seemed touched by it, for, as if by a sudden impulse, he stooped and let his lips lightly touch my hand; then, pressing it once more in his, with a look of almost grateful kindness, he left the room.

I was a little surprised by this demonstration, which I thought rather out of place to a dependant. But he was an impulsive man, the very opposite in all things to his cold, statuesque wife, and the union between them seemed sometimes like a bond between the dead and the living.

When I thought over all that he had told me, after he had left the room, it was impossible, even setting apart my natural inclination as a woman to put the blame on the woman, not to come to the conclusion that the fault in this most uncomfortable household was chiefly on the side of Mrs. Rayner. I had never seen a more attentive, long-suffering husband, nor a more coldly irritating wife. From all I had seen, I judged that Mr. Rayner was a sociable man, particularly alive to sympathy, fond of conversation and the society of his fellow-men. To such a man the sort of exile his wife's obstinate reserve and dislike to society condemned him to must have been specially hard to bear with patience. It was true he scoffed at the society the neighborhood offered, and made me laugh by his description of a country dinner-party, where one could almost predict with certainty what each lady would wear, and where more than half the gentlemen were clergymen, and how the talk would drift after dinner into clerical "shop," and one of the ladies would play a colorless drawing-room piece on the piano, and one of the gentlemen—a curate nearly always—would sing an unintelligible song, in a husky voice, and when told—by a lady—how well it suited his style, would reply modestly that Santley's songs always did.

But I fancied that, dull as it might be, Mr. Rayner would have been glad of more of even such society as the neighborhood afforded; and, from the bitterness with which he laughed at the paltry pride of small country gentlemen, I began to imagine that he must have been snubbed by some among them.

The first Sunday after my arrival was so wet that we could not go to church, so that I had been there a fortnight before I saw a general gathering of the inhabitants. But on the very day previous to this event I had an encounter with two of the ladies of the neighborhood which left a most unfavorable impression upon my mind. Haidee and I were taking our morning walk, when a big Newfoundland dog rushed through a gap in the hedge and frightened my poor little pupil so much that she began to scream. Then a young girl of about fourteen or fifteen, to whom the dog belonged, came up to the hedge, and said that she was sorry he had frightened the child, but that he would not hurt her. And she and I, having soothed Haidee, exchanged a little talk about the fields and her dog, and where the first blackberries were to be found, before we parted, my pupil and I going by the road while the girl remained in the field. We were only a few steps apart when I heard the voice of another girl addressing her rather sharply,

"Who was that you were talking to, Alice?"

The answer was given in a lower voice.

"Well, the other went on, "you should not have spoken to her. Don't you know she comes from the house on the marsh?"

CHAPTER III.

The shock given me by those few overheard words—"You should not have spoken to her. Don't you know she comes from the house on the marsh?" was so great that I lay awake half the night, at first trying to reconcile Mr. Rayner's pathetic story with the horror of everything connected with the Alders expressed by the girl to her companion, and then asking myself whether it would be wise to stay in a house to which it was plain that a mystery of some sort was clinging. At last, when my nerves were calmed somewhat and I began to feel sleepy, I made up my mind to set down those unlucky words as the prejudiced utterance of some narrow-minded country girl, to whom the least touch of unconventionality seemed a dreadful thing. However, I could not dismiss the utterance at once from my mind, and the remembrance of it sharpened my attention to the manner of the salutations that Mr. Rayner exchanged with his neighbors next day.

Although Goldham church was only a short distance from the Alders, Mrs Rayner was not strong enough to walk; so she and her husband drove there in the brougham, while Haidee and I went on foot. We started before them, and Mr. Rayner was carefully helping his wife out of the carriage when we got to the gate. There was nothing noticeable in the way in which they bowed to one person, shook hands with another, exchanged a few words with a third; then we all went into the little church, which had been erected but a few years, and of which one aisle was still unbuilt.

There was a square family pew just in front of ours, which was empty when we took our seats; but, when I rose from my knees, I found fixed upon me, with a straightforward and not very friendly stare, the round, grey eyes of a girl two or three years older than myself, whom I recognized as the owner of the voice which had said of me, "Don't you know she comes from the house on the marsh?" By her side, therefore also facing me, was the younger sister with whom I had talked; she avoided meeting my eyes, and looked rather uncomfortable. As for me, I felt that I hated them both, and was glad when the gentlemen who was evidently their father changed his position so that he almost hid them from my sight. Next to him sat a stout lady, who wore a black silk mantle covered with lace and beads and a white bonnet trimmed with yellow bows and unlikely clusters of roses. My heart sank curiously when I caught side of the third person in the row, at the farther end of the pew. It was Mr. Laurence Reade, my friend of the dog-cart; and I felt as if a trusted ally had suddenly proved to be an officer in the enemy's camp. Having found myself in an uncongenial household, I had unconsciously looked forward to seeing again, at some time or other, the only person I had met since I came to Norfolk to whom no association of mystery or melancholy were attached. And now to meet him with those horrid girls! He was their brother evidently, for the elder harpooned him sharply several times for dozing during the service; but, when the sermon began and he had settled himself sideways in the corner with the plain intention of sleeping through the entire discourse, and the devout girl made a desperate lunge at him to rouse him once for all, he quietly took the weapon from her and kicked it under the seat. I rejoiced at this, and so missed the text, which was given out during the struggle. And then I missed a great deal of the sermon, for I was growing unhappy in my new home, and, as the preaching of one clergyman, especially if you are not listening particularly, sounds much like the preaching of another, it was easy to shut my eyes and fancy myself sitting with my mother in church at home in London. Presently, happening to glance around me, I caught sight of Mr. Laurence Reade in the corner of the next pew, with his arms folded, his legs crossed, and his head thrown back; and, if it had not been so very unlikely, I should have thought that he was not really asleep, but that through his half-shut eyelids he was looking at me.

When the sermon was over, and we filed out of church, I noticed that old Mr. Reade exchanged a few words with Mr. Rayner rather stiffly, while the two girls deliberately turned their heads away from us. But Mr. Laurence Reade hung back behind the rest of his family, and stooped to speak to Haidee, who was holding my hand. He asked her to give him a kiss, and she refused—and I was very glad. Of course it was my duty to rebuke her for rudeness, and to tell her to accept the attention with gratitude; but, instead, I looked carefully the other way and pretended not to be aware of the little comedy.

"Oh, Haidee, you shouldn't turn away from your friends," said he, in his musical voice, with rather more of grave reproach than the occasion required—to a child.

Mr. Rayner was on the churchyard path a little way in front of us, talking to the schoolmaster, the clergyman, and two or three of the gentlemen of the parish. He was trying to persuade them to start a penny bank, and was pointing out to them the encouragement it would give to habits of thrift, and offered to take the most of the trouble of starting it into his own hands.

The spirit of inactivity ruled at Goldham; there was no energetic curate to scandalise people by insisting that to doze through one sermon a week was but a negligent way of caring for their souls; the last vestry-meeting had dwindled into a spelling-bee, at which the doctor had been ruled out for putting only one "t" in "committee," and had gone home vehemently affirming that his was the right way, and that of the schoolmaster, his colleagues, and the dictionary, the wrong.

It was curious to note now how they all listened coldly at first, with an aversion to the proposal strengthened by their dislike to the man who proposed it, and how, overcome by an irresistible charm in his manner of arguing as much as by the arguments themselves, they one by one from listless became interested, and not only agreed to the scheme being started, but to taking each some small share in setting it on foot. Then, parting cordially with the man they had greeted so coldly, they all dispersed; and Mr. Rayner, handsome, bright, pleased with his little triumph, turned to his wife and led her to the carriage, while Haidee and I returned as we came—on foot.

He was very severe indeed upon rustic wits and rustic governors during dinner, calling them sheep and donkeys and other things. Then he grew merry and made jokes about them, and I laughed; and, finding in me an appreciative listener, his spirits rose still higher, and I thought before dinner was over that I had never heard anyone talk more amusingly. I think Mrs. Rayner made only one remark, and that was when I was furtively wiping some tears of laughter from my eyes; she asked me—

"Do you care to go to church this afternoon, Miss Christie?"

I suppose I looked rather snubbed, for Mr. Rayner broke in—

"Poor girl, how frightened you look at the thought! Know then, Miss Christie, that it is not one of the conditions of residence under this moist but hospitable roof that you should trudge backwards and forwards to church all Sunday, with intervals of pious meditation. We never go ourselves more than once. Our last governess did, because she liked it, not because she was 'druv to it,' I assure you; and I don't suppose, I don't even hope, that the excellent Miss Parker's mantle has fallen on your quarter of a century younger shoulders."

But I had quickly made up my mind that I had better go. Indeed I liked going to church; and, even if I had not acquired the taste already, the dullness of the Sunday before—which I had spent in the drawing-room with Mrs Rayner and Haidee, hearing my pupil repeat one of the Thirty nine Articles, which I was sure she did not understand, and which I myself did not understand well enough to explain to her, and stifling my yawns for the rest of the time behind Goulburn's *Personal Religion*—would have made me love it. So I said I should like to go, and they said that there was no afternoon service at Goldham: but Mr. Rayner told me the way to the church at Gullinborough, the next parish, which was not far off.

It was a sultry summer afternoon, with a heavy clouded sky; but it was pleasant to be out of doors, and it was pleasant to be alone; for I found the society of little Haidee, whose shyness and reserve with me had not worn off yet, rather depressing sometimes—I had even cried a little at night over the difficulty I had in making the child fond of me. So that to be quite alone and out of the sombre atmosphere of the Alders was quite a relief. I passed the gates of a park, among the trees of which I saw a big square white house surrounded by a flower-garden; and a little further on I saw an American chair on the grass under the park trees, and a young man in a light suit, with his cravat hanging loose and his hat off, lying at full length in it. He had a cigar in his mouth and a gaudy-covered book in his hand, and on a rustic table beside him was a half-empty glass containing some liquid; and I could see that there was ice in it. Of course I only glanced that way, but I recognized the gentleman as Mr. Laurence Reade; and I could not help smiling to myself as I went on. He saw me, I think, for he started up and coughed; but I was looking the other way, and I thought it best not to hear him. As I turned the angle of the park, I glanced again at the white house, and I saw, with a little surprise, Mr. Reade running towards it.

I got to church in very good time, and, being given a seat in the chancel, I could watch the country people as they filed in; and, just as the last wheezy sound from the organ was dying away before service began, Mr. Laurence Reade, having exchanged his light suit for church-going attire, strode up the middle aisle and banged the door of his pew upon himself. And, remembering how nice the iced drink looked and how cosy the arm-chair appeared, I thought it did him great credit to come to church the second time.

The sky had grown very dark by the time service was over, and the occasional rolling of distant thunder threatened a storm. A few heavy drops fell as I stepped out of the church door, and my heart sank at the thought of the ruin a good shower would work upon my best gown, a light gray merino. It was nearly half an hour's walk to the Alders; my way lay along lanes and across fields where there was little or no shelter, and my umbrella was a small one. However there was nothing to be done but to start, hoping that the storm would not break with any violence before I got home. I had left all chance of shelter well behind me, when the rain came pouring down like sheets of water, with a sharp hissing sound which made my heart sink within me. I stopped, gathered up my skirt round me, gave a glance round to see that no one was in sight, being aware that my appearance would be neither graceful nor decorous, and then ran for my life. Before I had gone many yards, I heard some one running after me, and then Mr. Reade's voice calling, "Miss Christie!" I ran on without heeding him, ashamed of my plight; but he would not take the rebuff, and in a few more steps he had caught me up, and, taking away my small umbrella, was holding his large one over me. He opened a gate to the right that led into a field with a rough cart-track alongside the hedge.

"But this is the wrong way. I have to turn to the left, I know," said I.

"There is a shed for carts here where we shall get shelter," said he.

And in a few minutes we reached it, and I found myself sitting under a low roof on the red shaft of a cart, watching the downpour outside, while Mr. Reade shook the rain from our umbrellas. A few days before I might have found something to enjoy in this curious encounter with my friend of the dog-cart; but the rudeness and suspicion of his sisters had made me shy with him. So I merely sat there and looked straight in front of me, while he, infected by my reserve, leant against the side of the shed and looked at me. I could see—as one sees so many things, without looking—the rain-drops falling one by one from the low roof on to his hat; but I would not tell him of it.

Things went on like this for some minutes until a bright flash of lightning dazzled me and made me cry "Oh!"

"You are frightened. Let me stand in front of you," said my companion, starting forward.

"Oh, no, thank you—I am not nervous!" I replied contemptuously, when a loud peal of thunder startled me so much that I nearly fell off my seat.

He said nothing, did not even smile at my crestfallen look; but he took up his stand in front of me, giving me a fine view of his profile against the dark sky. Every minute of this awkward silence was making it more difficult for me to think of something to say.

"I wish it would leave off," I remarked stupidly, at length.

"Are you in such a hurry to get back to the Alders? It is no drier there than it is here."

"But at least one can change one's boots."

"Have you got your feet wet? Why you have on little toy town-boots not fit to walk down a country-lane in? You will be laid up with rheumatic fever, or something of the kind," said he anxiously, looking vaguely about him for dry boots.

"Oh, no, no—they are much thicker than they look!" said I. "It isn't that. But Mr. Rayner will be anxious."

"Mr. Rayner; and Mrs. Rayner, won't she be anxious too?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth More than His Note.

Emery Storrs, the reparteeist, tells a story of a gentleman who bought a bill of goods for $1,500. The firm being suspicious of their customer, put $300 on the usual prices. The customer could only raise $1,200, which was the regular rate, the rest being in excess. He said he would give his note for the remainder, and they took it. Then he said he was in the habit of receiving a present when he made so large a bill. They gave him a necktie. He bitterly objected to such a mean little present. The proprietors then concluded to present him with his note for $300. He took it with a look of cunning and then said:

"Well, Mr. Alexanders, I think I will prefer the necktie, if it's just the same to you."

Malaria and Medicine.

No single case of premature death, of lifelong misery, and of loss of working power has ever equalled malaria. There is some reason to think that it was from personal experience of the ague, and the hepatic derangements consequent upon it, that Descartes got his profound conviction of ill health being the greatest of all hindrances to the wisdom and capability of the individual. There can, at least, be hardly any question that malaria is, and always has been, the largest single element in the miseries of mankind. Fortunately, malarial fever has almost disappeared from Great Britain, and it has hardly existed in some of our colonies, particularly the Australasian; it has decreased considerably in many parts of Northern Europe and the United States. Again, there is a drug, cinchona bark, with its products, which has a great power over the course of the fever. The cultivation of the cinchona-tree is now a great industry both in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, and whatever quinine or other products of the bark can do for malarious sickness will be, at no distant time, a benefit that may be shared by all but the very poorest and the races less accessible to civilization. Lastly, the symptoms, course, and complications of the intermittent and remittent fevers which malaria cause are known with all the precision that can be wished. What share, then, has medicine had in dealing with this destroyer of human happiness in the past, and what is the attitude of medicine toward malaria at present?

The almost total extinction of malaria at home, and its decrease abroad, have been brought about in the ordinary course of draining and cultivating the soil, and by wise attention to the planting or conservation of trees. There is a characteristic passage at the end of Kingsley's novel "Hereward," in which he commemorates his hero as the first of the new English "who, by the inspiration of God, began to drain the fens." The draining of the fens and all such achievements throughout the world have brought better health with them, but neither the doctors nor even the sanitarians have been the primary moving forces. Again, the medicinal uses of cinchona-bark were known first to the indigenous inhabitants of the Peruvian Andes, where the trees are native and where the ague is common; and it was the Jesuits who introduced it widely into Europe (1620) and the East. The story of the reception of this remedy by the medical profession has its unpleasant side. The arch-stupidities of the Paris faculty, who still live for the amusement of the world in Moliere's comedies, opposed it with their united weight. Court physicians in other European capitals than France assailed it with abuse, and no one wrote more nonsense about it than Gideon Harvey, the physician of Charles II. The new remedy apart from its merits, fell in with the views of the Paracelsists, and disagreed with the views of the Galenists, and was recommended or condemned accordingly. Even the great Stahl, nearly a century after cinchona was first brought to Spain, would have none of it, and, in his servitude to his theories, he even went so far as to make use of Gideon Harvey's ignorant tirade against the drug by reprinting it in German. As late as 1729, an excellent physician of Breslau, Kanold, whose writings on epidemics are still valuable for their comprehensive grasp, declared in his last illness (a "pernicious quartan") that he would sooner die than make use of a remedy which went so direct against his principles! The world, of course, gave little heed to those inane disputations; the value of cinchona was beyond the power of the faculty either to discover or to obscure. But, on behalf of the faculty, it remains to add that cinchona found powerful advocates from the first; and it will not surprise any to be told that these were generally the men whom medical history, on other grounds as well, has extolled or, at any rate, saved from oblivion. Such were Sydenham and Morton in London, Albertini in Bologna, Feyer in Schaffhausen, and Werlhoff in Hanover. The therapeutic position of cinchona was firmly established by Torti's treatise on the treatment of periodical fevers, published at Modena in 1709.

The next step in the relief of malarial sickness on the grand scale was the extraction of alkaloid quinine from the cinchona-bark. The powdered bark was not only very unpalatable, but it was cumbrous to carry and dispense, and, although the principle of the remedy remained the same, it has proved of infinitely greater service in the form of quinine, and in the form of the cheap alkaloidal mixture known in Bengal as "quinetum." The first extraction of an alkaloid was in the case of morphia, from opium, in 1805; the discoverer was an apothecary of Hamelen, who was rewarded rather better than the celebrated piper of that town, for the French Academy of Sciences voted him 2,000 francs. Quinine was discovered in 1820 by the French chemists Pelletier and Caventou. The sciences and arts of botany and practical forestry, of chemistry and practical pharmacy, are now all concerned in the production of this most invaluable of remedies. The commerce of the world has taken cinchona in hand, and there are now plantations of the trees not unworthy to be named beside those of coffee and tea.—*The Quarterly Review.*

A Hygienic Colony.

Who will project a hygienic colony for the North-West? There is a temperance colony, and certain religious bodies it appears have their colonies; why not a colony on a strictly public health basis? It would involve the selection of a salubrious site, perfect drainage of the soil, the construction of houses, whether small or large, only on the most approved sanitary principles, perfect sewerage and scavenging and a pure water. It would be necessary for all the individuals of the colony to conform to individual or personal health laws. To use only good, wholesome food, and to observe temperance in all things; in dress, to regard health as of the first consideration, and to regard the bath, regular exercise and rest as essential to health. The result fifty or one hundred years hence of the carrying out of such a project would be looked forward to with a good deal of interest by those who would be likely to live to witness it.—*Canadian Sanitary Journal.*

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company's Produce Exhibition Car.

A Conservatory on Wheels—The Energy and Enterprise of a Western Railway Which Sends Dakota's Products on an Exhibition Tour.

One of the most notable but quiet enterprises for advertising purposes which any state or railroad can boast of, has been quietly going on in the midst of our Ontario farmers. The Milwaukee and St. Paul railway company, conceiving the idea that the best way to surmount the reports of hard winters, blizzards and small crops, was to exhibit to the farmers (the class mostly interested) some of the many products which are the pride of

THE STATE OF DAKOTA.

This vast territory contains 150,932 square miles or 96,500,000 of acres of the best farming land to be found in North America. It is situated between the 42nd and 49th degrees of north latitude and the 19th and 29th degrees of longitude west of Washington. The extent of this state is more than France and twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland. That this territory has the most unbounded resources could easily be seen, if space would admit of the enumeration of its mineral resources, and as well as from the annual report of its products from all sources. Those figures although correct, could not convince any person more plainly than the exhibit made in the fine large car of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company, which is now visiting (for the benefit of farmers) the various towns and cities in Ontario. A brief description of this elegant

PRODUCE EXHIBITION CAR

may not be out of place.

Upon entering the car from either end, one cannot help feeling he has suddenly entered a conservatory arrayed in the most artistic manner, wreaths of corn, wheat, tobacco leaf and many grains and grasses, are woven and interwoven around roof and sides, in a thorough and artistic manner, bouquets of all styles made from earth's fruits are scattered around most profusely, until one can scarcely believe he is not attending the exhibit of a French school of vegetable cookery, preparatory to the cooking process. One of the most notable ornaments in the car is a large bell hung in the centre of the car the lower part of which is made of wheat, corn rye, grasses, etc., and the upper part of corn and vegetables, for a clapper or hammer, a fine clapper-shaped squash is hung in the centre by a blue ribbon, under this bell a prize in money will be given to the loving couple who will join in the bonds of matrimony.

A FEW GOOD THINGS TO SEE.

Corn in twelve varieties, including pop corn and the Dent corn, of which some very fine samples are shown, the Flint corn cobs, measuring sixteen inches in length. Radishes of the size of large rats and similarly shaped, turnips, carrots and rutabagas in endless variety, the Little Queen, Mother Hubbard, Turban, Scollop and other varieties of squashes. The pumpkin display was very fine, $30 having been offered for one sample of sweet pumpkins. In the potatoe department the Early Ohio was the most prominent, not a single potato weighed less than two pounds, some of them running to three pounds; there were the Snow Flake, White Elephant, White Star, Peach Blow, Burbank, Seedling, Western Red, and Victor. The display of grasses, Prairie red top, five feet in height, Blue joint, seven feet in height, Slough grasses and other varieties are woven in all directions as well as standing in the sheaf. Sweet potatoes and tobacco grown at Yanktown, timothy, clover, onions of several varieties, including the Westhersfield, Yellow Denver, Silver Skin, and Early Red, some very fine citrons, watermelons and crab apples. One long, clean looking cotton wood tree, about 20 feet long, attracts unusual attention; it was planted two years ago from a slip, and is now 3½ inches in diameter, which clearly shows the speed with which a young plant will quietly increase in value. Some very fine samples of timber grown from seed are displayed in many varieties, including soft maple, box elder, white ash, cotton wood, and apple, samples of Okra, Martinua, hops, parsnips, and cucumbers of two varieties.

THE GRAIN DISPLAY

is particularly fine, both in sheaves and bottles, and many varieties are shown, particularly the Dakota, No. 1 hard, Mediterranean Spring, and other early wheat grown around Yankton are very conspicuous. Both black and white oats are displayed, and among the latter are some exceedingly fine samples of White Russian, Flax seed, buckwheat, rye, barley, peas and berries can be found in another department, and also samples of fine, white flour from Chamberlain and ground at the mills of J. F. Sisson & Co. Sorghum or sugar cane and broom corn of great length decorate the roof of the car, and are interwoven with small sheafs of wheat cut at full length. On the bottom of the car are some very fine samples of Sioux Falls granite. The stone is compact and polishes to a high degree and is used in the erection of the finest structures at St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn. The finest class of stone for art work in the collection is the conglomerated stone which once polished for table tops, mantlepieces, etc., would become the rage rapidly. The stone from which Indians make their pipes is also shown, and as a curiosity the autograph of the noted Sitting Bull, written in a plain school boy hand, also a handsome and curious walking cane cut on the Missouri river is one of the greatest of curiosities.

CLIMATE, STORMS AND RAINS.

So much has been said in respect to the blizzards and heavy storms that are claimed for Dakota that a few statistics will not be amiss, and the reader should bear in mind that on account of the vastness of the territory a great difference will be found to exist between the region north of the 47th parallel, and that south of it. In southeastern Dakota the climate in many respects resembles that of Indiana, Ohio, Iowa and southern Minnesota, with a greater number of sunny, and a less number of rainy days. The summers are agreeable, and little inconvenience is experienced from heat, owing to the prairie breezes which prevail during the warmer months. The air is pure and dry in summer, clear and bracing in winter, and affords remarkable relief to persons suffering from incipient consumption, etc. Malarial diseases are wholly unknown. The winters are not severe, and the climate during the whole year compares more than favorably with the states before mentioned. From the tabulated statement of the signal office at Washington for a period covering 87 years, it is found that not a single cyclone has touched this territory whilst other states and territories have suffered 600 tornadoes, particularly in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. That this territory has become a favored one for farming there is no doubt, and that Canadians have found it particularly so will be shown by the following returns made in 1880:

United Kingdom and Canada	17,574
Scandinavian countries	17,809
German empire	7,262
Russia	6,493
All other foreign countries	2,597
Total	51,795

The increase in population in one year, from 1881 to 1882, was 43,354. With such an increase in population any person would think the answer to all false reports a pretty plain one, for not only has the population of Dakota increased but it is found that under the liberal homesteads and other laws of the United States its "free lands" are rapidly being disposed of. The report shows that of 15,669,848 acres of public lands entered under the various acts during the period above mentioned, not less than 4,568,919 acres or nearly one-third were disposed of in Dakota alone. Of the total acreage of 6,347,729, entered under the homestead act in twenty-four states and territories 2,187,415, or more than one-third was taken up in Dakota, and that under the timber act more than one-half of the 2,609,797 acres disposed of were entered in this territory. The rapid growth of this territory is mainly due to the energy, enterprise and business push of the Cnicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Co., which has run its rails in all directions through the territory, and which does not hesitate to run forty and fifty miles of a branch track when accommodation is wanted. Particularly is this noticed at Roscoe. The company has a regular emigration bureau attached to its service, and keeps regular travelling agents to attend to the wants of emigrants alone. No person not employed by the company is allowed in or around the company's emigration offices or railroads, and its system of detectives very soon ferret out any persons desirous of playing tricks upon emigrants. Mitchell and Aberdeen are the two great headquarters for the emigrants where the company's offices are situated. The company's produce exhibition car has been in Ontario under the direct supervision of M. H. Mercer of the emigration department of the road and Mr. Wallace Heafford, Canadian passenger agent of the company.—*Toronto World, Oct 27th, 1883.*

For descriptive pamphlets and other matter of interest regarding Dakota or the North-west Territories, send letter or postal to *Wm. Wallace Heafford, Canadian Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, 28 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ontario*, who will cheerfully furnish you by return mail.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Modern Elijah, who inclines to be facetious—"I'm getting to be pretty bald, ain't I? Guess you'll have to cut my hair for about half-price hereafter, eh?" Tonsorial artist, who is equal to the emergency, "Oh, no, sir; we always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair!"

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks.

During the thick fog the other evening Gom Gom took a poor blind man by the hand and led him to his door. Telling the story to a friend on the following day, he cried:—"It is terrible to be blind in such a fog."

Beware of that Cough! it may kill you: cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

"We are going to have a mild winter, Mrs. Varley; every body says so," remarked Mrs. Seaton. Mrs. Varley merely acknowledged the information with an "Ah," but when Mrs. Seaton had gone she turned to her companion and said: "You know what that remark means, don't you? Her husband's too stingy to buy her a new set of furs."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage least concerns other people; yet, of all actions of his life, it is most meddled with by other people.

PECTORIA! Pectoria Pectoria! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Pectoria loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per Bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria; all Druggists and General Stores, keepers sell it.

The strange sunsets of the past few evenings have doubtless been caused by the efforts of the sun to set himself by standard time.

"Man wants but little here below," wrote Oliver Goldsmith, but Oliver didn't stop to consider that the man who is going to build a house wants a lot.

Whenever you see a cannibal with thick lips trotting around with a circus you can put him down as nothing more than a beef-eater. The true cannibal has thin lips and a nose half long enough to pull.

FOR THE

Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of its poisons, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the Lungs, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere

Coke and Blackstone are suposed to be the legal authorities most consulted by coal dealers.

For a three cent stamp, Wilson Chemical Co., Kingston, Ont., will send to any address 27 hand colored samples of Triangle Dyes, with directions for use and other information valuable to every house-wife.

The Brooklyn Bridge has already got to be re-floored. The story goes that Jay Gould "cornered" all the Georgia pins of the requisite grade in the market, despite Ex-Mayor Grace, who had the contract; and it would seem that the latter got even out of the public.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto Canada. A. P. 155.

CARRIAGE SHOP FOR SALE—IN THE village of Preston; doing a good trade; no opposition; satisfactory reasons for selling. HAMACHER & SIMPSON, Preston.

THE LILY

is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.,
78 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN TO grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Diseases of the Spine, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Guelph and London Exhibitions. AUTHORS & COX, 91 Church St., Toronto.

The Queen's LAUNDRY BAR

ASK FOR IT and TAKE NO O HER.

Beware of Imitations.

TRADE MARK. Made by The Albert Toilet Soap Co.

BEST BOILER PLATE.

For sale low, the following sizes suitable for Boilers, Safes, Flumes, Tanks, &c., &c., 5-16 inch thick, 6x3, 8x3, 9x3, 10x3, 6x3½ 7x3½ 8x3½ 9x3½.

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Copland & McLaren,
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F. E. DIXON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Star Rive

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. en for Price Lists and Discounts.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months.

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Dominion,	Nov. 17	Toronto,	Nov. 21
PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL.			
*Sarnia,	Dec. 29	*Oregon,	Dec. 19
Ontario,	" 14	Dominion,	" 27

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

CONSUMPTION!

Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, and Catarrh.

Together with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Heart, successfully treated at the

Ontario Pulmonary Institute, 274, 276 and 278 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ont.

M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O., PROPRIETOR.

Our system of practice is by Medicated Inhalations, combined with proper constitutional remedies. Over 40,000 cases treated during the past 18 years.

If impossible to call personally for an examination, write for list of Questions and a copy of our new Medical Treatise. Address, ONTARIO PULMONARY INSTITUTE, 274, 276 and 278 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ontario.

THE MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT Association of Ontario. Head Office London, Ont. Issues certificates from $250 to $2,000 payable at marriage. A good investment for young people of either sex. Send for particulars. W. I. IMLACH, Secretary, Albion Block, London.

MATTHEWS BROS. & CO., 93 YONGE Street, Toronto. Mail prepaid, assorted packages of beautiful Christmas and New Year cards.

25 cards, assorted, mostly small,	$ 25
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No two cards alike. Cash to be sent with order.

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GREAT JOY EMPORIUM,

213 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

For Christmas Trees, Church Fairs, Bazaars, Festivals, Fish Ponds, and Grab Bags. I will send by express, charges paid, as follows. Good Value.

200 Well Assorted Toys	$10 00
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Address all orders to C. W. DENNIS 7 and 10 cent Multiple Store, 213 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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ELM CITY HARNESS OIL.

BASED ON NEATS FOOT OIL.

Is the finest harness dressing made. It softens and preserves the leather, and gives it a fine finish. Ask your saddler for it.

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FUN AND MYSTERY

ENDLESS AMUSEMENT FOR ONLY 30 CTS.

Have you seen it? The greatest collection of Games, Cards, Tricks, Puzzles, Songs, etc., ever offered for anything like the money. AMUSEMENT FOR A WHOLE SEASON, for the old or young. Our NEW BUDGET contains the following: Hatter's Confusing Pack; the Mystic Oracle; Guide to Flirtation; 10 new Evening Games; Set of "Hold to Light Cards;" 1 Set Colored Chromo Cards; the Star Puzzle; 25 Ways to Get Rich; the "13" Puzzle; 5 Beautiful Face Pictures; Language of Jewels and Flowers; 101 Selections for Autograph Albums; 11 Popular Songs with Music; 13 New Tricks in Magic; Pack of Fun and Comic Cards; 1 Chinese Block Puzzle; the Roman Cross Puzzle; Great $5 Prize Puzzle; 1 set Transformation Pictures, change color right before your eyes, and Games of Fortune.

ALL FOR 30 CENTS, IN ONE OR TWO CENT POSTAGE STAMPS. By mail, postpaid. Two Packages for FIFTY CENTS, five for ONE DOLLAR. Send at once and get the greatest bargain ever offered. Return this with order to avoid mistake.

JAS. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

DR. HOFFMAN'S GERMAN BITTERS

50c. | A GENUINE GERMAN DYSPEPSIA CURE. | 50c.

No injurious mineral, no poison, no irritating acid.

Acts on a different principle from other Bitters.

Possesses tonic, aperient and Digestive properties, and a principle that soothes the inflamed membranes, opens up the absorbing vessels of the stomach and Liver, cures Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c.

Wm. Goldsmith, of Collingwood, Ont., suffered for years with the worst form of Dyspepsia; tried physicians and every remedy advertised without benefit. One bottle of Hoffman's German Bitters cured him.

Wholesale by Lyman Brothers, and Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

FOR SALE.—IMPROVED SYNDICATE Farm, nine miles from Brandon, Manitoba, must be sold. S. JAMES, 20 Union Block, Toronto St., Toronto.

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Furnishes indemnity against loss of time by sickness or accident at comparatively low rates. For particulars enclose stamp to the secretary, Toronto, Ont.

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Are all of them without exception among the Largest and Fastest of Ocean Steamers. They were constructed with special reference to the conveyance of passengers, and for Safety, Comfort or Speed, are unexcelled. They are specially noted for the regularity of their rapid passages in all weather. The steerage accommodations are of the highest order, the ventilation perfect: and every provision has been made for the comfort and protection of the passengers. In addition to the total and absolute separation of the single men and women, except on deck, the married compartment has been so remodelled and arranged that every married couple or family has a little private room to itself.

For particulars apply to the company's agents at all towns in Ontario or to T. W. JONES, General Agent, 22 York street, Toronto.

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The Greatest Importing and Breeding Establishment in the World.

PERCHERON HORSES

WORTH $2,500,000.00

Imported from France and Bred since 1871, by

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25 miles West of Chicago on C. & N.-W. Ry.

Prices low for quality of stock, and EVERY STALLION GUARANTEED A BREEDER.

390 Imported the Past Three Months, consisting of finest animals, with choicest pedigrees Registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France and the Percheron Stud Book of the United States. Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue NO. 20.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR DOLLAR tweeds makes the price 90 cents; these goods are worth $1.50, and make beautiful ladies' ulsters. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR CELEBRATED black silks, that is our dollar silk will cost you only 90 cents; our $1.50, silk only $1.35; all goods marked in plain figures. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR ALL-WOOL Jersey blankets; our $4.50, blanket for $4; see our Dungannon coverlets, weight 7 lbs., only $1.95, or $1.75, net cash; this discount is allowed on all parcels of one dollar and over. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT OFF ALL dry-goods, including new fall stock, all goods marked in plain figures; all goods sold for cash only. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF GREY COTTONS—or a 10 cent cotton for nine cents; sheetings, shirtings, grey flannels, table napkins. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

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THE BEST HORSE REMEDIES

TRADE MARK.

are those made by

THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO

Every owner of one or more horses can save a large amount of time and money by having on hand a good supply of Ellis's Horse Remedies, and to supply a general demand we would announce that we will send the following by express (on receipt of the money, or C.O.D. and return charges): $6.50 for $5. 1 box, 12 pounds Medicated Food, $1; 2 bottles Spavin Cure, $2; 2 boxes Large Condition Powders, $1; 2 boxes Worm Powders, $1; 1 box Heave Powder, 50c.; 1 box Colic Powder, 50c.; 1 box Hoof Ointment, 50c.—$6.50. J. H. Whitson & Son, 24th Street, N.Y., says: "We have used Ellis's Spavin Cure in our stables for two years and have tried it on the following with perfect success: Splints, curbs, ring bones, bunches on the neck, swelled ankles, also quinsy, sore throat, and for general stable liniment: it is the best article we have ever used." For further particulars, free books, etc., write to

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ONE HALF CENT EACH.

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18 Murder's Hollow.
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21 The Father's Secret.
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We will mail all the above stories on receipt of 25c; 6 Lots for $1.00; 12 Lots for $2.00. We positively will not take an order for less than the whole 50 stories.

JAS. LEE & CO., MONTREAL, P. Q.

WATCH CHARMS

These new, elegant and unique little beauties gotten up in ivory to be worn on watch guards, neck-chains or as ornaments and keepsakes, and each contains "The Creed," "Lord's Prayer," "Ten Commandments," and other Scriptural mottoes; also, Foreign and American Scenery, "Beautiful Ladies," "Groups," "Public Buildings," etc., etc., which upon looking through the Charm is magnified. By mail 2 for 25cts., 1 doz. $1.00, 6 doz. $4.50, 1 gross $7.00.

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STARCH POLISH.

For Polishing Collars, Shirt Bosoms Lace Curtains, Cuffs, etc.

Putting on the same gloss and hard pearl finish as when bought at the store new at a cost of only one cent per week. Everybody wants it, and any one can sell it. Reasons why: 1st. It enables any woman to polish linen equal to a Chinaman. 2nd. It causes the iron to run smoothly and prevents iron rust. 3rd. It makes old linen look like new. 4th. It gives the linen such a smooth, glossy finish, that dust and dirt will not stick to it. 5th. It saves a woman from two to four hours' hard work each week. The Polish is packed in a slide box containing 24 lozenges, which will last an ordinary family six months. Sent to agents for Samples by mail, 25c., 1 dozen by express $1.25, 6 dozen by express $7.00, 12 dozen by express $12.00.

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15 sheets Note Paper, 15 Envelopes, Penholder, 1 Lead Pencil, 1 Gold Water Pen and a handsome piece of Jewellery mailed for 25c. 1 doz. by express, $1.50.

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No Student, Merchant, Mechanic, Agriculturist, Professional man or school child should be without it. Material Facts of Natural History, which will not give the practical knowledge that a few minutes' use of this Microscope affords. By mail postpaid, 30c; 3 for 75; 1 doz., $2.50.

J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P.Q.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

A guide to the successful hunting and trapping of all kinds of animals. It gives the right season for trapping; how to make, set and bait all kinds of traps; traps for minks, weasels, skunks, hawks, owls, gophers, birds, squirrels, muskrats, foxes, rabbits, racoons, etc.; how to make and use bird lime. It gives the English secrets of catching alive all kinds of birds; it tells how to know the true value of skins, as well as how to skin all animals; directions, stretch and cure them; to dress and tan skins, fur and leather; to tan with or without the hair; to skin and stuff birds; baits and hooks for fishing; how to fish successfully without nets, rods, line, spears, snares, "bobs" or bait, a great secret; how to choose and clean guns; how to breed minks for their skins (hundreds of dollars can be made by any boy or young man who knows how to breed minks), etc. Sent postpaid for 30c., 3 for 80c., 5 for 80c.

JAMES LEE & CO., Montreal,

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the general public give very little attention to anything he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones, but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we subtrait the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esq.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfaction to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of P. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

THE CEDARS, P.E.I., Oct. 23, '83.

Mr. J. H. Ford—DEAR SIR,—The photographs came to hand all right, and give great satisfaction. I have a photo of my dwelling with a person in front which I would like a dozen cabinets taken from. What would you charge me for them?

Yours truly,
WM. HEARD.

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHURLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

JUST | D!

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug, 23, 1883.

JAS. WHYTOC

Grocer & Provisi n DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCER AND

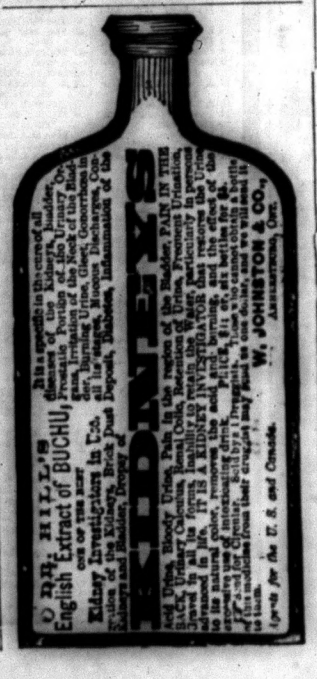
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.



Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

ORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 24th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

FANCY | CHINA | WARE.

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

WATCHES, CLOKGS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES.

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

Madoc, October 11th, 1883. 103ins

B.B. Casement & Co
Nails Iron, Steel
AND
GENERAL
HARDWARE
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

B.B. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty,
Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

JOHN A. ...ER, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 348. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, December 27, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

Cheese Matters.

The following report of a speech delivered by the Chairman at a recent annual meeting of a Cheese Factory, has been sent to us for publication, in the hope that it may be profitable to some of our rural readers:—

GENTLEMEN,—It is usual for the Chairman of a meeting to have a programme to go by. I have not got one; but I hold in my hand a report of the proceedings of last year which I shall go by. Before beginning the business of the meeting, I wish to make a few remarks. You are all aware that last year was an extra year for milk, and that cheese was an extra price, while this year was not so good—the fore part of the season was good, but the latter part was poor, and cheese brought two cents a pound less than it did last year, (a voice "what are you trying to educe.") I am trying to show that, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the President has been able to pay the patrons the magnificent sum of $26.30, which is higher than the Allen Settlement or Bay State, in fact I have not heard of any factory around anywhere paying so much. Then, there is the hog question to speak of. You are all aware that a report was circulated that the hogs this year would cost as much as they did last year. Well, they did not. Last year they cost $7.87 and this year they only cost $5.62. Last year there was peas fed, this year there was nothing but rye. (a voice, let us go on with the business of the meeting.) Wait a moment, I will soon be through. I just wish to state these things because some people run away with the idea that hogs cost them $7.87 a piece. (President—"There is not a man in the factory but knows his hogs cost nothing of the kind.") Then there has been a report in circulation that there was a lot of bad cheese made and that the factory lost money by them. I wish to say that the report is false. (Secretary, Do you mean to say that all the cheese brought the highest price?) No. But I mean to say that the factory lost nothing by them. (a voice, Oh!) (several voices, Let us go on with the factory business.) If you will keep quiet I will soon be through. There is just one thing more and I have done. It seems some time last summer the cheese maker saw an advertisement about a "luminous cross" and he sent away and got one, and hung it up; and it appears some people were offended. The cheese maker was very much surprised, and very sorry when he heard about it. He meant no offence—innocently sent for the cross and hung it up. He is here himself and has authorized me to make this statement regarding it. We will now proceed to the regular business of the meeting.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having claims against the Estate of the late B. Morgan, of Queensboro, are required to send the same to the undersigned with as little delay as possible; and all persons owing the said Estate are required to settle their indebtedness at once.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors of the Estate.
Madoc, Dec. 5, 1883. 345-4w

Christmas
—IS—
Coming.

THE largest assortment of

XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS

ever brought into Madoc, at Wilson's Book and Drug Store, from 2 cents upwards.

A large assortment of

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

(Albums, Photo, Autograph, and Scrap), at prices to suit the times. Call and see them.

C. G. WILSON,
Chemist and Druggist.
Madoc, Dec. 22, 1883.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recomending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by all Druggests.

On Friday morning last a fire broke out in the warehouse and offices of H. J. Rathbun & Son, at Campbellford, consuming the buildings and their contents, consisting of shanty supplies, also a large quantity of grain. The loss is about $12,000; insured for $4,000.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system "mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world Price 25c a bottle

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 20	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	1 02	to	1 07
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 57
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 75	to	0 80
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Hogs "	5 00	to	5 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 90	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Sheepskins	0 70	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

Private School.

MRS. BAYLIS (lately from England) gives lessons in music and singing at her residence, in Elgin street. She also takes a limited number of pupils, to instruct with her own children, in all the usual branches of an English education. Rudimental French and Drawing. Terms on application. 343

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.
July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS!

To the Municipal Electors

—OF THE—

Township of Madoc

NOTICE is hereby given that the Nominations for Reeve, Deputy Reeve, and three Councillors for the Township of Madoc, for the year 1884, will be held in

HARRIS' HALL, ELDORADO,

—ON—

Monday, Dec. 31st inst,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

You are notified that the Township is divided into four Divisions this year for Municipal purposes, as follows:—

Division No. 1.—All that part of the Township east of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and south of the line between lots 12 and 13. Hart's school house to be the polling place. J. R. Ketcheson, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2.—All east of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and north of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at McCoy's school house. J. Rimington, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3.—All west of the line between 6th and 7th concessions, and north of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at Rupert's school house. O. Johnson, Returning Officer.

Division No. 4.—All west of the line between the 6th and 7th concessions, and south of the line between lots 12 and 13. Polling place at O'Hara's school James O'Hara, jr, Returning Officer.

The election will take place on the first Monday in January next.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PROM, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

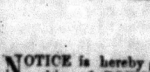
QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSOM, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Minoridge.



MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Dec'r 31ts,

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

325 Acres. **FONTHILL NURSERIES.** 325 Acres.

The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted

Steady employment, affixed salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant

Work the Year Round

Good Agents are earning from $40 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

Music Teacher.

MRS. J. STEPHENS, begs to intimate to the public generally that she is prepared to attend pupils at their own residences, to give instructions in music—Piano and Organ. Studies—Secular and Classical music, with Harmony and Thorough Bass. 345

TOY TRUNKS.

SATCHELS, &C.,

—FOR—

CHRISTMAS,

—AT—

THOS. ROBERTS'

BOOT and SHOE STORE.

Madoc, Dec. 15, 1883. 332.

NOTICE OF

DISSOLUTION!

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership of BOWEN & ELLIS, Grocers, etc., Madoc, has been dissolved, the business in future to be carried on by D. R. Bowen.

All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to the said D. R. Bowen, who also assumes all liabilities.

D. R. BOWEN.
E. ELLIS.

Madoc, Nov. 20, 1883.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

FRESH OYSTERS

NOW ARRIVING.

Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as

FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

We have a nice assortment of

CANNED GOODS

suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of

Crawford's Pure Package Teas,

which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.

Luncheons as usual.

Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883. S. A. DAVIS.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

ESTRAY.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned, Madoc village, about the middle of November, two yearling Heifers. Owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take them away.

JAMES KIRK,
Dec. 12th. 346-3w

ESTRAY.

CAME on the premises of the undersigned, lot 18, 6th con. Madoc, on or about the 1st of October last, a stray Steer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away.

D. FRASER.
Madoc, Dec. 6th. 346-3w

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c.; Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 141

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Season's Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College; Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit & Ornamen l Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c.

CENTERVILL, - ONTARIO,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.

Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

PONY

Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

COUSIN JOHN.

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Are we near Marston Station now?" I asked timidly of my opposite companion, with whom a few civilities had been exchanged during a somewhat long railway journey performed in a second class carriage.

"We shall be there almost directly," she answered briskly. "You are glad, I dare say; for it has been a tiring day for you."

"Yes," I replied doubtfully, feeling inwardly a sensation little akin to gladness; for, though I was going home in one sense of the word, having no other place to call by that name, I had never been to Marston before. I was going as a stranger to accept a shelter from relatives I had never seen—going with dread and uncertainty too; for though my aunt Vereker's letter had contained the promise of a welcome, how could I be sure she really meant it? How could I divine whether my cousins would not regard me in the light of an intruder and interloper as well? But I had had no choice in the matter. All had been hurriedly settled and arranged, almost before I had realised that I was to leave my old home and go out amongst new friends and strange faces.

I knew that the Verekers were rich—at least, rich in comparison with what we had ever been; and, as my means were in future to be of the most modest description, I had travelled in a way would probably shock them if they chanced to see me alight. But that could not be helped. I knew I was right. Very likely none of them would be at the station; at all events, there was not much time for deliberation; even then the train was slackening its speed. I was gathering up my few belongings and preparparing very tremblingly for the ordeal.

I had jumped out very quickly, not pausing to glance either to the right or to the left, when suddenly a voice behind me said something which in my nervousness I could not quite catch; but, looking up, I found myself facing a gentlemen who, concluding who I was, introduced himself as my cousin John Vereker. He was dressed in a rough gray shooting-suit, with a wide-awake hat, which he raised slightly when he first addressed me,

"Lina is here too," he said. "We drove over together; and the cart has been sent for your boxes."

"Thank you," I answered; "but I have only one small box and what you see."

"All right," said my cousin John, though how he came to be my cousin was a mystery which was still to be explained; for I had never heard that aunt Vereker had a son. I had always imagined that her family consisted of daughters only.

He possessed himself quietly of my small property, and, leading the way, conducted me through the little gateway to the pony-carriage wherein Lina sat, gazing towards us with evident curiosity as we approached. She welcomed me kindly, and then proceeded to ask if I would mind sitting behind in the seat usually occupied by the groom, as she wished to drive home.

"And John won't let me," she said, with a pretty plaintive gesture, "unless he sits beside me. He is such a tiresome old plague; aren't you, John?"

"Nonsense, Lina!" replied John. "I mean to sit here"—pointing to the back seat—"I can guide the reins just as well if you get frightened."

So I got in obediently and seated myself by Lina's side. She kept up a running fire of small-talk all the way home, varied only by one or two nervous exclamations when the ponies seemed disposed to get beyond her control. When had I started? Was I very tired? Didn't I think the heat terrific? And wasn't I afraid to take such a long journey alone?

"Oh, John"—suddenly stopping her conversation with me, during which my replies had been of the least consequence to her—"here is Mr. Haughton coming! Hadn't we better speak to him? He is sure to have made a call on us, and he will have been so dreadfully disappointed. Do stop, John!"

Walking very leisurely up the road, accompanied by several dogs, was a gentleman who I of course concluded was Mr. Haughton; he was tall and very fair, with an almost moustache and extremely handsome sunburnt face. The features were faultless, excepting only the chin, which, sloping inwards, gave a look of indecision and weakness, which in my opinion detracted not a little from his good looks. However, he was very gentleman-like, and greeted Lina most cordially, as well as my cousin John.

Neither of them thought of introducing me; so I sat quietly by, half amused, half annoyed at Lina's incessant chattering, and her evident desire to impress Mr. Haughton favorably. It struck me however that the latter appeared hardly grateful enough to her. His manner was a mixture of indifference and politeness; and, after the first few sentences had been spoken, he made a decided movement to depart, which Lina apparently did not notice. She rattled on most vigorously, until reminded by her brother that we ought to hasten homewards on my account; so, with a few last words, which were rather lengthy ones, we started off once more on through a most picturesque little village, then down a broad road bordered on either side by magnificent elm-trees, until we came to an iron gateway with a cosy lodge one mass of blooming jessamine, roses, and honeysuckle, with bright lattice-paned windows and brilliant flowerbeds facing them.

"How pretty!" burst from my lips. "How lovely! Oh, it is like a picture!" I exclaimed involuntarily as we drove up the short approach and came within view of the house.

In another few seconds we drew up before the doorway. The reins were thrown by Lina to a groom, who promptly appeared; Cousin John helped me to get out; and, under his escort, I was presently ushered into aunt Vereker's presence.

I had expected to see some one very cold and formal—I had fancied she was so from her letters—but, instead, I found a youthful-looking person, dressed in most elaborate black—it could scarcely be called mourning—with a tiny little tulle trifle perched most coquettishly on the side of her head, which thick plaits of chestnut hair also adorned. Far from being cold and formal, she was cordial and kindly to a degree; she repeated all Lina's enquiries, and was equally accommodating to my answers. But, although outwardly there was nothing left for me to desire, so far as words went, something—I could not explain what—chilled me towards aunt Vereker.

Aunt Vereker had been a widow for about five years, and since then had lived at the Grange, which belonged to Mr. John Vereker, who was only her step-son, having been a well-grown boy of fifteen when his father fell in love with and married her. Perhaps it was out of love for her, perhaps it was from some innate conviction of her incapability and shallowness, perhaps from his entire confidence in his—no one know—but the late Mr. Vereker had left his widow to the care of his son, and trusted to him to supplement, as far as he considered needful, a very moderate settlement, which was all he had made upon his wife.

John Vereker was a rich man, and, what was still more to the point in my aunt's opinion, a very generous one. She considered she had been very badly treated by her husband, and there were times when she rather murmured because her step-son did not secure to her the allowance he gave. However, those sentiments, were never uttered in his presence: it was only behind his back that John Vereker was at times accused of being "mean," "stingy," and "miserly." The girls were each to have three thousand pounds—"a beggarly pittance," aunt Vereker said; but, if John did his duty, they would have a great deal more.

Lina was her favorite; and Lina's prospects of a matrimonial settlement were just then beginning to occupy her mind. Mr. Haughton was the individual upon whom their hopes were resting; and, as I came to know my aunt better, I trusted most sincerely, for the sake of general peace, that he might not disappoint them.

He was a frequent visitor at the Grange—in fact, hardly a day passed without our seeing something of him; but, as his place was within an easy distance, and he had nothing at home to enliven him, I sometimes wondered whether it was for his own or Lina's sake that we were so often favored with his company. I had been at the Grange a little over a month, and had become day by day more convinced of one thing—namely, that neither aunt Vereker nor Lina regarded me with friendly eyes. Perhaps I was too near Lina's own age—I was nineteen; perhaps they felt I was a restraint and burden. I could not tell what it was. Of Mr. John Vereker I saw very little; and my three younger cousins, being still in the schoolroom, were seldom available as companions; so I found myself solitary in the midst of them all, an intruder and an interloper—just what I had feared when I was hurrying towards Marston on the first day of my arrival.

I had one pleasure however which none of them grudged me, and of which I could avail myself as often as I desired. Soon after I came to Marston the organist of the village chapel was suddenly taken ill; no one was able or willing to undertake the duties he could not for a time perform, and for the first Sunday the service was conducted without music of any kind.

"Aunt Vereker," I said that same evening, "do you think Mr. Harleigh would let me play for him?"

"You!" repeated aunt Vereker. "Play in church! Oh, no; it would never do!"

"I used to do so at home sometime," I answered, "when I didn't sing in the choir."

"I don't like the idea of your performing here in public," replied aunt Vereker severely. "I should never dream of allowing Lina to do such a thing."

"But Lina couldn't," put in Beatrice, with naive sincerity.

"Couldn't she!" laughed Lina, who at that moment appeared, with Mr. Haughton behind her, at the drawing-room window. "Pray what can I not do?"

"Play the organ in church. Blanche has been asking mamma if she may."

"Are you musical, Miss Beresford?" asked Mr. Haughton, addressing me.

"I am very fond of music, if that means being musical," I answered, with a guilty consciousness that aunt Vereker was eyeing me severely.

"Will you play something now?" continued Mr. Haughton. "Do ask your cousin"—appealing to Lina, who seconded his request so warmly that I was obliged to accede.

Hardly had I played a few chords when aunt Vereker, interrupting me, begged that we would all recollect what day it was—Sunday—and, if I must play, she must beg me to play only chants. However, Lina and Mr. Haughton drew near the piano, at which I seated myself; and soon a chorus of voices—shrillest amongst them aunt Vereker's own—sounded through the pretty dining-room.

But music at the Grange was not like the music I revelled in when, armed with aunt Vereker's rather unwillingly accorded consent, I undertook the organist's post and practiced for it in the long summer afternoons. It was a lovely little chapel, built partly by uncle Vereker, and fully finished at Mr. John Vereker's expense. Many an hour I spent in it, many a sad thought and fancy I embodied in the grand tones which rolled forth under my fingers. When I was saddest, when things felt strangest and most desolate, I used to take the key of the chapel, and, tying on my hat, run down the shrubbery walk, and, crossing the broad elm-bordered road, enter the still little edifice, and in the pleasures of harmony forget as far as I could the realities of life.

One rather drizzling day I had set forth to have some practice, and had just reached the gateway leading to the chapel, when I saw Mr. Haughton coming towards me. It was impossible to pretend that I had not observed him; I must make some civil remark; so I waited quietly until he came up, fancying that he would go on to the Grange where I knew he was already expected.

As yet he had not done his duty regarding Lina; she was still hoping daily for a declaration, the very tardiness of which might have sufficed to convince her that it would never come. I pitied Lina from my heart. What could be more wearing or more degrading than a perpetual effort to bring an unwilling suitor to the point, or more distracting than aunt Vereker's transparent little schemes to throw them together and to give him every possible facility for asking the question that was to make poor Lina happy?

"Did he say nothing to-day, Lina," aunt Vereker would—"nothing tangible?"

"No, nothing. What do you mean!" Lina would answer, angry, indignant, and disappointed.

Mr. Haughton's silence, though very exasperating, did not suffice to damp my aunt's welcome to him. He was at liberty to come to the Grange at all times, and, when there, was treated with all the honor due to a future most unexceptionable son-in-law. I have described him as a handsome man. In features he certainly was, and his general appearance was gentlemanlike; but, when he stood side by side with my cousin John Vereker, the contrast between the two ought, I thought, to have been sufficient to cure Lina of her preference. For there was nothing manly about Eustace Haughton, no intellect in the pale blue eyes, no strength in the narrow white hands, with their long nerveless-looking fingers; whilst Mr. Vereker, with his almost plain face, gray-streaked hair, and shabby shooting-coat, had an air of quiet decision, an indescribable something which at once proclaimed him to be, what I felt from the first he was, a brave, honest, honorable English gentleman. I could have fancied it possible to face any great danger quietly with John Vereker by my side.

Before I had been long at the Grange, I knew that I had seen the one person in the world with whom life for me would be almost cloudless; but what folly it was to think of such a thing! How I tried to reason myself out of it one moment; the next, how closely I clasped the sweet secret—the secret that would be buried with me! For I loved John Vereker—I, Blanch Beresford, aged nineteen, possessed of the magnificent fortune of about fifty pounds a year, with nothing to recommend me except perhaps my voice. And I could sing; even aunt Vereker said one night that she could not listen quite unmoved when Blanche sang, for she had tears in her voice.

I wondered what he thought. But he seldom spoke to me. Sometimes, when he seemed inclined to do so, I grew so nervous that my answers simply repelled him. I knew it, and writhed to think how utterly foolish and unnatural I must appear. I had the presumption to love him. Well, no one knew it, and time might cure me perhaps. Besides, I should not long remain at the Grange; aunt Vereker did not wish it. I could perceive that more from her manner than from anything she ever said; instinctively I was aware that the welcome of which I had been doubtful from the first had ceased to exist, and that toleration only was accorded to me by my cousins as well as herself. No suspicion of what had caused the growing coolness had ever flashed across me, never distantly did I dream of the possibility of having interfered with Lina's prospects, until this drizzling afternoon, when, hurrying to the chapel, I chanced to encounter Mr. Haughton.

"Miss Beresford," he said, when the first greetings had been exchanged, "won't you give me a great pleasure? Won't you let me hear you sing something? I know that you are going to practice. Won't you let me listen?"

"If you like," I answered, without hesitation. "Old Tufton comes to blow the organ for me; so I must go to his cottage first.

"Couldn't I do instead?" asked Mr. Haughton. "Suppose you engage me, and dismiss old Tufton?"

Tufton proved to be out; so there was nothing for it but to agree to accept Mr. Haughton's good offices or to give up my practice. I hesitated for a few seconds, and then resolved upon the latter course.

"I shan't practice to-day," I said, as we retraced our steps towards the chapel.

"Do," urged Mr. Haughton; "do Miss Beresford. I should like to hear you play!"

"You hear me every Sunday," I said smiling.

"Yes, I know that; but then you are playing for everybody's benefit. I should like you to play for mine only. Oh, Miss Beresford," he continued, with some vehemence, "if you only knew——"

"I don't want to know," I interrupted desperately—"I don't want to know anything."

Whatever he might have intended to say was checked, not so much by my entreaties as by the sudden and timely appearance of my cousins John Vereker and Lina, who just then turned down the pathway leading towards where we were.

Nice behaviour! Nice conduct. Such a cunning piece of deception had never before come under her eyes; but she knew me now—that was one comfort—knew me thoroughly. So aunt Vereker informed me, when, after a protracted interview with Lina, she came into my room to confront me with my crime.

"I don't know what you mean, aunt," I said. "I really do not understand what I have done."

"Done!" echoed aunt Vereker. "Done! Why, your own conscience might tell you! You have deprived poor Lina of all she cares for in the world; you have lured Eustace Haughton away from her, just when he was on the verge of a proposal, by your quiet sneaking ways."

"I—lured—Mr. Haughton! Oh, aunt how can you say such a thing? I met him to-day by the purest accident."

"I am sure you did—an accident of daily occurrence," replied aunt Vereker. "Very accidental, no doubt! I suppose that is equally accidental;" and she threw down a letter addressed to me in an unknown hand.

"I should say that it was quite accidental; for I do not recognise the handwriting."

"Little serpent!" cried my aunt, as she turned to leave the room. "I wish you had never darkened my doors!"

How he must despise me if he thought I had laid myself out to entrap such a man as Mr. Haughton—I who had never given him a thought, far less dreamt of his preference! Yes there was his letter—for sure enough it came from him—hurried, but earnest in its entreaties to me to accept what he now offered—himself. He feared he had offended me; if he had, I must forgive him; add, if I could not give him my love all at once, he begged me not lightly to reject his, but give him the chance of winning mine.

Never was a proposal so unwarranted, never had one been so unwelcome. I sat quiet and speechless after perusing it, until roused by hearing the dressing-bell ring, which warned me that in half an hour I must meet them all at dinner.

Lina, tear-stained and indignant, was the first that greeted me; behind her was my aunt, vigorously fanning herself; whilst my cousin John was apparently buried in the study of the *Times*.

I approached them tremulously enough, and presently summed up courage to address to Lina a rather unintelligible remark as to my having feared that I was late for dinner, my watch being slow.

"Oh, you are in excellent time!" responded my aunt, who took the remark as addressed to herself. "We should have had to excuse you if you had been late."

A slight sob from Lina and a rustle of the *Times*, followed by the announcement of dinner, saved my having to reply. But what a dinner it was! The only voice was my cousin John's, who strove, vainly enough, to bring forward topics which might be generally and safely discussed. Once or twice he addressed me in a manner so pointedly that I could have broken down right there and then and sobbed my precious secret out at his feet, utterly regardless of aunt Vereker's or Lina's presence, both of whom sat in silent wrath, glancing towards me with the most unmistable contempt and abhorrence.

Well, it would soon be over; for I could not stay long at the Grange. Very soon I should be gone; but whither? That was a question hard indeed to answer—a problem beyond my solving. I was very young. I knew nothing of the ways of the world. I had no idea how far my own small means were capable of maintaining me. I was not sufficiently accomplished to be a governess; and, without having one shade of conceit about, me I knew I was too good-looking to pass through life in the obscurity which I began to desire for myself.

The vista before me was cold and chill and hopeless. A few lines of refusal having been duly despatched to Mr. Haughton, I sat in my own room reflecting on my future. Many were the projects I revolved ere I slept. These the morning sun dispelled, for they had not been of the wisest. However, with some trepidation I sought out aunt Vereker, and told her, as simply as I could, how grieved and sorry I was, but how utterly unexpected Mr. Haughton's proposal had been.

"Not unwelcome, if unexpected," responded my aunt. "But I wish to tell you frankly that I think your behaviour has been simply abominable. Not that you probably will care for what I may say or think—as Mrs. Haughton, you will be in a position to do without my good opinion—but I wish to express it now to you, and to tell you at the same time how bitterly I regret having allowed you to come here at all."

"That I can quite believe," I answered, with some bitterness. "But you are in error if you think I am likely to become Mrs. Haughton."

My aunt laughed incredulously.

"You are not going to further impose upon me, Blanche. Don't imagine that I believe you intend to refuse such an offer."

"I have refused it," I replied laconically.

"You have refused it!" exclaimed my aunt. "Well, you are the best judge of your own actions; but may I ask, if it is true that you have refused Mr. Haughton, what was your object in detaching him from Lina?"

"I never detached him," I answered indignantly; "I never dreamt of his daring to propose to me!"

"Daring to propose! Really, Blanche, I wonder if you have any idea of your own position? By birth you may be entitled to marry a gentleman; but, considering your penniless——"

"I have fifty pounds a year, aunt," I said, "and I mean to live upon that. I am very sorry that I have so innocently distressed Lina; but I shall go away to-day—to-morrow—as soon as you like; and Mr. Haughton will do me the justice to tell you that it was no fault of mine."

"As if I would discuss it with him," uttered aunt Vereker;" and as if I could, in decency, allow you to go away! No, no; you must remain where you are until I can see you properly bestowed elsewhere; but, recollect, here you have brought nothing but unhappiness, and in this house your presence can never be welcome. I am only giving you an idea of what every one, from your cousin John downwards, thinks and feels in consequence of your conduct."

This was the final blow for me. A wild sense of the injustice, the cruelty of it all surged through me. Involuntarily I started up, and then sat down, faint and trembling, speechless with impotent wrath, shame, and sorrow.

"Please do not attempt any heroics, Blanche, I am not a person to be impressed by any exhibition of the kind;" and aunt Vereker got up, and, with a sneering glance towards me, left the room.

Mr. Houghton came no more to see us, and my cousin John departed to spend, first, a couple of months at his shooting quarters in Scotland, and afterwards, I gathered from what I heard, he went about paying visits. At all events, the Grange was not to see him until Christmas. How I longed for Christmas to come, and how I listened for any chance scrap of information touching the movements of my absent cousin!

One very dull, rainy morning in December there came a letter from him to aunt Vereker, headed from Grimsby Castle, Lord Vandeleur's place in Shropshire, saying that he was now really *en route* for home, but that Lord Vaandeleur had pressed him to remain for another week, so he would not appear at the Grange until the twenty-fourth—Caristmas Eve.

"There must be some special attraction at Grimbsby," suggested Lina. "Isn't Miss Vandeleur a great beauty?"

"I believe she is," returned aunt Vereker; "but John isn't a marrying man, happily for us. He has often said he would never marry."

"Thas's the very reason he will," replied Lina petulantly. "A nice thing for us to have to bundle out of this house and go off to some poky hole!"

"Don't distress yourself, Lina," said my aunt. "John isn't attractive enough to please the Honorable Miss Vandeleur. She expects to marry nothing under a duke."

"I hope she won't be disappointed," sighed Lina; "but I agree with you, mamma"—more brightly. "John isn't a beauty."

It was late when he arrived, looking browner and more stalwart than ever, and just as quiet, grave, and nice as he had been since I first saw him. I was very nervous when he advanced to shake hands with me. Perhaps my state of my mind accounted for the sudden pallor which must have overspread my face, for my cousin John said kindly—

"Blanche is not well, surely?"

"Oh yes, I am—quite well!" I said quickly.

"What is the matter?" asked aunt Vereker sharply, turning towards me time to see a burning blush covering face. "I see no signs of illness."

"Don't you?" I heard my cousin John say; and then the lights began to flicker strangely, and vague noises like the rushing of many waters sounded in my ears. I made a wild stumble forwards, and then, failing to reach a friendly chair, was conscious of sinking downwards into darkness, and presently revived to find that I was being borne up-stairs in a pair of strong arms; and I recognised, bending over me as he laid me down, the face of my cousin John.

"She is better now," he said softly. "It was a fainting fit, I suppose. "Has it happened before?"

"Never," answered a voice which I knew was aunt Vereker's; and then cousin John went quickly from the room, leaving me with a bitter sense of humiliation and shame to recover.

What could they all think of me? I could fancy aunt Vereker setting my illness down to heroics and a desire to attract; I could imagine my cousin John himself being once more and for ever "disgusted," and Lina's innumerable suppositions as to what had caused the seizure. I lay there all the evening alone. Only once Beatrice came up, to see if I would have some tea, as I had missed dinner altogether.

No, I would have nothing—nothing at all; I was glad to be a martyr, as some sort of self-punishment for my weakness. As I had a dim hope my refusal might be made known to cousin John.

It was a wretched feeling, I owe; I should really have enjoyed a cup of tea immensely—still more should I have liked to have been down-stairs, instead of spending my Christmas Eve in such a miserable fashion. At last kind nature's sweet restorer closed my tired eyelids and banished my dreary thoughts; and, when I awoke, Christmas Day had fairly dawned.

Such a bright lovely day it was, the ground; and trees covered with snow; icicles were hanging in crystal glittering loveliness, and the great elm-tree branches were bowed with drifts of half-melted snow, which crumbled into powder when a bird lighted on a bough, or dropped gradually in soft fragments to the ground. All was still, white, and lovely when I looked out of my bed-room window, lit up as the landscape was by the reflection from the sun on the otherwise colorless scene.

Service was to be at eleven o'clock; so I hurried to the chapel to perform my duties there, not waiting to hear whether the rest of the party meant to follow or not. After the preliminary voluntary came that wonderously beautiful hymn—

"Hark, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!"

Then, standing up, I saw in the Grange pew aunt Vereker, Lina, Beatrice and my cousin John, whilst in the Brampton Thorpe one I beheld Mr. Haughton.

The latter's unexpected visit annoyed me more than I can say. I feared he might wait for me, and offend my aunt more than ever by attempting to renew his request. So, when the service was over, I remained quietly in the organ-gallery until I thought every one must have gone. At last I ventured out. How pale and silent everything was as I passed through the little churchyard—passed with hurried footsteps, rendered noiseless by the heavy snow—as noiseless as those which overtook me, for I heard no sound until the voice—not of Mr. Haughton, but—of my cousin John suddenly addressed me.

"What were you doing, Blanche?" he asked, "I thought you were never coming."

"I was arranging my things for the evening," I answered.

"I don't think you ought to play to-night," he said very kindly.

"Why not?" I asked, so brusquely that I was utterly disgusted with myself.

"You are not fit for it," said cousin John. "I did not know you had been ill when I was away."

"I wasn't ill. I never was better!" I exclaimed; but my face must have contradicted my words, he looked so incredulously at me.

"You weren't happy, Blanche. I know it; and I have a message for you which may make you happier. I have promised to deliver it to you, and to—ask you to—weigh it"—these last words said very slowly.

"Eustace Haughton told me to tell you that he has not accepted your answer as final. He hopes still; and I have promised to tell you so. It is my duty, Blanche. He is rich. I believe he is all that we could desire; and you must weigh matters well. There are advantages——"

"There may be," I interrupted, "many advantages; but I could not care for him, not even if——"

"If what, Blanche?"—and my cousin's voice was strangely changed.

"If I had seen no one I cared for more," I answered, with a desparate heedlessness of consequences.

"You love some one else then?"

"With my whole heart!" I answered.

And then there came a silence, a long awful silence, during which I noticed with strange acuteness the heavily-laden snow-covered palings and the bent branches of the fir-trees in the shrubbery.

"Can you name him? Blanche, is he worthy? Have compassion, Blanche—have compassion upon me!"

What words would convey the depths of happiness sounded on that snowy Christmas morning? What heart was so joyous or so thankful as mine, when it dawned upon me that cousin John had loved me from the first? But, from his imagining that the disparity in our ages was too great, and from other groundless causes, he never dreamed that his preference could be returned.

Six weeks after that we were married and I am happy to say Mr. Haughton not only got over his disappointment, but consoled himself not long afterwards by marrying, not Lina, but a Spanish-looking beauty who looks down with great condescension on Mr. and Mrs. John Vereker.

So my eventful Christmas Day ended in being a merry one. And I cannot do better for my friends than wish them as merry a one, and as happy a New Year, and many of them, as fell and have fallen to my own share.

A new religious sect has arisen in England which worships Mother Eve. The daughters of Eve are worshipped by all sects.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Santa Claus.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

What on earth do you think has happened the other day I was at Tom McGinnis's, and he had some company. He has a big boy, and something like a cousin of Tom's. Would you believe it, that fellow said there wasn't any Santa Claus! I was ashamed for him, and I told him at once that he coud never have any little hatchet.

Now that boy distinctly did tell—but I won't mention it. We should never reveal the wickedness of other people, and ought always to be thankful that we are worse than anybody else. Otherwise we would be like the Pharisee, and he was very bad. I knew for certain that it was a fib Tom McGinnis's cousin told. But all the same, the more I thought about it the more I got worried.

If there is a Santa Claus—and of course there is—how could he get up on top of the house, so he could come down the chimney, unless he carried a big ladder with him; and if he did this, how could he carry presents enough to fill mornahundred stockings? And then how could he help getting the things all over soot from the chimney, and how does he manage when the chimney is all full of smoke and fire, as it always is at Christmas? But then, as the preacher says, he may be supernatural—I had to look that word up in the dictionary.

The story Tom McGinnis's cousin told kept on worrying me, and finally I began to think how perfectly awful it would be if there was any truth in it. How the children would feel! There's going to be no end of children at our house this Christmas, and Aunt Eliza and her two small boys are here already. I heard mother and Aunt Eliza talking about Christmas the other day, and they agreed that all the children should sleep on cot bedsteads in the back parlor, so that they could open their stockings together, and mother said, "You know, Eliza, there's a big fire-place in that room and the children can hang their stockings around the chimney."

Now I know I did wrong, but it was only because I did not want the children to be disappointed. We should always do to others and so on, and I know I should have been grateful if anybody had tried to get up a Santa Claus for me in case of the real one being out of repair. Neither do I blame mother, though if she hadn't spoken about the fire-place in the way she did, it would never have happened. But I do think they ought to have made a little allowance for me, since I was only trying to help make the Christmas business successful.

It all happened yesterday. Tom McGinnis had come to see me, and all the folks had gone out to ride except Aunt Eliza's little boy Harry. We were talking about Christmas, and I was telling Tom how all the children were to sleep in the back parlor, and how there was a chimney there that was just the thing for Santa Claus. We went and looked at the chimney, and then I said to Tom what fun it would be to dress up and come down the chimney and pretend to be Santa Claus, and how it would amuse the children, and how pleased the grown-up folks would be, for they are always wanting us to amuse them.

Tom agreed with me that it would be splendid fun, and said we ought to practice coming down the chimney, so that we could do it easily on Christmas-eve. He said he thought I ought to do it, because it was our house; but I said no, he was a visitor, and it would be mean and selfish in me to deprive him of any pleasure. But Tom wouldn't do it. He said that he wasn't feeling very well, and that he didn't like to take liberties with our chimney, and, besides, he was afraid that he was so big that he wouldn't fit the chimney. Then we thought of Harry, and agreed that he was just the right size. Of course Harry said he'd do it when we asked him, for he isn't afraid of anything, and is so proud to be allowed to play with Tom and me that he would do anything we asked him to do.

Well, Harry took off his coat and shoes, and we all went up to the roof, and Tom and I boosted Harry till he got on the top of the chimney and put his legs in it and slid down. He went down like a flash, for he didn't know enough to brace himself the way the chimney-sweeps do. Tom and I we hurried down to the back parlor to meet him; but he had not arrived yet, though the fire-place was full of ashes and soot.

We supposed he had stopped on the way to rest; but after a while we thought we heard a noise, like somebody calling, that was a great way off. We went up on the roof, thinking Harry might have climbed back up the chimney, but he wasn't there. When we got on top of the chimney we could hear him plain enough. He was crying and yelling for help, for he was stuck about half-way down the chimney, and couldn't get either up or down.

We talked it over for some time, and decided that the best thing to do was to get a rope and let it down to him, and pull him out. So I got the clothes-line and let it down, but Harry's arms were jammed close to his sides, so he couldn't get hold of it. Tom said we ought to make a slipper noose, catch it over Harry's head, and pull him out that way, but I knew that Harry wasn't very strong, and I was afraid if we did that he might come apart.

Then I proposed that we should get a long pole and push Harry down the rest of the chimney, but after hunting all over the yard we couldn't find a pole long enough, so we had to give that plan up. All this time Harry was crying in the most discontented way, although we were doing all we could for him. That's the way with little boys. They never have any gratitude, and are always discontented.

As we couldn't poke Harry down, Tom said let's try to poke him up. So we told Harry to be patient and considerate, and we went down-stairs again, and took the longest pole we could find and pushed it up the chimney. Bushels of soot came down, and flew over everything, but we couldn't reach Harry with the pole. By this time we began to feel discouraged. We were awfully sorry for Harry, because, if we couldn't get him out before, the folks came home, Tom and I would be in a dreadful scrape.

Then I thought that if we were to build a little fire the draught might draw Harry out. Tom thought it was an excellent plan. So I started a fire, but it didn't loosen Harry at all. Then when we went on the roof to meet him we heard him crying louder than ever, and saying that something was on fire in the chimney and was choking him. I knew what to do, though Tom didn't, and, to tell the truth, he was terribly frightened.

We ran down and got two pails of water, and poured them down the chimney. That put the fire out, but you would hardly believe it that Harry was more unreasonable than ever, and said that we were trying to drown him. There is no comfort in wearing yourself out in trying to please little boys. You can't satisfy them, no matter how much trouble you take, and for my part I am tired of trying to please Harry, and shall let him amuse himself the rest of the time he is at our house.

We had tried every plan we could think of to get Harry out of the chimney, but none of them succeeded. Tom said that if we were to pour a whole lot of oil down the chimney it would make it so slippery that Harry would slide right down into the back parlor, but I wouldn't do it, because I knew the oil would spoil Harry's clothes, and that would make Aunt Eliza angry. All of a sudden I heard a carriage stop at our gate, and there were the grown folks, who had come home earlier than I had supposed they would. Tom said that he thought he would go home before his own folks began to get uneasy about him, so he went out of the back gate, and left me to explain things. They had to send for some men to come and cut a hole through the wall. But they got Harry out all safe; and after they found that he wasn't a bit hurt, instead of thanking me for all Tom and I had done for him, they seemed to think that I deserved the worst punishment I ever had, and I got it.

And I shall never make another attempt to amuse children on Christmas-eve.—*Harper's Young People.*

A NIGHT IN A CHINA TOWN.

A Few Facts Relating to Their Habits and General Mode of Living, Etc.

The Chinese in Los Angeles are quite numerous and almost monopolize a certain portion of the city; they are quiet and orderly as a class, attentively minding their own business, but, nevertheless, always a target for the ever present hoodlum.

Through the kindness of one of the city officials—a courteous lawyer and gentleman—we were escorted on a most interesting tour through "Chinatown," as it is called. Starting out at 8 o'clock one pleasant evening, we called first at some of their stores; business being about over for the day, we found them in clusters, old and young, eagerly gathered about the counter, at their greatest of amusements—gambling. Not a word was uttered by any, so absorbed were they in their game, and, after casting a hasty and wondering glance at us, they ignored us entirely. Passing on and visiting many stores, we came to a restaurant about 10 p.m. First entering a small office, we passed in at a door to find ourselves in the dining room; here, seated at tables, are several Celestials quietly but hard at work on a dish of thick kind of soup, which they caused to disappear rapidly by throwing into their mouths with chopsticks. A fat cook busy at the stove is seen in the rear, humming a dismal air. The man who does the waiting, being considered quite a musician, is called upon for music and favors us with a series of howls and groans which he calls a song; and then, on his one-stringed instrument, he makes us feel generally ill. As the music progresses and the musician seems to warm up to his work, he howls like a dog and rolls his eyes wildly. A movement is heard above and, on looking for the cause, we find a dozen pair of sharp eyes looking down at us from above; thus, while supposing ourselves in the company of two or three Chinamen, we realize that a score or more of them are about us, and we find that the apartment is, as it were, cut in two, thus giving two floors to an ordinary sized room, a ladder being used to ascend into the sleeping apartment above. Thus one fair-sized room can be used for a restaurant below, and lodge twenty persons or more on the shelves above; but they seem happy and contented. As they are packed together in such a state, we wonder how they can emerge looking so cleanly each day; but they are particular about their appearance generally and carefully bathe every morning.

The night is wearing on, and midnight brings us to a dark, dreary spot, where, hand in hand, we were wonderingly led through passage after passage, first up, then down, until our leader knocks at a door, being answered by a Chinaman who, after a glance, recognizes one in authority, and quietly ushers us in. We find ourselves in a dimly lighted temple, a weird, strange looking place with an altar. We are conducted to an apartment in the rear behind the altar, and there we find a singular scene. Reclining on couches smoking opium are the priests, who at first look amazed at the intrusion, but soon relapse into their stolid, fixed expression. One of the priests, by request kept telling us his feelings as the smoking gradually affected him, and if he told the truth, as he probably did, he soon became too happy to talk, and the expression on his face certainly denoted intense and almost supreme happiness.

We accepted an invitation to take some tea, which was very hot and without sugar. The custom of offering hot tea to all visitors is a universal one among the Chinese, the omission of the courtesy being considered extremely ill-mannered.—*N. Y. Post.*

Fashionable Dinners.

Years ago, when David Crockett was a member of Congress and had returned home at the close of the first session, several of his neighbors gathered around him one day and asked him questions about Washington. "What time do they dine in the city?" asked one. "Common people, such as we have here, dine at 1. The big ones dine at 3; we Representatives at 4; the aristocracy and Senators eat at 6." "Well, when does the President fodder?" "Old Hickory?" exclaimed the Colonel; "well, he don't dine till next day."

A passenger on the Auburn Railroad offered the conductor a trade dollar for fare, says the Cornellsville, N. Y., *Times*. The conductor examined it and remarked: "I don't want that piece of money." "Well, give it to the company, then," replied the passenger.

Old Christmas Games.

One of the interesting features of a Christmas in the olden times was the varied assortment of games which were so heartily joined in by both old and young assembled round the blazing hearth. Most of these merry pastimes have long ago passed away; only a few, such as snapdragon, hide-and-seek, etc., being known by the present generation out of the long list of Christmas games formerly kept up. Thus, an old game played especially at Christmas was "hot cockles," a species of blind-man's-buff, in which the person kneeling down, and being struck behind, was to guess who inflicted the blow. It is described by Gay in the following lines:

As at hot cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

In an old tract, "Round About Our Coal Fire; or, Christmas Entertainments," published in the early part of the last century, mention is made of a game called "Questions and Commands." The writer says that the commander may oblige his subjects to answer any lawful question, and make the same obey him instantly under the penalty of paying any such forfeit as may be laid on the aggressors. "Handy-dandy" was much in request at this season. One of the party concealed something in his hand, making his neighbors guess in which one it was. If the latter guessed rightly, he won the article, if wrongly, he lost an equivalent. It is alluded to in "Piers Ploughman," and it is, perhaps, noticed in Shakspeare where King Lear (Act iv., sc. 6) says to Gloster: "Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?" Browne, too, in one of his "Pastorals," tells how boys

With the pibbles play at handy-dandy,

A childish diversion also usually introduced at Christmas in bygone days was the "Game of Goose." It was, says Strutt, played by two persons, although it readily admitted of many more, and was well calculated to make the young people sharp at reckoning the produce of two given numbers. The table for playing "Goose" was about the size of a sheet almanac, and divided into sixty-two small compartments, arranged in a spiral form, with a large open space in the centre marked with the number 63; the other compartments were denoted by numbers from one to sixty-two, inclusive. The game was played with two dice, each player throwing in turn, and marking with a counter whatever number the dice cast up. Thus, if there were a four and five he marked nine, and so on, until the game was completed. The number 63 had to be reached exactly, and should the player exceed it he had to reckon back, and throw again in his turn.

Another game seems to have been "Fox i' the Hole," and is thrice mentioned by Herrick, but not once explained:

Of Christmas sports, wassail-bowl,
That's tossed up, after fox i' the hole.

A diversion which often caused much laughter was "Dun in the Mire." A log of wood was brought into the middle of the room; this was "Dun," or the cart-horse, and a cry was raised that he had stuck in the mire. Two of the company then advanced, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. When unable to do so, they called for further help, until finally all the parties joined in the game, when Dun was, of course, extricated. No small merriment arose from each person's sly efforts to let the log fall on his neighbor's toes. It is frequently alluded to by old writers, and by Shakspeare in "Romeo and Juliet" (Act i., sc. 4), where Mercutio says to Romeo:

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun we'll draw thee from the mire.

Some doubt exists as to the precise nature of a game designated "Shoeing the Wild Mare," and mentioned by Herrick, where he speaks of—

Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
Of blind-man-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare.

"It appears," says Brand, "that the wild mare was simply a youth so called, who was allowed a certain start, and who was pursued by his companions, with the object of being shoed, if he did not succeed in outstripping them." Then there were "gap-verses," wherein one gave a word, to which another found a rhyme; a pastime once very popular.

Among other references to old Christmas games may be quoted the "Paston Letters," in which a letter dated Dec. 24, 1484, relates how Lady Morley, on account of the death of her lord, directing what pastimes were to be used in her house at Christmas, ordered that "there were none disguisings, nor harping, nor luting, nor singing, nor none loud disports; but playing at the tables, and chess, and cards; such disports she gave her folks leave to play, and none other."

Of old Christmas card-games may be mentioned that known as "Post-and-Pair," to which Ben Jonson refers in his "Masque of Christmas:"

Now Post and Pair, old Christmas' heir,
Doth make a gingling sally;
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two
Sons, card-makers in Pur-alley.

It is, too, among the diversions described by Sir Walter Scott, in his graphic picture of Christmas Eve in "Marmion," and is mentioned by many of our old writers. Three cards are dealt to all, the excitement of the game consisting in each person's vying or betting, on the goodness of his own hand. It would seem that a pair of royal aces was the best hand—hence one of its names, "Pair-royal"—and then other cards, according to their order, such as kings, queens, etc. Thus it much resembled our modern game of "Commerce." Another game of cards was "Ruff," known also as "Double Ruff" or "Cross Ruff," one of its most popular names being "Trump." It is mentioned in "Poor Robin's Almanace" for 1693:

Christmas to hungry stomachs gives relief,
With mutton, pork-pies, pasties, and roast beef;
And men at cards spend many idle hours,
At loadum, whist, cross-ruff, put, and all-fours.

This game was much the same as whist; and was played by two against two, and occasionally by three against three. Noddy, too, we are told, was also much in demand, being noticed by Middleton, where Christmas, speaking of the games at that time as his children, says: "I leave them wholly to my eldest son *Noddy*, whom, during his minority, I commit to the custody of a pair of knaves and one-and-thirty." In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1755 it is thus noticed:

Some folks at dice and cards do sit,
To lose their money and their wit,
And when the game of cards is past,
Then fall to at Noddy at the last.

There is some doubt as to what game was meant; some think cribbage, and others "Beat the knave out of doors."

Such were some of the old games practiced at Christmastide; and the importance that was attached to these diversions may be gathered from the fact that every large household had its Lord of Merry Disports, whose duty it was to arrange the merry-makings every season; a custom which was extended to our Universities and the Inns of Court. At the present day when Christmas is shorn of so many of its former glories, some of these old fireside games might with advantage be revived, thereby creating harmless mirth and fun.—*Illustrated London News.*

Family Matters.

CUSTARD PIE.—Three beaten eggs, three tablespoonsful sugar, a little nutmeg and salt, and two large cupsful rich milk.

If the stair-rails are dingy, their appearance may be improved by washing them with a little sweet milk; polish with a flannel cloth.

DUST ON THE WALLS.—To wipe the dust from papered walls take a clean, soft piece of flannel. Of course it must not be damp, but the dry flannel will remove the dust.

An economical and really delicious way to flavor a cake which is to have icing over the top is to grate part of the peel of an orange or lemon over the cake before putting the icing on.

ACID PIE.—Two tablespoonsful flour, one scant cupful water, one-third cupful molasses, one-third teaspoonful tartaric acid, set on the stove and stir until it boils, and bake with one crust.

Often one has gravy left from a roast of beef, and if you have no soup stock to which it may be added, use it to fry sliced cold boiled potatoes in for breakfast. This makes an excellent dish.

When cleaning carpets, dampen some Indian meal, mix salt with it, and sprinkle over the carpet; sweep vigorously. Take a small, sharp-pointed stick to remove the salt and meal from cracks and corners.

In making lemon syrup take one pint of lemon juice, one and a quarter pounds of sugar. Let it stand till thoroughly dissolved; then bottle and cork tightly for future use. It will keep for years, and have a finer flavor than if boiled.

Apple custard pie should be baked with an under crust only. The filling is delicious if made of one pint of sweet milk, one pint of smooth apple sauce, well-sweetened, three eggs; flavor with lemon or a little cinnamon. This will make two small-sized pies, or one very large one.

For sponging old black silk, a piece of old black cashmere should be used, and for sponging colored silks, a piece of white cashmere or some of the same color. Cotton must not be used to cover the table upon which they are sponged, or else it will leave white fluff all over it, which will be difficult to get off. An old black shawl is as good a thing as any.

A White Mountain Joke.

During the past summer a handsome young man and a mischievous young lady were among the guests at a White Mountain hotel. The young man was teased by his friends on account of his habit of lunching just before going to bed. One evening he found a large paper bag of crackers on his table. Rashly jumping to the conclusion that the mischievous young lady had made him the gift, he went on tiptoe to the door of her room, and tossed a cracker through the open transom. The room was dark, but the cracker's fall was followed by a slight scuffling. He paused a moment, then threw a second and a third. Each time a rustling was heard, but no one spoke. Having tossed the entire contents of the bag into the room, the young man stole away; and as he left the corridor met the young lady coming to her room. Troubled in his mind, he made inquiries next morning as to the effect of his bombardment, and learned to his horror that the first cracker had landed on the head of the young lady's grandmother, an infirm old lady of nearly eighty, who was at that moment kneeling by her bedside engaged in her devotions. Much alarmed, she had risen to her feet, only to receive a second shot. She had then retreated to a corner; but being further assailed, and not being able to form any idea of the nature and origin of the mysterious missiles, she had finally crept under the bed, where she was discovered in a forlorn condition by her astonished grandchild.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Colonial Emblems.

In its description of the Lord Mayor's procession, a London daily says: The trophies which now followed in quick succession were generally admired. The first related to the Dominion of Canada, and displayed a stuffed beaver, several birds, sheaves of corn, a sturgeon, other products, and the shields and flags of the Provinces. Two men in front were arrayed in the outfit of backwoodsmen. The colonies of Australia were typified by trophy number two, bearing a kangaroo, a cassowary (apparently taken by the people for an emu), a pelican, a turtle, bales of wool, plants and minerals. The two gentlemen who, by their attachment to the concern, set off this trophy might have been, as stated, colonists, but their garb was certainly not that of either ordinary diggers or bushmen. Next came a representative of the empire of India, with "two native dignitaries in costume" (vide the programme), and close behind the car, upon which were arranged specimens of native game, tea chests, palm trees and the like, there tramped two Indian elephants, chained together and closely guarded and encouraged by their keepers. The animals were evidently not altogether at ease, but they were a source of great delight to the London children. Further on towards the rear was a car hung with carcasses of sheep, publishing the frozen meat trade of New Zealand.

A DOG WALKS 1,600 MILES.

Finding his Way Home Alone from New Orleans to Aurora, Ind.

George Griffin, an old citizen and property owner, at Aurora, Ind., says that a dog belonging to him found his way from New Orleans, where it had been taken on a flat-boat down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The distance from New Orleans to Cincinnati is something over 1,600 miles, and this place is only twenty-five miles below Cincinnati. Mr. Griffin said the dog was a worthless animal, and was taken on the boat with the intention of dropping it off somewhere down the river to get rid of it. The dog, was, however, kept aboard the boat and taken to New Orleans, where he was turned adrift in the city. The boat's crew returned home together, and as they had seen nothing of the dog for some days before leaving New Orleans, they concluded that they had lost him.

"About three months after my arrival home," said Mr. Griffin, "the lost dog crawled under the back fence and sneaked up to the kitchen door. He was the most woebegone-looking creature I ever saw—poor, lank, and hungry, with barely enough strength to drag himself along. He was the Prodigal Son of dogs, and looked as though he wanted the fatted calf, and wanted it right away. When I left him in New Orleans he was sleek and fat. When he turned up at home three months later he was a mere skeleton. His feet were sore and bleeding. He had a bushy tail and it was full of burrs, showing that he had come through the woods. I am sure he walked every step of the way. At first I was afraid to tell my wife of his return, knowing she would think there was something supernatural about it and worry over it. I prepared her for the news by telling her it was a common thing for dogs to walk from New Orleans, and that I was expecting Jack home any day. I fixed up a nice comfortable nest for him in the woodshed, and it was three weeks before he would leave it. He just laid there and rested."

Mr. Griffin has lived on Second street in Aurora for twenty years, and is a reputable and trustworthy citizen.

Scaling Hotel Figures.

An old lady, with a jerky voice and a great display of snuff-box and spectacles, got left by a train the other night and had to go to a hotel for lodging and breakfast. A few minutes before train time the clerk went up to her room to notify her, and found her sitting in a chair as stiff as a major. As soon as he entered she broke out with:—

"How much a day in this hotel?"

"Two dollars, madam."

"How much where you don't have supper?"

"Twelve shillings."

"How much where you sit up all night long, expecting to be murdered every minit?"

"Just the same—twelve shillings."

"How much where you don't eat any breakfast for fear of being pizened?" she continued.

"Just the same, madam. There is your bed, and breakfast has been ready these two hours."

"Well, I don't pay it!"

"But, madam."

"No, not if I die for it! Here I've sot in this blessed cheer all night long, hearing whistles and bells and folks running, and men whooping, and expecting every minit would be my last on earth!"

"Has that gas been going all night?"

"Every minit, sir. I've allus made a practice o' mindin' my business, and I didn't propose to set fire to myself by fooling with that thing. How much is it where you sot and tremble like a leaf, from 8 o'clock at night till next morning, wishing to goodness you hadn't been fool nuff to start for Illanoy alone?"

"Just the same, madam."

"Not by a jig ful, young man! Here's fifty cents and you can take the rest out in a lawsuit. I haven't mussed the bed or touched breakfast, and fifty cents is plenty for having a roof over my head. Git out of the way, for I'm going!"

He had to move aside or be run over, for she picked up her satchel and put on steam until nothing could stop her. She made her way down stairs and started for the depot, and when a boy asked if she would have her baggage toted she wheeled on him and replied:—

"You meander! I've been swindled out o' fifty cents already, and if there's any more fooling around somebody will git hurt!"

Railway Improvement.

As is well known, the slipping of the driving-wheels of locomotive engines is an inconvenience of very common occurrance and not always easy to remedy, besides being attended by loss of steam, waste of fuel, and wear and tear of both engine and rails. This trouble is very apt to be experienced in certain kinds of weather, under heavy loads and steep grades. A mode, therefore, of overcoming the difficulty is well worth knowing, and such mode has recently been communicated to a Scientific Society in France. On a certain line of railway where, from local causes, the rails were abnormally slippery and the difficulty in question had been very great, a lucky accident revealed a remedy. A joint in one of the cylinder cocks of a locomotive sprang a leak, whereby a jet of steam was thrown upon the rails. The engine driver instantly found the wheels to bite the rails so well that he was able to ascend a steep grade without the usual slipping. This has led to a slight modification in all the locomotives used on the road, by which they are made to discharge steam upon the rails as required, the result being a saving of fuel of some twenty per cent.

It Didn't Hurt Him.

"Did the blow hurt him?"

"No, it killed him instantly."

"Don't you call that hurting him?"

"Of course not. He was dead before it hurt him any."

Then the other man cogitated as to what hurt" meant.

In the opinion of the Providence *Press*, there are two kinds of American hog—the genus sus and the genus homo.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, DECEMBER 27, 1883.

MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.

In neither this village or the township or Madoc does there appear to be any great interest taken in the coming municipal elections. Mr. E.D.O'Flynn will have the Reeveship of the village to himself once more; but new councillors will have to be chosen, as Messrs. Dale and Kirk inform us that they will not stand for re-election. Messrs. Aylsworth and Whytock will again offer their services, we believe, and for the new men there is plenty of good material to select from, among whom with safety might be mentioned Messrs. S. D. Ross, James White, John Harper, John Robertson, Malcolm Bristol, John Walton, E. L. Weiss, W. P. Kerr, and others. Mr. N. M. Maybee intended being a candidate, but we understand he is not qualified on account of acting as Assessor last year.

In the township the entire old Council will offer for re-election. It is probable that Messrs. Caskey and Thompson, the present Reeve and Deputy, will go in by acclamation, although there is some talk of Mr. Peter Vankleek again contesting the Reeveship. There is likely to be a sharp contest for councillors, Messrs. Alex. Glover, Hugh Ketcheson, and C. W. Bacon being mentioned as new candidates. Mr. Glover has had some experience in municipal matters, and earned the reputation of being a good councillor. The election of Mr. Ketcheson would infuse some young and fresh blood into the Council which would do it no harm, and we would be glad to see him elected. The nominations will be held on Monday next, at the Town Hall for the village, and at Harris' Hall Eldorado, for the township.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

The year is drawing to a close and the business of our corporations is being settled and a balance struck and carried forward to the next year's account. The municipal officers give up their powers and retire to their places in the ranks or are elected to positions of trust for another year. Now is the time to consider the qualifications of the candidate. Has he the proper business ability? Is he of good moral character, and will it be an advantage to the municipality if he is elected?

There is a tendency to introduce the political cry into our municipal elections, and whenever this is done the result is most injurious. We should not ask ourselves: Does the man belong to the party of which I am an adherent? or is he a member or attendant of the church to which I belong? or is he a member of the same lodge or society as myself? But we should ask: Is he the man for that position? is he the best man for the place of trust? will he work for the interest of the municipality which he represents? Such questions as these should test his qualifications, and we should try to get a man who will as nearly as possible come up to the mark required by these and similar inquiries.

One of the greatest evils attending the municipal elections is the large amount of treating and drunkenness that is so prevalent. Men who never encourage the dangerous custom of treating encourage it during the local canvas, and persons who are sober at other times are induced to drink while under the influence of the excitemen of an election. We ask the electors to use their influence against this dangerous custom, and the candidates, whoever they may be, to refrain from the general treating that is so prevalent in this part of the country.

We congratulate the retiring Reeves and Councilmen of our village and township on the successful administration of the current year. We hope that the new Councils will as successfully manage our municipal affairs for 1884.

Manitoba has received 45,108 immigrants this year.

School Meeting.

The annual meeting of Madoc Union School Section was held in the Town Hall in this village on Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, noon.

The following gentlemen were present: Charles Gream, Returning Officer; Wm. Mackintosh, Inspector for North Hastings; William Clark, Head Master Model School; Messrs. A. F. Wood, John Robertson, Wareham Tuller, Thos. Cross, William Dingman, Oliver Dingman, Edward Mouncey, A. B. Ross, Dr. Loomis, M. Maybee, and B. F. Embury.

Mr. A.B.Ross, on behalf of the trustees, gave a brief account of the school expenses during the year.

The Returning Officer asked for nominations for two trustees to fill the vacancies caused by the expiration of the terms of Mr. Wood and Dr. Loomis.

J. S. Loomis was nominated by E. Mouncey and A. B. Ross.

A. F. Wood was nominated by W. Tuller and Dr. Loomis.

Charles G. Wilson was nominated by Thomas Cross and B. F. Embury.

There being no farther nominations the meeting adjourned.

The election of two of the above three candidates will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday next, January 2nd.

A BELLEVILLE MAN SHOT DEAD BY MASKED THIEVES.

AN UNLUCKY ONE NIGHT'S VISIT.

Bloomfield, Ont., Dec. 22.—Mr. Peter Lazier, a resident of Belleville, Ont., was shot dead here last night at the house of Mr. Gilbert Jones. Mr. Lazier is a relative of Mr. Jones and called at his place the night on his way to Picton. Mr. Jones being unwell retired early in the evening, and Mr. Lazier went to his room about 10 o'clock, leaving Mrs. Jones in the sitting room alone. A few minutes later a rap was heard at the door, and on its being opened by Mrs. Jones, she was confronted by two masked men, each armed, one with a shot gun and the other with a revolver. Forcing her back into the house they demanded money. She screamed for help. Mr. Lazier rushed from his room and closed with the larger of the burglars, the one who had the revolver, and was handling him roughly, and would no doubt have secured him had he not fired, the ball passing through or close to the heart, and Lazier fell dead. In the meantime Mr. Jones had come down stairs and secured his gun, but unfortunately it was not loaded, and the murders made their escape. Mr. Jones is a well-to-do farmer, and was paid $800 for hops yesterday. The thieves were evidently after this money. Mr. Lazier was about 58 years old and had lived up to the last five years about two miles east of Picton. He was well known throughout the counties of Hastings and Prince Edward. He has been residing in Belleville for the last five years and has been in the employ of Patterson & Bros., selling agricultural implements, and was on a business tour through the country when he met his untimely death. He leaves a wife and one child.

The jury at the inquest returned a verdict that death resulted from a shot wilfully fired by some person unknown.

LATER.

Joseph Thompsett, David Lowder and George Lowder have been arrested and were lodged in jail last night. They all reside about three miles south of Bloomfield on the West lake road leading from Picton to the sand banks. The light snow that fell on Friday night about the time the murder was committed made it easy to notice footprints in the snow, and they were traced from Mr. Jones' house, where the murder was committed, across fields and along the edge of West lake direct to the homes of Tompsett and Lowder, and Tompsett's boots fit the tracks. The two Lowders are brothers and live with their father near Tompsett's who is married, and has a family. Both Tompsett and the young Lowders have a bad reputation, and have been suspected of being connected with some of the thieving that has been going on for the last few years in this vicinity, but no one supposed they were so hardened as to commit murder. Tompsett was present at the railway station in Bloomfield Friday afternoon, when Mr. Jones received the money for his hops. Chief McKinnon of the Belleville police force is here assisting to work up the case.

Troy, Dec. 8.—Benjamin Baldwin, the heaviest man in Troy, died to-day. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. He was twenty years proprietor of the Yorkshire house.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF INTEREST TO ALL.

J. A. Tawney, Esq., a leading attorney of Winona, Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe colds I have had, and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this sure cure for all Throats and Lungs Diseases may be had Free at all Drug Stores. Large size, $1.00.

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

—A full stock of Goat Robes, at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Girl Wanted,

FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK. Apply to MRS. J. R. ORR.

Annual District Meeting.

THE Annual District Meeting of District No 2, North Hastings, will be held at he Allen Settlement Lodge room, No. 253, at the hour of one o'clock.

HUGH KETCHESON, District Master.

Madoc, Dec. 24, 1883. 348-2w

NOTICE.

ON account of the undersigned not being able to be in Madoc until after Holidays, parties whose notes are due can call at Moon's Hotel and settle.

W. C. REID.

Madoc, Dec. 20, 1883. 347

ESTRAY

Came into the premises of the undersigned lot 8, con 5 Madoc, on 10th October, last a yearling heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

JOHN A. McKINNON.

Madoc, Dec. 17, 1883.

Choppers Wanted.

THE Lessees of the

Canada Consolidated Gold Mining COMPANY,

—WANT—

100 Choppers Immediately. 100

—PRICES PAID—

From 70 cts. to 90 cts,

A CORD.

Apply at Deloro, Ont., 4 miles from Marmora and 9 miles from Madoc.

Will pay CASH for 3000 cords of Hardwood and Tamarack, delivered at Deloro.

NOTICE.

The Annual School Meeting of the

Madoc Village Union School Section

WILL BE HELD ON

Wednesday, December 26th, inst.

At noon, in the TOWN HALL, in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

Nomination of persons to fill vacancies caused by the retirement of Trustees will be received.

Should more than the requisite number be nominated, a Poll will be opened on

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 2nd, 1883, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M.

CHARLES GREAM, Returning Officer.

Madoc, Dec. 20, 1883. 347

Municipal Election.

To the Municipal Electors of the Village of Madoc:

NOTICE is hereby given that the Nominations for Reeve and four Councillors, for the Village of Madoc, for the year 1884, will be held in the Town Hall, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31st INSTANT,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon.

The Polling, if any, will be held in the same place on the first Monday in January.

CHARLES GREAM, Village Clerk.

Madoc, Dec. 6, 1883. 346

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the next sittings thereof, for an Act to extend the time for the completion of the Toronto & Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway, and to amend the Act incorporating the said Toronto & Nipissing Eastern Extension Railway Company, by changing the name thereof, and for other purposes.

JOHN LEYS, Solicitor for Applicants.

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1858.—ESTABLISHED—1858.

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT.

BY BUYING YOUR

Overcoats and ready-made Clothing

—AT—

O'FLYNN & O'HARA'S,

We are offering tremendous bargains. Don't fail to see them.

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Christmas Presents

Wall Pockets,
Paper Holders,
Picture Frames,
&c., &c.

We have the best variety of these handsome goods ever brought into Madoc.

See our Stock before purchasing your Christmas Presents.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

W W W RRRR II GGG H H TTTTT "" 888
W WW W R R II G G H H T " 8 8
W W W W RRRR II G HHH T " 88
WW WW R R II G GG H H T 8
W W R R II GGG H H T 8888

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

A full assortment of

Grockery, China, Majolica & Glassware

always on hand.

CHINA SETS IN 3 PIECES---PLATE, CUP AND SAUCER.

Coffee Cups to match. Call and see them. My stock of Groceries is complete.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, Nov. 7th, 1883.

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

We have just opened out a large and well assorted stock of

L A D I E S' M A N T L E S,

which will be

OFFERED AT A BARGAIN.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1883.

Dissolution of Partnership!

GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE!

at M. McLEAN'S Dry Goods Store.

In order to reduce the stock before taking stock, I will offer for the next FOUR WEEKS, the entire stock, consisting of

Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Fancy Goods, Mantles, Furs, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

etc., at cost price. A call solicited. The stock must be sold. Terms strictly cash.

Madoc, November 28th 1183.

M. McLEAN.

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Latest Local News.

—A Happy New Year!

—Nominations next Monday.

—Teachers and scholars are enjoying a short holiday season.

—"Swearing off" resolutions are in order now for this new year.

—Queensboro is to have a shooting match on New Years Day, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m.

—The election of officers for Alert Fire Co'y for the ensuing year will take place next Wednesday evening, Jan. 2nd.

—A drunken man laying on his face in front of one of the village hotels was a sight witnessed on Sunday evening last.

—Oddfellows' Concert on the 10th prox. It will be quite up to the standard of excellence attained in the past by this society.

—Messrs. Wellington & Thompson will hold a Ball and Supper in this village on New Years eve. Dancing in the Masonic Hall, and Supper at the North American Hotel. See bills.

—The Rev. J. J. Hare, M. A., Principal of the Ontario Ladies' College, who was to have been at the tea-meeting here on Xmas. night, is expected to preach in the Canada Methodist Church next Sabbath evening.

—Notwithstanding the alleged "hard times," the merchants of this village had about all they could do during the past few days. There was unusually large crowds in town Saturday and Monday, and stocks of Christmas goods went down proportionately.

—We omitted last week to call attention to the advertisement of the Lessees of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company of Deloro, who want 100 choppers to go to work immediately, to whom they will pay from 70c. to 90c. a cord. The Company also want any quantity of good hardwood and tamarack, delivered at Deloro, for which they will pay the highest cash price.

A Good Appointment.

Mr. James O'Hara, jr., of this township, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace by the Ontario Government. The appointment is a good one and we congratulate Mr. O'Hara on the honor bestowed upon him, to which, we are sure, he will do credit.

Anniversary Sermon.

On Sabbath morning next, the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., will preach an anniversary sermon in the Methodist Episcopal Church in this village, having withdrawn the morning service in his own church for the occasion. The Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., will occupy his own pulpit in the evening.

Look out for the Poor.

The Toronto *News* strikes the right cord in the following paragraph, speaking of the poor at this festive season:—It is easy for the well-to-do man to sit beside his pleasant fireside and raise his eyes to Heaven with "I pity the poor to-night." It is easy for the warmly clothed lady, who feels not the keen blast, to say, "I pity the poor to-day." It is easy for all who live well and sleep well to cry, "I pity the poor this winter." It is mere sentiment, and shows a cold heart. The men and women who, instead of wrapping themselves in selfishness, and murmuring words of empty pity, take their pocket-books in their hands and rally forth determined to find and relieve the poor and suffering, are the people whom men respect and love, and make bright the lives of the needy.

Officers Elect.

At the last meeting of L. O. L. No. 1133, held at Hazzard's Corners the officers elected for the ensuing year are as follow:—

John Donoghue, W. M.
Jackson Burris, D. M.
Thos. Burnside, Chaplain.
Hugh Ketcheson, Rec. Sec.
Wm. Blakely, F. Sec.
John C. Moore, Treas.
Robert Bird, Lect.
Wm. Farrell, D. of C.
Committee— James Keene, Daniel Gonsulus, Simeon West, Robert Moore, Wm. Farrell.

The School Readers.

Last night's *Globe* contains the following official announcement:—"We understand that the Minister of Education is desirous of having the question of new Readers further considered, with a view of having only one set for the schools of the Province, if this shall appear to be in the interest of the schools and to be practicable without doing injustice to the proprietors of any of the series already published. Under these circumstances it would therefore be advisable that Trustees should postpone for a few weeks the introduction of new Readers into the schools under their control.

Obit.

Died at her residence in the township of Hubbardston, State of Michigan, Rosoann, widow of the late Wm. O'Connor, of Madoc, County of Hastings, Province of Ontario, aged 80 years. William O'Connor was one of the earliest settlers in Madoc. He came there in 1842, and lived there until his demise which took place Sep. 23rd, 1873. He held a captaincy in the North Hastings Militia, and Adjutant of the Battalion. He received a pension for services in the British army while he lived. The family were highly respected by all who were favored with their acquaintance. COM.

A. F. & A. M.

At the last communication of Madoc Lodge, No. 48, A. F. & A. M., the following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing term,—

J. S. Loomis, I. P. M.
J. Blount, W. M.
Allen Moon, S. W.
John Ballard, J. W.
T. S. Agar, Chaplain.
Joseph Caverly, Treas.
James O'Hara, Sec.
W. T. White, S. D.
Thos. Reynolds, J. D.
S. D. Ross and J.S. Loomis, D. of C.
P. M. Gunter, R. T. Gray, Stewards.
J. S. Loomis, R. T. Gray, Board of General Purposes.
John Caskey, I. G.
E. A. Maybee, Tyler.

Try This.

Here is a new and novel sort of entertainment, among the ingenious devices invented for entertaining people and getting money, which might be profitally introduced by some of the churches or societies in Madoc. The "new departure" is to have a light and pleasing musical or literary programme, and then to have a lunch, which is provided in this way:—Each lady prepares a basket of lunch for two, and puts her card in it. These baskets are then sold to the highest bidder, and the gentleman who is the purchaser eats the lunch with the lady whose card he finds in the basket. Some results of an amusing character are sometimes observed. This kind of social is similar to the necktie and apron socials, but it is of an improved plan.

—We have a very fine uncolored Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers at 50c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

Holiday Entertainments.

Three Nights of Feasting and Pleasure.

The "merrie season" of Christmas times has been duly honored by the people of Madoc with the usual round of Sabbath School and Church entertainments. Our Presbyterian friends had theirs last week, the next being the

M. E. SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY,

which was held in the Masonic Hall on Christmas eve. The hall which had been decorated by the Committee was nicely filled. The Christmas tree was "groaning" with the weight of hanging gifts. The programme was well rendered and the selection of recitations and choruses reflected credit upon the managers. The climax was reached when the curtain was drawn for the last scene displaying about a dozen of stockings hanging about a mantle. Santa Claus came on and filled the stockings, and when he had disappeared a crowd of little children rushed in to see "what Santa Claus had brought." Several solos were sung, each telling what he had received and all joined in a merry chorus. The presents were then distributed and the assembly broke up, while sounds of laughter and childish glee filled the hall. Proceeds over $20.

On Christmas night the

ANNUAL TEA-MEETING

of the Methodist Church of Canada in this village was held in the Masonic Hall. There was a large crowd present, and the usual tea-meeting programme was faithfully carried out. The ladies of the congregation who had charge of the refreshments, deserved all the praise bestowed upon them for the thorough manner in which they carried out their part, the supply of eatables being abundant and of the best quality. Brief, but pointed and interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. A. Wilson, of Marmora; Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., of Madoc; and the pastor, Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A. Music by the choir of the church was agreeably interspersed. Proceeds about $90.

On the following evening, the annual

SABBATH SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT,

in connection with the same church, was held in the same place. Like last year, the hall was crowded, and a varied and interesting programme was presented, the first part, refreshments, being not the least appreciated by the children. The "little folks" who contributed to the programme acquitted themselves with much credit, as did also the older ones who took part. The musical selections rendered during the evening was an especially pleasing feature of the entertainment, consisting of solos, duets, and choruses. A variety of recitations, dialogues, (grave and gay), &c., made up the balance of a lengthy and well appreciated programme. The benediction pronounced by Rev. D. Wishart, brought the entertainment to a close. About one hundred gained free admission—proceeds $47.

Promotion Examination.

The following were promoted from first to second classes:—Addie Sagar, Effie White, Louisa Taylor, Maggie Ballard, Amy Ballard, Ettie Caldwell, Blanche Van Norman, Phœbe Gay, Mary Conley, Horace Taylor, James Grier, Eddy Francis, Wm. White, Allice Callahan, Aggie Thompson. The other promotions will be reported as soon as the results of the examinations are known.

Married.

MACBETH—MCKENZIE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. R. McKenzie, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. D. Beattie, Mr. Duncan Macbeth to Miss Mary Ann McKenzie, all of Madoc.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE,
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 " "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

Lester McTaggart and J. Whytock, Proprietors.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVEPIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

"Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly?"

A certain young lady,
Who lives in Arcady,
Thinks her simple Polly
A duck of a Dolly;
And in an arm-chair,
With a minute to spare,
Fast chatters away to her;
Though what she can say to her
By way of invention
Is past comprehension;
Now kissing, now scolding her,
Now warmly enfolding her.

A sly little bird
One day overheard
Missy's gossiping tattle,
And thus ran the prattle;

My sweet darling Dolly!
Now is it not jolly
That Christmas is near,
With its berries and holly,
And best of good cheer?
I am vastly delighted,
Mamma has invited
Young ladies a few
To meet me and you.
Well may you stare, Miss,
At thought of such bliss,
Each brings a fine Dolly,
But none like my Polly!
Yes, you shall be drest
As fine as the best;
Nay, finer; for know—
Let me whisper it so—
I am sure you can hear,
Though dumb you appear,
You're like my dog Tray,
Who knows all I say;
For that he shows clear
By pricking his ear
And beating his tail
On the floor like a flail;
But he is too shy,
I suppose, to reply;
Yet what sympathy lies
In his liquid brown eyes!
His frame all a-shiver
And a low whining quiver
Betraying his rapture
As I hold him in capture.

I wish you *would* speak,
If only a squeak,
Just as Pussy-cat goes
When you step on her toes.
Now, dearest of dears,
Keep open your ears,
And let your eyes glisten
To show me you listen.
I've a toilette, the rarest,
To suit you, my fairest;
A pink satin dress,
From Paris express;
Then dainty silk socks,
With finely worked clocks;
And shoes—O such beauties!—
To put on your tooties;
Rare pearls to bedeck
Your lily-white neck;
A scarf o'er your shoulders,
To charm all beholders;
And a pair of kid gloves,
Such dear little loves,
Tight-fitting as skin
The fair hands within.
O won't you look fine
And all else outshine!
With envy they'll stare,
Their eyes open wide,
As you sit on a chair
Erect by my side,
Dressed out as a Queen
On State days is seen.
O, darlingest Dolly!
Now *isn't* Christmas jolly?

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner is never anything! At least—I mean," said I, annoyed at having spoken without thinking, "she is so reserved that——"

"That you like Mr. Rayner best?"—"Oh, yes!"

He drew himself up rather coldly.

"So do most ladies, I believe."

"One can't help liking a person who talks and laughs, and is bright and kind, better than one who never speaks, and glides about like a ghost, and looks coldly at you if you speak to her," I burst out, apologetically at first, but warming into vehemence towards the close of my speech.

"Perhaps she means to be kind," said he gently.

"Then she ought to make her meaning plainer. She can't think it is kind to fix her eyes upon me as if I were something not human, if I laugh, to give me her hand so coldly and unresponsively that it seems like a dead hand in mine, and at other times to take no more notice of me than if I were not there. Besides, she knows that it is the first time I have ever left home, and she must see sometimes that I am not happy."

Mr. Reade suddenly stooped towards me, and then straightened himself again just as suddenly, without any remark; but he cleared his throat. I remembered that I had no right to make this confession to a comparative stranger, and I added quickly—

"I ought not to talk as if I were ill-treated. I am not at all. If she would only not be quite so cold!"

"Perhaps her own troubles are very heavy and hard to bear."

"Oh, no, they are not!" I replied confidently. "At least, she has a kind husband and a pretty home, and everything she can wish for. And I think it is very selfish of her to give herself up to brooding over the memory of her dead child, instead of trying to please her living husband."

"Her dead child?"

"Yes. She had a boy who died some years ago, and she has never got over it. That is why she is so reserved."

"Oh! How long ago did this boy die?" asked he, in curiously incredulous tones.

"About five years ago, I think Mr. Rayner said."

"Oh, then it was Mr. Rayner who told you?"—"Yes."

"And Mrs. Rayner has never got over it?"

"No. It seems difficult to believe, doesn't it, that a brilliant woman who wrote books and was much admired should fade like that into a kind of shadow? I wonder she doesn't write more books to divert her thoughts from brooding over the past."

"Oh, she wrote books! Did she tell you so herself?"

"No—Mr. Rayner."

"Oh! Did Mr. Rayner tell you any more?"

The irony in his tone was now so unmistakeable that I hesitated and looked up at him inquiringly.

"I am sure he must have told you that he is a very ill-used man and a very long-suffering husband, and asked you to pity him. Didn't he, Miss Christie? Ah, I see he did?" he cried.

I could feel the blood rushing to my cheeks; but I was indignant at having to submit to this catechism.

"Mr Rayner never asks impertinent questions," I said severely.

The young man drew back, muttered "I beg your pardon," and, turning to watch the rain, began to hum something without any time to cover his discomfiture. I was sorry directly; but my dignity forbade my calling him back to retract the snub. Yet I was dying to know the reason of his violent prejudice against Mr. Rayner. To my relief, in a few minutes he came back to me of his own accord.

"Miss Christie," he began nervously, "I am afraid I have offended you. Won't you forgive me for being carried a little too far by my interest in a lady who herself confessed that she is away from her friends for the first time and not—very happy?"

I could not resist such an appeal as that; I looked up smiling, with tears in my eyes.

"Oh, I am not at all offended! But I should like to know what reason you have for thinking so ill, as you seem to do, of Mr. Rayner."

"Perhaps I am wrong. I really have no proof that he is anything but what he wishes every one to think him—a light-hearted sc, complished man, of idle life and pleasant temper. It is not his fault that, with all his cleverness, his ease of manner is not quite the ease of a gentleman."

I was scarcely experienced enough to have found that out for myself. I considered for a moment, and then said rather timidly—

"Won't you tell me anything more? You can if you will, I think, and, alone in the world as I am, I want all the knowledge I can get of the people I live among, to guide me in my conduct."

He seemed to debate with himself for a moment; then he sat down beside me on the other shaft of the cart, and said very earnestly—

"Seriously, then, Miss Christie, I would advise you to leave the Alders as soon as you possible can, even before you have got another engagement. You are in the midst of more dangers than you possibly know of, more probably than I know of myself, more certainly than I can warn you against."

His voice was very low as he finished, and, while we both sat silent, he with his eyes intently fixed on my face, mine staring out fearfully at the sky, a dark figure suddenly appeared before us, blocking out the light. It was Mr. Rayner. Mr. Reade and I started guiltily. The new-comer had approached so quietly that we had not heard him; had he heard us?

CHAPTER IV.

In spite of the rain and mud. Mr. Rayner was in the brightest of humours; and his first words dispelled my fear that he might have overheard the warning Mr. Reade had just given me not to stay at the Alders. He caught sight of me first as he came under the roof of the dark shed.

"At last, Miss Christie! It was a happy thought of mine to look for you here. But how in the world did you discover this place of refuge?" Then, turning, he saw my companion. "Hallo, Laurence! Ah, this explains the mystery! You have been playing knight-errant, I see, and I am too late in the field; but I shall carry off the lady, after all. My wife noticed that you started without your ulster, Miss Christie, and, as soon as service was over, she sent me off with it to meet you."

He helped me on with it, and then I stood between them, silent and rather shy at receiving so much unaccustomed attention, until the rain began to fall less heavily, and we seized the opportunity to escape. When we got in sight of the park, Mr. Reade wanted to take a short cut through it to the house; but Mr. Rayner pointed out that there was no object to be gained by catching a bad cold wading through the long wet grass, so we all went together as far as the park gates, when Mr. Reade left us.

"Nice young fellow, that," said Mr. Rayner, as soon as the other was out of earshot. "Just the kind of open frank lad I should have liked to have for a son in a few years' time. Handsome too, and good-natured. There's not a girl in all the country-side who hasn't a smile and a blush for Laurence."

I did not think this so great a recommendation as it seemed to Mr. Rayner, but I said nothing; and he went on—

"He is worth all the rest of his family put together. Father—self-important, narrow-minded old simpleton; mother—ill-dressed, vegetable, kept alive by a sense of her own dignity as the penniless daughter of an earl; sisters—plain stuck-up nonentities; younger brother—dunce at Eton. But they haven't been able to spoil Laurence. He may have a few of their prejudices, but he has none of their narrow-minded pig-headedness. You don't understand the rustic mind yet, Miss Christie. I assure you there are plenty of people in this parish who have condemned me to eternal punishment because I am fond of racing and, worse then all, play the violin."

"Do you play the violin? Oh, I am so fond of it!"

"Are you? Poor child, you had better not acknowledge the taste as long as you remain in this benighted spot; they class it with the black art. I believe I am popularly supposed to have bewitched the Alders with my playing. Some of the rustics think that the reeds round the pond play all by themselves about midnight, if they are accidentally touched."

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, aren't you rather hard upon the rustics?" I said, laughing.

"Not a bit, as you will find out soon enough. However, if you are not afraid of being bewitched too, you shall hear my violin some evening, and give me your opinion of it."

We were within the garden gates by this time, and, as we walked down the path, I saw a woman's figure among the trees on our right. The storm had left the evening sky so dark and she was so well hidden that, if I had not been very sharp-sighted, I should not have noticed her. As it was, I could not recognise her, and could only guess that it was Mrs. Rayner. The idea of those great wierd eyes being upon me, watching me, just as they had been on the evening of my arrival, made me uncomfortable. I was glad Mr. Rayner did not look that way, but went on quietly chatting till we reached the house. He left me in the hall, and went straight into the study, while I, before going up-stairs to take off my bonnet, went into our little schoolroom to put my church-service away. The French window had not been closed, and I walked up to it to see whether the rain had come in. The sky was still heavy with rain-clouds, so that it was quite dark indoors, and, while I could plainly see the woman I had noticed among the trees forcing her way through the wet branches, stepping over the flower-beds on to the lawn, and making her way to the front of the house, she could not see me. When she came near enough for me to distinguish her figure, I saw that it was not Mrs. Rayner, but Sarah the housemaid. I stood, without acknowledging it to myself, rather in awe of this woman; she was so tall and so thin, and had such big eager eyes and such a curiously constrained manner. She was only a few steps from the window where I stood completely hidden by the curtain, when Mr. Rayner passed quickly and caught her arm from behind. She did not turn or cry out, but only stopped short with a sort of gasp.

"What were you doing in the shrubbery just now, Sarah?" he asked quietly. "If you want to take fresh air in the garden, you must keep to the lawn and the paths. By forcing your way through the trees and walking over the beds you do damage to the flowers—and to yourself. If you cannot remember these simple rules, you will have to look out for another situation."

She turned round sharply.

"Another situation! Me!"

"Yes, you. Though I should be sorry to part with such an old servant, yet one may keep a servant too long."

"Old! I wasn't always old!" she broke out passionately.

"Therefore you were not always in receipt of such good wages as you get now. Now go in and get tea ready. And take care the toast is not burnt again."

I could see that she glared at him with her great black eyes like a tigress at bay, but she did not dare to answer again, but slunk away cowed into the house. I am not surprised, for the tone of cold command with which he spoke those last insignificant words inspired me with a sudden sense of fear of him, with a feeling that I was face to face with an irresistible will, such as I should have thought it impossible for light-hearted Mr. Rayner to inspire.

The whole scene had puzzled me a little. What did Sarah the housemaid want to stand like a spy in the shrubbery for? How had Mr. Rayner seen and recognised her without seeming even to look in that direction? Was there any deeper meaning under the words that had passed between them? There was suppressed passion in the woman's manner which could hardly have been stirred by her master's orders to keep to the garden paths and not to burn the toast; and there was a hard decision in Mr. Rayner's which I had never noticed before, even when he was seriously displeased. I waited behind the curtain by the window until long after he had gone back towards the study, feeling guiltily that his sharp eyes must find me out, innocently as I had played the spy. If he were to speak to me in the tone that he had used to Sarah, I felt that I should run away or burst into tears, or do something else equally foolish and unbecoming in an instructress of youth. But no one molested me. When I crept away from the window and went softly up-stairs to my room, there was no one about, and no sound to be heard in the house save a faint clatter of tea-things in the servants' hall. At tea-time Mr. Rayner was as bright as usual, and laughingly declared that they should never trust me to go to church by myself again.

That night I pondered Mr. Reade's warning to me to leave the Alders; but I soon decided that the suggestion was quite impractical. For, putting aside the fact that I had no stronger grounds than other people's prejudice and suspicion for thinking it imprudent to stay, and that I could see no sign of the dangers Mr. Reade had hinted at so vaguely, what reason could I offer either to my employers or to my mother for wishing to go? This sort of diffidence at inventing excuses is a strong barrier to action in young people. And, if I had overcome this diffidence sufficiently to offer a plausible motive for leaving the Alders, where was I to go?

My father was dead; my mother, who had been left with very little to live upon, had been glad, at the time when it was agreed that I should begin to earn my own living, to accept an offer to superintend the household of a brother of hers who had not long lost his wife. My uncle would, I knew, give me a home while I looked out for another situation; but I understood now how few people seemed to want the services of "a young lady, aged eighteen, who preferred children under twelve."

And what a bad recommendation it would be to have left my first situation within a month! And what could I say I did it for? If I said, Because the house was damp, people would think I was too particular. And, if I said I was afraid my pupil's mother was mad, they would want some better reason than the fact that she talked very little and moved very softly for believing me. And, if I said I had been told the place was dangerous, and so thought I had better go, they would think I was mad myself. And, besides these objections to my leaving, was there not, to a young mind, an unacknowledged attraction in the faint air of mystery that hung about the place, which would have made the ordinary British middle-class household seem rather uninteresting after it? So I decided to pay no attention to vague warnings, but to stay where I was certainly, on the whole, well-off.

The next morning, as I put on a dainty china-blue cotton frock that I had never worn before, I could not help noticing how much better I was looking than when I lived in London. Instead of being pale, I had now a pink color in my cheeks, and my eyes seemed to look larger and brighter than they used to do. After a minute's pleased contemplation of my altered appearance, I turned from the glass in shame. What would my mother say if she could see how vain her daughter was growing? Without another look even to see whether I had put in my brooch straight, I went down-stairs. Mr. Rayner was already in the dining-room, but no one else was there yet. He put down his newspaper and smiled at me.

"Come into the garden for a few minutes until the rest of the family assembles," said he; and I followed him through the French window on to the lawn.

The morning sun left this side of the house in shade. The birds were twittering in the ivy and stirring the heavy leaves as they flew out frightened at the noise of the opening window; the dew was sparkling on the grass, and the scent of the flowers was deliciously sweet.

"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" said Mr. Rayner.

"Pretty! It looks and smells like Paradise! I mean——" I stopped and blushed, afraid that he would think the speech profane.

But he only laughed very pleasantly. I was smelling a rose while I tried to recover the staid demeanour I cultivated as most suitable to my profession. When I raised my eyes, he was looking at me and still laughing.

"You are fond of roses?"

"Yes, very, Mr. Rayner."

I might own so much without any derogation from my dignity.

"But don't you think it was very silly of Beauty to choose only a rose, when her father asked what he should bring her? I have always thought that ostentation of humility spoilt an otherwise amiable character."

I laughed.

"Poor girl, think how hard her punishment was! I don't think, if I had married the prince, I could ever have forgotten that he had been a beast, and I should have always been in fear of his changing back again."

"The true story is, you know, that he always remained a beast, but he gave her so many diamonds and beautiful things that she overlooked his ugliness. Like that the story happens every day."

I only shook my head gently; I could not contradict Mr. Rayner, but I would not believe him.

"Now, if you were Beauty, what would you ask papa to bring you?"

I laughed shyly.

"A prince?" I blushed and shook my head.

"No, not yet," I said, smiling rather mischievously.

"A ring, a bracelet, a brooch?"—"Oh, no!"

"A Murray's Grammar, a pair of globes, a back-board?"

"No, Mr. Rayner. I should say a rose like Beauty—a beautiful Marshal Niel rose. I couldn't think of anything lovelier than that."

"That is a large pale yellow rose, isn't it? I can't get it to grow here. What a pity we are not in a fairy-tale, Miss Cristie, and then the soil wouldn't matter! We would have Marshal Niel roses growing up to the chimney-pots."

We had sauntered back to the dining-room window, and there, staring out upon us in a strange fixed way, was Mrs. Rayner. She continued to look at us, and especially at me, as if fascinated, until we were close to the window, when she turned with a start; and when we entered the room the intent expression had faded from her lustreless eyes, and she was her usual lifeless self again.

At dinner-time Mr. Rayner did not appear; I was too shy to ask Mrs. Rayner the reason, and I could only guess, when tea-time came and again there was no place laid for him, that he had gone away somewhere. I was sure of it when he had not reappeared the next morning, and then I became conscious of a slow but sure change, a kind of gradual lightening, in Mrs. Rayner's manner. She did not become talkative or animated like any other woman; but it was as if a statue of stone had become a statue of flesh, feeling the life in its own veins and grown conscious of the life around it. This change brought one strange symptom; she had grown nervous. Instead of wearing always an unruffled stolidity, she started at any unexpected sound, and a faint tinge of color would mount to her white face at the opening of a distant door or at a step in the passage. This change must certainly, I thought, be due to her husband's departure; but it was hard to tell whether his absence made her glad or sorry, or whether any such vivid feeling as gladness or grief caused the alteration in her manner.

On the second day of Mr. Rayner's absence Sarah came to the school-room, saying that a gentleman wished to speak to me. In the drawing-room I found Mr. Laurence Reade.

"I have come on business with Mr. Rayner; but, as they told me he was out, I ventured to trouble you with a commission for him, Miss Cristie."

"I don't know anything about business, especially Mr. Rayner's," I began doubtfully. "Perhaps Mrs. Rayner——"

"Oh, I couldn't trouble her with such a small matter! I know she is an invalid. It is only that two of the village boys want to open an account with the penny bank. So I offered to bring the money."

He felt in his pockets and produced one penny.

"I must have lost the other," he said gravely. "Can you give me change for a threepenny-piece?"

I left him and returned with two half-pennies. He had forgotten the names of the boys, and it was some time before he remembered them. Then I made a formal note of their names and of the amounts, and Mr. Reade examined it, and made me write it out again in a more business-like manner. Then he put the date, and wrote one of the names again, because I had misspelt it, and then smoothed the paper with the blotting-paper and folded it, making, I thought, an unnecessarily long performance of the whole matter.

"It seems a great deal of fuss to make about twopence, doesn't it?" I asked innocently.

And Mr. Reade, who was bending over the writing-table, suddenly began to laugh, then checked himself and said—

"One cannot be too particular, even about trifles, where other people's money is concerned.

And I said, "Oh, no! I see," with an uncomfortable feeling that he was making fun of my ignorance of business-matters. He talked a little about Sunday, and hoped I had not caught cold; and then he went away. And I found, by the amount of hemming Haidee had got through when I went back to the schoolroom, that he had stayed quite a long time.

Nothing happened after that until Saturday, which was the day on which I generally wrote to my mother. After tea, I took my desk up-stairs to my own room; it was pleasanter there than in the schoolroom; I liked the view of the marsh between the trees, and the sighing of the wind among the poplars. I had not written many lines before another sound overpowered the rustle of the leaves—the faint tones of a violin. At first I could distinguish only a few notes of the melody, then there was a pause and a sound as of an opening window; after that, Schubert's beautiful "Aufenthalt" rang out clearly and held me as if enchanted. It must be Mr. Rayner come back. I had not thought, when he said he played the violin, that he could play like that. I must hear better. When the last long sighing note of the "Aufenthalt" had died away, I shut up my half-finished letter hastily in my desk and slipped down stairs with it. The music had begun again. This time it was the "Standchen." I stole softly through the hall, meaning to finish my letter in the schoolroom, where, with the door ajar, I could hear the violin quite well. But, as I passed the drawing-room door, Mr. Rayner, without pausing in his playing, cried "Come in!" I was startled by this, for I had made no noise; but I put my desk down on the hall-table and went in. Mrs. Rayner and Haidee were there, the former with a handsome shawl, brought by her husband, on a chair beside her, and my pupil holding a big wax-doll, which she was not looking at—the child never cared for her dolls. Mr. Rayner, looking handsomer than ever, sunburnt, with his chestnut hair in disorder, smiled at me and said, without stopping the music—

"I have not forgotten you. There is a *souvenir* of your dear London for you," and nodded towards a rough wooden box, nailed down.

I opened it without much difficulty; it was from Covent Garden, and in it, lying among ferns and moss and cotton-wool, were a dozen heavy beautiful Marshal Niel roses. I sat playing with them in an ecstasy of pleasure, intoxicated with music and flowers, until Mr. Rayner put away his violin and I rose to say good-night.

"Lucky Beauty!" he said, laughing, as he opened the door for me. "There is no beast for you to sacrifice yourself to in return for the roses."

I laughed back and left the room, and, putting my desk under my flowers, went towards the staircase. Sarah was standing near the foot of it, wearing a very forbidding expression.

"So you're bewitched too!" she said, with a short laugh, and turned sharply towards the servants' hall.

And I wondered what she meant, and why Mr. and Mrs. Rayner kept in their service such a very rude and disagreeable person.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Simple Test.

People who seek healthy sites for building themselves homes are often victims to their sense of sight or to that of others. In many cases the sense of smell is inferior, and the eyes are left to supply the deficiency. A building site may be a charming to the vision, and made additionally attractive by being in or proximate to "a good neighborhood," as the phrase runs, and the family house purchased or builded may possess all the appliances of sanitization known to experts in building and plumbing, and yet be a mansion of death. Life slips away in a manner which surprises physicians and brings woe to the survivors. Not long since, in an upper district of New York City, the family of a well-known clergyman was almost decimated by diphtheria, and still, so far as external appearances were concerned, the house was dry and inviting, and, strangest of all, in a neighborhood well paved and densely populated by an excellent class of citizens. The premises underwent investigation by plumbers and were pronounced free from all taint of sewer gas. Yet the dread carnival of death carried dismay into the hearts of the heads of the family, and the house was abandoned. Similar instances have, and will always, abound until some simple test for the detection of malarial odors and influences are made. The simplest of all is to place pieces of fresh meat on the proposed site, properly protected from theft, and in twelve hours time it can be decided whether or not the place is unhealthy or the reverse. If the fresh meat rapidly putrifies, avoid the locality as you would a plague spot. All architects should be students of hygiene as well as of the art of conceiving plans for houses in which human life is to be saved or sacrificed.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

Valuable to Tea Drinkers.

It is well known that the green tea affects the nerves much more than the black tea, which is believed to arise from the different mode of preparation. For making green tea the leaves are put over the fire and partially dried directly they are picked, but with black tea the leaves are put into a basket and exposed to the influence of the atmosphere for twenty or thirty hours, during which time a slight fermentation takes place, and the color of the leaf changes from a green to a brown or chocolate hue (this is easily seen by the infusion of the dried leaf of black and green tea; the leaf after infusion will show the different colors named); they are then put over the fire and finished. In this country about 215,000,000 pounds are delivered yearly, of which about 40,000,000 are exported, but the proportions are about 207,000,000 of black and 7,000,000 of green, Oolong and Japan. While in America the black tea imported is about 5,250,900, the green tea (including Oolong and uncolored Japan tea, which possesses nearly the same properties as green) amount to 58,000,000. Would not this excessive use of green account for the opinion of the American doctors as to the effect of tea on the nervous system? I doubt very much if a pound of black tea, boiled down in the same way as the young hyson mentioned, would poison either rabbits or cats with the same dose. There is no doubt the fermentation of the leaves of black tea reduces the amount of the active principle "theine" that you find in green.

Another thing; in preparing tea for the table, boiling water is put on the leaf and an infusion made which is at once partaken of. But who would ever think of boiling tea to drink? By so doing you extract from the stalk and woody fibre of the leaf an acid decoction that no one would find pleasure in taking, and from which woody part would be most likely extracated the poisonous qualities mentioned. In tea-drinking European countries, as Germany, Russia, etc., scarcely any green is used, and doubtless the great increase in the consumption in this country arises from the almost universal use of black tea, green being only used in mixing with it to impart a flavor, and while of late years the consumption of black tea has largely increased, that of green has remained stationary, which clearly shows that the taste in this country is entirely different from that of America. May we long continue in this country to enjoy "the cup which cheers but not inebriates."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The Christmas Bells."

Once more across the [illegible]eless land
We hear the [illegible] of Christmas chimes;
The young and old hand in hand.
And dream the past in present times.
There is a story in the Bells
That comes in whispers through the air:
Of Love to some their music tells,
They sigh to others of despair!

Last year we hung the window wide;
'Twas such a Christmas Eve as this;
We bade the bells to greet the bride
And consecrate the bridegroom's kiss.
A little year! too brief, alas!
To save the ship or still the wave;
To-morrow morning we shall pass
The flowers on her husband's grave!

A year ago! you can't forget
The darkness of last Christmas night,
A little robin cold and wet
Flew dazed and hungry to the light.
Our holly wreaths unwithered still,
The glad new year had scarcely come.
We heard a shout across the hill,
Our long-lost brother had come home!

"Good Will and Peace!" in leafy scroll,
We saw above the chancel dim;
We heard the mighty organ roll
Its music for the Christmas hymn.
The sermon was of love, and all
Uprose, just blest—a Christian fold;
Still father's kisses never fall
On mother's forehead as of old!

Ring on, ye Christmas bells, of peace;
Ring on of love that never dies;
The love that lasts though life must cease,
The life of deathless sympathies;
Ring out the only true belief
Across the meadows and the plain,
The woods once more will smile in leaf;
The summer flowers come again.

This is the music of the chimes
That crushes hate and kills despair;
The gospel of the good old times
Filling with love the very air;
Though hope lies buried, it will rise,
Though sorrow triumphs, 'twill depart;
Love will re-light grief-wasted eyes,
And fill with joy the empty heart.

"Fireside Fancies."

She pensive stands beside the fire,
With no one near her to admire
Her dress, and fan, and bangles;
Yet there's a face male hearts to break,
And perfect arm and elbow make—
The prettiest of angles.

She thinks no doubt that Christmas joys
Are very well for girls and boys,
In village or in city:
But she has grown since girlhood's time,
The days when e'en a Pantomime
Seemed really to be witty.

Yet still methinks the season brings
A host of very pleasant things,
In fair concatenation;
Some fly across the icebound stream,
And some their dearest duty deem
The church's decoration.

And Christmas brings the thought of those
Who left us in the time of snows,
So stunned and weary-hearted;
She'll see within the embers red,
Once more the faces of the dead,
The ghosts of days departed.

A footstep! Though the tear-drops dim
Her eyes, she'll have a smile for him,
And keep a score of dances;
And so we'll leave her—since we know
Two people find a third *de trop*—
To all her fireside fancies.

BURIED ALIVE.

The Terrible Fate which All Persons Dread.

"How if, when I am laid into my tomb, I wake?"—Romeo and Juliet.

The horror of being coffined before the vital spark has become extinct is beyond the pen to describe. Burned in a fiery furnace, sinking beneath the water to rise no more, lingering, lolling, falling asleep in the arms of the man with a scythe, the hectic flush on the cheek and the hacking cough on the lungs, dying in a pest house of the cholera, yellow fever, or blown to smithereens by a boiler, are each and all bad enough. Morphine and sedatives may somewhat alleviate, kind friends may smooth the pillow or paid officiousness perform the last sad offices; but wakening in a coffin, cramped till motion is impossible, having the power to think and feel and know, yet incapable of relieving one's self, is a manner of having the door opened and being kicked out that is awful to contemplate. Doomed to a slow, lingering, miserable, perhaps a maddened and desperate death, insanity is a relief and suicide a boon. Languishing, starving, stifling among the noisome vapors of the charnel house, buried, yet alive!

WAKING UP ON A DISSECTING TABLE.

In 1681 Mr. Edward Stapleton, a London attorney, died of typhus fever, with symptoms that astonished the physicians. His friends would not allow a post mortem; so when he had been buried eight feet under ground, the doctors arranged with some body-snatchers to rifle his grave. Placed upon the table, an incision of some length had been made in his abdomen, when the undecayed appearance of the corpse suggested the use of the battery. Many experiments were tried, when one suggested applying the battery to one of the pectoral muscles. A rough gash was made, a wire brought in contact, when the patient, with a hurried movement, rose from the table and vaulted into the middle of the floor. Uttering a few unintelligible words, he swooned in the middle of the floor. It was nearly daylight, and the corpse-cutters were thrilled with awe and paralyzed with fear. It was time for action. The man was alive. He was speedily brought to, and eventually restored to his friends. Mr. Stapleton declared that at no time was he totally unconscious; that he heard the doctors pronounce him dead, and when he was on the dissecting-table tried to shout. "I am alive."

Equally horrible was the case of a beautiful young lady, about to be married, which came under the writer's own observation three years ago. The young lady was disposed to be fleshy, and laced tightly to preserve her figure. Returning one evening from a ball, where she had danced perhaps to excess, she was taken in a swoon. She lay several days, and the attending physician pronounced her dead of heart disease. She was buried, and a few days after her mother had a terrible dream, in which the form of her daughter appeared to her clad in her burial robes, her hair disheveled, her eye-balls glassy, blood-shot and protruding, her hands convulsively clenching her cheeks and horrible agony depicted on every lineament of her countenance, while her death shriek: "Oh, come to me mother; I am not dead, they have buried me alive!"—rang in her ears. Such was the vivid impression made upon the mother's mind by the dream that she had the coffin opened, and it was found that the corpse of her daughter had turned upon its side, while large pieces of flesh had been torn from her cheeks in the struggle of agony she had made to escape.

A CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE.

The wife of a lawyer and member of Congress was seized with a sudden and unaccountable illness in Baltimore. The skill of the most eminent physicians was baffled. After much suffering she was supposed to die. The face had the pinched and sunken outline, the lips of marble pallor, the eyes were lustreless, pulsation ceased, and the body was icy cold. For three days it was preserved unburied, during which time it had acquired a stony rigidity. The lady was deposited in the family vault, and for three years was undisturbed. It was then opened, when, horror of horrors, as the husband opened the door the white-apparelled skeleton of his wife in her unmoulded shroud fell rattling in his arms. Investigation showed that two days after burial the buried wife had revived, and in her struggles had knocked the coffin from its shelf, and it had broken open. But a fearful fate awaited the coffin-escaped woman. Becoming entangled in some irons which projected, she had either starved to death or died from fright, and the flesh literally rotted from her bones.

BORN IN A COFFIN.

December 26, 1882, the New York *Sun* relates the burial alive of a lady at Warsaw: "A lady died under somewhat peculiar circumstances, which gave rise to the report that her death had been caused by her husband's ill-treatment. Hence, several weeks after her interment her body was exhumed for post-mortem examination, when it was found that in the grave a perfectly healthy child had been born." On the 23rd of last April Miss Mosley, a domestic living in a family in West Middlesex, Penn., apparently died. Physicians could not diagnose the case, but shook their heads and agreed that it was mysterious. Her family before her death had moved to Missouri, and she was buried. On the 27th her friends from Missouri arrived to remove the remains, and upon opening the coffin a heart-rending spectacle was presented. The young lady had been buried alive, had turned over on her side, and was laying face downward, her hands clinched in her hair, and her distorted features plainly showing the intensity of her sufferings.

A BRIDE BURIED.

Intoxicated with the approaching fruition of her love's young dream, a young and beautiful woman on the eve of her marriage was buried in Lodi, in Piedmont, having been pronounced dead by the doctor's certificate. He said she had died from excitement—overjoy at the prospect of being married; but the legal name of the accident was heart disease. When they tossed the first shovelful of earth on the coffin strange noises were heard, as if evil spirits were disputing over the body of the dead. The grave-diggers ran off, the mourners fell on their knees, counted beads and prayed; but the bridegroom, the only one who seemed to have any common sense, said: "Unnail the coffin." It was too late. She was found in an upright attitude, her eyes wide open, her teeth clenched, and her hands clutching her hair. The lamp of life had then gone out; but when she was laid in her coffin the day before her eyes were closed, her hands folded on her breast as if in prayer.

A YOUNG PRIEST.

Cardinal Dennet related the following remarkable account before the French Assembly: A young priest was suddenly stricken down unconscious in the pulpit of a crowded cathedral, where he was preaching. The funeral knell was soon after tolled, and a physician declared him to be certainly dead, and obtained leave for his burial next day. The Bishop of the Cathedral where the event had occurred, had recited the "De Profundis" by the side of the bier, the coffin being already prepared. Night was approaching, and the young priest, who heard all these preparations, was suffering agonies. He was only twenty-eight years old, and in perfect health. At last he distinguished the voice of a friend of his childhood. This caused him to make a superhuman effort, and produced the wonderful results of enabling him to speak. The next day he was enabled to preach again. But there is even higher authority than this. When in February, 1866, the French Senate was discussing the question of establishing mortuary houses in which people supposed to be dead should remain a certain number of hours before burial, and a motion was made to proceed with the order of the day, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux protested, and stated he was sure he had saved several lives about to be sacrificed to the indecent haste of survivors. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to perfect health. Another man of advanced years had already been placed in the coffin, and yet lived twelve hours after. More than that, he had himself performed a miracle which, had he lived in the Middle Ages, would have canonized him as a saint. He had seen the body of a young lady laid out for burial, the attendants covering the face as he entered, but allowing him to observe enough to see that the maid was dead, but not asleep. Thereupon he cried out that he had come to save her. He told her to wake up and shake off the lethargy which oppressed her, and return to life. His voice reached her benumbed sensation, and she lived to be a wife and a mother.

Would Have an Easy Time.

"Say, how long do these mosquitoes bite?" asked a guest of an Arkansaw hotel, as a colored gentleman entered with a pitcher of water. "I have been lying here fighting 'em for an hour. How long do you suppose they will keep up this business?"

"Well, I dunno, sah. 'Cordin' ter how manny da is."

"There are ten thousand."

"In dat case, sah, it's 'cordin' ter how hungry da is."

"They are as hungry as wolves."

"Den yer's mighty likely ter hab trouble wid 'em, sah."

"Why don't you put a bar over the bed?"

"'Case nobody eber sleeps in dis room but one night. When a one night man come along we give him dis room. Didn't nobody sleep in heah las' night an' dat's de reason da's so hungry. Et yer'd happen ter strike dis bed jes' arter a fat man had been in in it, yer'd had an easy time, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Turkish authorities are making a raid on high he thin veils. Of course this is a "she r d.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Short Line.

From the Winnipeg Free Press.

A representative of the *Free Press*, on a recent visit to Ontario and Quebec, had the good fortune to ride over the above line from St. Paul to Chicago and return, and to his great pleasure found that all the claims made by this popular company were more than justified by his experience. The road-bed, track, and equipment are superb, and the route is down the banks of the beautiful Mississippi river, through Lake Bity, Winona, Lacrosse, and Milwaukee. Securing a section in a magnificent Pullman palace sleeping car he left St. Paul about noon on a beautiful October day, was soon called to dinner in one of the "finest dining cars in the world," to use the language of the company's advertisements, and whether this be true or not, it was certainly the finest he had seen, in elegance of construction, gorgeous decoration, variety of *menu* and excellence of cuisine—enjoying his *otium cum dig*, as well as his dinner. He was charmed by a succession of panoramic views of picturesque bluff, river, lake, and woodland scenery through the spacious plate-glass windows of this "hotel on wheels," and made up his mind that this great railroad had reached the acme of perfection in providing for the luxurious comfort of its patrons. This line is as short and makes as quick time as any, and is 120 miles shorter and makes the run in from seven to ten hours shorter time than some.

Compulsory shaving is no longer a regulation of the British army, except in the sutler's department. There the soldier must not only submit to being shaved, but to being skinned.

A FORTUNE

may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.

The ruling passion is strong in a schoolmaster.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

The present time—Christmas.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

A real pulman car—A hand-car.

There are flaws in diamonds, flies in amber, and faults in every man. Perfection is attained only by the Triangle Dyes. Their colors are truly beautiful.

A nod thing in bonnets—A sleeping beauty in church.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The farmer's wife should wear gros grain silk.

PECTORIA! Pectoria! Pectoria! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Pectoria loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria, all Druggists and General Storekeepers sell it.

"No license" does not trouble the inebriate so much as "no ten cents."

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and testimonials free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

"Oh, haven't I got the sand?" sings the sugar dealer.

Beware of that Cough! it may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 25 cents. For sale everywhere.

A prima donna sang "Home, Sweet Home" to the convicts in an Eastern prison, and it so worked upon their feelings that seven of them escaped and struck out for the parental roof-tree the same night.

A.P 156

DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN TO grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Diseases of the Spine, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Guelph and London Exhibitions. AUTHORS & COX, 91 Church St., Toronto.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

$100,000 TO LOAN

on first-class farm property, at lowest rates. Farmers will save money by applying by mail or wire to me.

E. E. KNOTT,
48 Adelaide St., East, Toronto.

BEAVER S. S. LINE,
WEEKLY BETWEEN
QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL
CALLING AT
QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST
or lowest rates and all particulars apply to
Sam. Osborne & Co., 40 Yonge street, Toronto.

FOR THE
Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

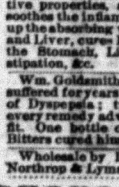
For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the Lungs, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

Back stares are impolite, no matter in whose house you see them.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNION
Furnishes indemnity against loss of time by sickness or accident at comparatively low rates. For particulars enclose stamp to the Secretary, Toronto, Ont.
AGENTS WANTED.



THE QUEEN'S
LAUNDRY BAR.
TRADE MARK.
ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.
Beware of Imitations.
TRADE MARK. Made by The Albert Toilet Soap Co.

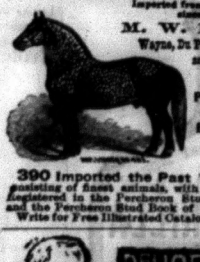
TINSMITHS' GOODS.
TIN PLATE—Different Brands and Sizes.
TINNED SHEETS— do do
CANADA PLATE—Pen and other Brands.
INGOT TIN—Lamb and Flag and Straits.
GALVANIZED IRON—"Davies," "Avon," &c:
And STAMPED GOODS, CHEAP.
For Sale by COPLAND & McLAREN,
MONTREAL.

THE BEST
HORSE REMEDIES
TRADE MARK.
are those made by
THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO.

Every owner of one or more horses can save a large amount of time and money by having on hand a good supply of Ellis's Horse Remedies, and to supply a general demand we would announce that we will send the following by express (on receipt of the money, or C.O.D. and return charges): $6.50 for $5; 1 box, 12 pounds Medicated Food, $1; 2 bottles Spavin Cure, $2; 2 boxes Large Condition Powders, $1; 2 boxes Worm Powders, $1; 1 box Heave Powder, 50c.; 1 box Colic Powder, 50c.; 1 box Hoof Ointment, 50c.—$6.50. J. H. Whitson & Son, 24th St., N Y., says: "We have used Ellis's Spavin Cure in our stables for two years, and have tried it on the following with perfect success: Splints, curbs, ring bones, bunches on the knee, swelled ankles, also quincy, sore throat, and for general stable liniment it is the best article we have ever used." For further particulars, free books, etc., write to

ELLIS SPAVIN CURE COMPANY,
50 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.;
or 276 Fourth Avenue, New York

OAKLAWN FARM,
The Greatest Importing and Breeding Establishment in the World.
PERCHERON HORSES
WORTH $2,500,000.00
Imported from France and Bred since 1876, by
M. W. DUNHAM,
Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois,
25 miles West of Chicago on C. & N.W. Ry.



Prices low for quality of stock, and EVERY STALLION GUARANTEED A BREEDER.
390 Imported the Past Three Months, consisting of finest animals, with choicest pedigrees registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France and the Percheron Stud Book of the United States. Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue No. 20.

HOFFMAN'S GERMAN BITTERS

50c. | A GENUINE GERMAN DYSPEPSIA CURE. | 50c.
No injurious mineral, no poison, no irritating acid.
Acts on a different principle from other Bitters.
Possesses tonic, aperient and Digestive properties, and a principle that soothes the inflamed membranes, opens up the absorbing vessels of the stomach and Liver, cures Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c.
Wm. Goldsmith, of Collingwood, Ont., suffered for years with the worst form of Dyspepsia; tried physicians and every remedy advertised without benefit. One bottle of Hoffman's German Bitters cured him.
Wholesale by Lyman Brothers, and Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.

MATTHEWS BROS. & CO., 93 YONGE Street, Toronto, Mail prepaid, assorted packages of beautiful Christmas and New Year Cards.
25 cards, assorted, mostly small, $ 25
25 cards, assorted, medium, 50
25 cards, assorted, larger, 1.00
25 cards, assorted, fine, 2.00
No two cards alike. Cash to be sent with order.

THE LILY
is a perfect gem, equa to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.
78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

F. E. DIXON & CO.
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto.
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

ELM CITY
HARNESS OIL.
BASED ON NEATS FOOT OIL.
Is the finest harness dressing made. It softens and preserves the leather, and gives it a fine finish. Ask your saddler for it
F. F. DALLEY & CO.,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.
Sole Agents for the Dominion.

SANTA CLAUS
HAS LEFT TWO CAR LOADS OF
TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES & NOVELTIES
AT THE
GREAT TOY EMPORIUM,
213 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
For Christmas Trees, Church Fairs, Bazaars, Festivals, Fish Ponds, and Grab Bags. I will send by express, charges paid, as follows. Good value.
200 Well Assorted Toys $10 00
150 " " Better Grade 10 00
100 " " Still Better 10 00
1 Doz. Langtry Dolls 23 in. long 2 25
1 Doz Beautiful Shell Goods Assorted 2 25
Address all orders to C. W. DENNIS, 7 and 19 cent Multiple Store, 213 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

CONSUMPTION!
Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, and Catarrh.
Together with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Heart, successfully treated at the
Ontario Pulmonary Institute,
274, 276 and 278 Jarvis Street.
M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O., PROPRIETOR.
Our system of practice is by Medicated Inhalations, combined with proper constitutional remedies. Over 40,000 cases treated during the past 18 years.
If impossible to call personally for an examination, write for list of Questions and a copy of our new Medical Treatise. Address, ONTARIO PULMONARY INSTITUTE, 274, 276 and 278 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ontario.

Dominion Line of Steamships
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:
Ontario, Dec. 27. | *Sarnia, Jan. 17.
Toronto, Jan. 3. | Montreal, Jan. 24.
Dominion, Jan. 10. | *Oregon, Jan. 31.
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80; return, $90, $105, $117, $144 according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR DOLLAR tweeds makes the price 90 cents; these goods are worth $1.50, and make beautiful ladies' ulsters. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR CELEBRATED black silks, that is our dollar silk; will cost you only 90 cents; our $1.50 silk only $1.35; all goods marked in plain figures. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF OUR ALL-WOOL scarlet blankets; our $4.50 blanket for $4; see our Dungannon coverlets, weight 7 lbs., only $1.95, or $1.75 net cash; this discount is allowed on all parcels of one dollar and over. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT OFF ALL dry goods, including new fall stock, all goods marked in plain figures; all goods sold for cash only. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne St., Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF GREY COTTONS—or a 10 cent cotton for nine cents; sheetings, shirtings, grey flannels, table napkins. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

10 PER CENT. OFF ALL DRESS GOODS, silks, satins, velvets, brocades, black and colored, cashmeres, tweeds, cloakings. A. B. FLINT, 35 Colborne Street, Toronto.

THE SPLENDID STEAMERS
OF THE
WHITE STAR LINE
Are all of them without exception among the Largest and Fastest of Ocean Steamers. They were constructed with special reference to the conveyance of passengers, and for Safety Comfort or Speed, are unexcelled. They are specially noted for the regularity of their rapid passages in all weather. The steerage accommodations are of the highest order, the ventilation perfect; and every provision has been made for the comfort and protection of the passengers. In addition to the total and absolute separation of the single men and women, except on deck, the married compartment has been so remodelled and arranged that every married couple or family has a little private room to itself. For particulars apply to the company's agents at all towns in Ontario, or to T. W. JONES, General Agent, 23 York street, Toronto.

FUN AND MYSTERY
ENDLESS AMUSEMENT FOR ONLY 30 CTS.
Have you seen it? The greatest collection of Games, Cards, Tricks Puzzles, Books, &c., ever offered for anything like the money. AMUSEMENT FOR A WHOLE SEASON, for the old or young. One NEW BUDGET containing the following: Hellers Conjuring Pack; the Mystic Oracle; Guide to Flirtation; 10 new Evening Games; Set of "Hold to Light Cards;" 1 Set Colored Chromo Cards; the Star Puzzle; 25 Ways to Get Rich; the "13" Puzzle; 1 Set Floral Fan Pictures; Language of Jewels and Flowers; 101 Selections for Autograph Albums; 11 Popular Songs with Music; 20 New Tricks in Magic; Pack of Fun and Comic Cards; 1 Chinese Mystic Puzzle; the Roman Cross Puzzle; Great 66 Prize Puzzle; 1 set Transformation Pictures, change color right before your eyes, and Games of Fortune.
ALL FOR 30 CENTS, IN ONE OR TWO CENT POSTAGE STAMPS. By mail postpaid. Two Packages for FIFTY CENTS, five for ONE DOLLAR. Send at once and get the greatest bargain ever offered. Return this with order to avoid mistake.
JAS. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford -Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir; I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

THE CEDARS, P.E.I., Oct. 23,'83.

Mr. J. H. Ford—DEAR SIR,— The photographs came to hand all right, and give great satisfaction. I have a photo of my dwelling with a person in front which I would like a dozen cabinets taken from. What would you charge me for them?

Yours truly,
WM. HEARD.

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION,

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

JUST RECEIVED

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug, 23, 1883.

JAS. WHYTOC

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

THE BIG T POT SIGN

—o—

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

FANCY | CHINA | WARE,

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. .337

WATCHES, CLOKGS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, October 1 th, 1883. .103m